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MAHENDRA PRATAP

MAHENDRA PRATAP (Raja)
SERVANT OF MANKIND
Founder of :
WORLD FEDERATION.
WORLD FEDERATION CENTRE FOR JAPAN.
KODAIRA MURU, KOKUBUNJI, TOKYO-FU
DAI NIPPON.

World Federation, Dehradun,
(India)

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PREFACE

I have just collected what I wrote by way of my life story in our circular of World Federation from 1929 to 1941. In 1942 I also published a couple of circulars and I can add a bit more of my doings or time wastings, bringing the story up to date, I am writing these lines today on the 29th of May 1943, but I prefer to stop this story at the end of 1941, because if I were to add further I would have to bring in details of my life which the Japanese Imperial authorities did not like to see in print. Due to official hindrance our circular of April 1942 could not be published and then I suspended it altogether. At present I am sittig quiet at our Center,* attending to cooking, gardening and writing books which may or may never see the light of the day.

The life story speaks for me in detail. I need not add an introduction to the book which introduces me to the world. And the book introduces itself best, too.

The object of this collection is not to advertise myself. My friends insisted that I should publish my life story. It is to comply with their request. My honourable friend Babu Shiva Prasad Gupta ji of Kashi made me to bring out my biography in our circular. Under the name of Shiva Column most of this story appeared in World Federation monthly. I wish and hope that this book finds favour with my friends.

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* World Federation Centre for Japan, Kokubunji Tokyo-fu, Dai Nippon.

Human foot prints in the wilderness serve some useful purpose for the men coming in the wake. In our chaotic world of struggle and warfare society is yet groping for the way. That way, I believe, I have found in our plan of World Federation. And here, you see me marching on the goal. To know me better, however, you should kindly read my book of the Religion of Love, Programme of the Happiness Party, Natural Society of Mankind and the file of our World Federation Circular.

Here I quote three passages from our Circular of Novemer 1929:—

My Religion. Creative Force, Nature or God created or evolved our Universe, world and human race. In the interest of creation the laws of Nature are working. Revolution of our planet and Evolution of growth help life to subsist on this earth. Hunger and sexual love make all animals to look after themselves and multiply. Ideas persuade Man to look beyond the immediate wants. All Religions are set of ideas given to our human race in the interest of human well being. They differ because they were produced at different times and at different places. They differ because they are meant to provide with spiritual satisfaction to different temperaments. I believe, let us choose the best religious prescription which suits us most and apply it in our life. The object of Religion is to preserve our spiritual health. People who quarrel about religions are hardly religious. I have no quarrel with any religion. My Religion is the Unity of all religions. My religion is the Religion of Love!

My Political creed. Governments small or great should try to keep peace in their narrow or broad areas. However, governments of today are the worst disturbers of peace on a large scale. They act like

big thieves and big robbers and constantly try to break in to the territory of their neighbours. The reason, I believe, is that under wrong education and training of the masses some worst types of people as well can and do mount up in to the administrative seats and misuse their powers. They having got at the helm of affairs turn their whole following in to a batch of pirates ! I believe, we must primarily insist to have the best people to govern us or serve us as political servants. They must not covet wealth. They must not try to own property. They should consider the good will of humanity their greatest possession. They should devote themselves to serve mankind. They should try to make our human race happy. It is fully described in my program of the Happiness Party.

My conception of society. I believe in the unity of our human race. I believe that all men and women have equal right to live well. The people who have been entrusted with better intellect or some other better qualities by Nature or human society are expected to serve more the common well being of all mankind. All those who use their born or acquired talents–acquired from the society—for their personal ends are wicked embezzlers. I hope that we shall all learn this truth and create conditions that this truth servives and lives long safe from every devilish attack of individual and groupal greed and egoistic passions. I think, if we can assign the right duty to every individual and utilize them all in the common interest we shall remove all the causes of individual friction. And if we can federate all the existing groups in a common world organizafion we shall remove all the causes of groupal struggle.

The Salvation of the world which I finished writing on the 5th of this month will further enlighten our readers if it can be published. Our

friend can further seek and read my writings. All what I wrote, I wrote with one purpose to advance our cause of the unity of humanity and the permanent welfare of mankind. And all what I did I did to interpret my writings into action.

World Federation Centre
Koku Bhunji Tokyo-fu
(Japan)
29th May 1943.

M. Pratap

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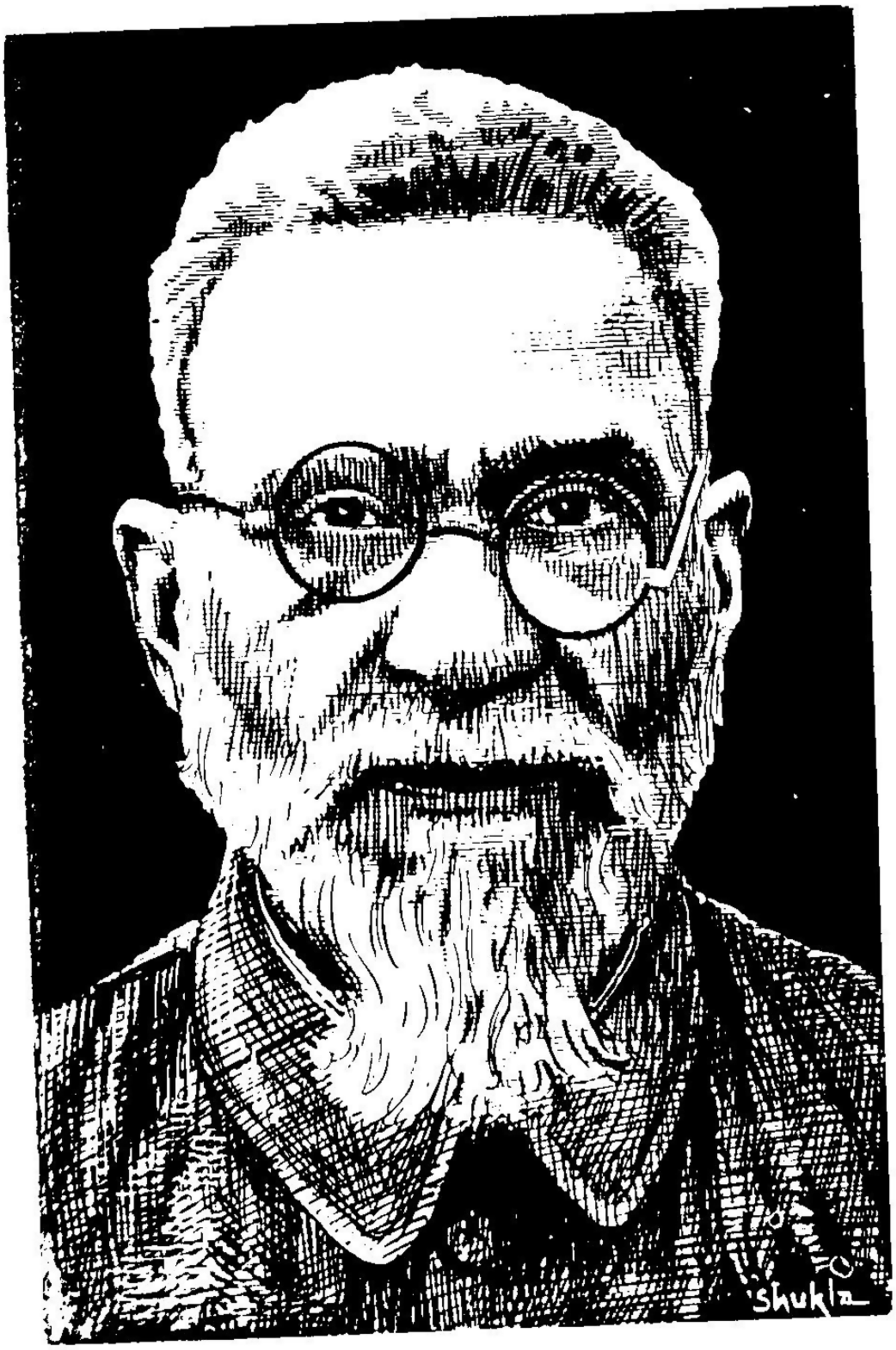


PETER PEER PRATAP

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE

I was born, I am told, on the 1st of December, 1886, as the third son of Raja Ghanshiam Singh Bahadur of Mursan, in the Aligarh District of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. The title of the Raja Bahadur was conferred by the Moghul emperors on the head of this family when it was ruling a feudal State in this locality. As the British appeared on the scene in the beginning of the 19th century the state opposed them. A war occurred. The state was defeated. The chief was left in the control of a couple of hundred villages but he lost the ruling powers. The title of Raja Bahadur was recognized and it is still continuing in the family. At present my nephew holds it, he is Raja Kishori-Raman Singh Bahadur of Mursan.

When I was only three years old I was adopted by Raja Harnarain Singh Sahib of Hathres. This family also once ruled a neighbouring territory. It also fought against the British and lost its principality in year 1818. The head of this family did not come to any terms with the British. - He fled to Central India, roamed from State to State. Later he accepted a small pension from the British and settled at Aligarh. His son helped the British during the "Sepoy mutiny" of 1857. As a reward to his unpatriotic services he got the title of "Raja" and some villages in Aligarh, Muttra and Bulandsher districts. He died before he could enjoy his new estate. Tradition says that he died a broken heart. He had hoped that his ancestral State of Hathres would be restored to him, but he got only a few villages. His widow adopted Raja Harnarain Singh who in turn adopted me.

Soon after my adoption, so the story runs, I was very much loved by my young adoptive father.

But as he was still very young some controversy appeared in the family about my making his sole heir. There was quite a family struggle and my own father Raja Ghanshiam Singh Bahadur thought that my life was in danger. I was removed back to Mursan. Raja Harnarain Singh, at the advice of his counsellors, engaged an Englishman to manage his estate. They say, it was also tried to have me disinherited. In any case, during these several years my "fate was sitting on the fence." I was not given the usual family allowance from the Mursan estate because I was already adopted in another family and that family was conspiring to disown me. On official occasions, however, I was given all the honour due to a head of a sister family.

The fact that these families were once ruling houses made them still observe a certain pomp and and traditions of the by-gone days. For instance, on the annual Dashera festival the royal court was imitated. Procession on elephants, accompanied by a large number of horses and a still larger retinue on foot went out of the old ruined fort to perform some war rites. On such occasions I was given a place by the side of my eldest brother who was now the head of the Mursan family. My father had retired and he had given the charge of the estate to our eldest brother. When I was taken to pay my respects to my father all his servants saluted me and the more honourable people sitting on chairs stood up. I must confess that this kind of life was doing havoc to my imagination. I was given to understand that our family occupied unique position in India and India was of course unique in the world. All that I surveyed was filled with my father, my brothers and myself! The stories which were related to me were all about our past grandeur, our wars with some unruly neighbours or our struggle with the Moghul Imperial court. The British were now in power but they had surely

usurped our family possessions, I thought. I did not know yet, we were only small landlords, one of the many thousands.

In my daily life, a trusted barber of the family was my sole guardian. A Pandit came to teach me Hindi. A Molvie came to teach me Persian. I was made to learn by heart some verses which I did not understand. In the afternoon I was taken out for a horse ride. I had quite a number of young playmates, sons of employees of my father or brothers. Among them there were also sons of priests and some relations dependant on the Mursan Raj. I was brought up mostly by men. As a baby I was taken away from my mother. I was nursed on the breast of another woman. As soon as I could eat I was kept in the outside court as distinct from Harem or the ladies quarters. It was also a special occasion, therefore, when I visited my mother, grandmother and my sisters. Some one will accompany me to the gate of Haveli where ladies lived. A woman will be called and I will be entrusted to her. She took me by turn to my mother, grandmother and sisters. I was given only a short time to tarry inside.

The religious side was specially emphasized in our home. The grandmother was worshipping every morning. Religious prayers were held in the family. Priests would come to read for us religious stories. Brahmans were given feasts now and then. My father often went on pilgrimage. When he was visiting some sacred place near by I also accompanied him. Some time we went to take bath in holy rivers.

My most favourite game was hide and seek. I shouted, laughed, made fun and at times became rowdy. But I was rather a quiet boy. I obeyed my superiors. I tried to please my father and my brothers, and I was always very polite to all my visitors.

SCHOOL & COLLEGE LIFE 1895-1907

It was in 1895, at the age of eight years that I was first sent to a public school. I was first taken to the government school of Aligarh but I was soon removed to the Mohemmoden Anglo Oriental Collegiate School, founded by famous Sir Said Ahmad Khan. He was a friend of my father and therefore I was transferred to his institution.

I occupied two rooms in a bungalow of four rooms, in the boarding house of the M.A.O. College. My attendants made a little garden for me in front of my rooms. I lived practically all by myself, surrounded by my about ten servants. When I went to school a servant accompanied me, taking my books with me. Before the end of school hours some one arrived to take me back. I was not allowed to mix with my school fellows.

It was a winter morning, as I was going to school one day, some one came shouting. My adoptive father had died. I was called back. A kind of war council started among my servants. It was presided over by the faithful barber, Mr. Jhandu. I remember, they discussed what they should do ? They decided to wire to my father and to take me to Brindaban where the corpse of my adoptive father was being taken according to the news they had received secretly.

It was very important, they thought, that I should perform the last rites. I was rushed to Brindaban. I remember, my head was shaved according to the religious regulations and I attended to numerous religious formalities. In a large gathering finally, I was proclaimed the rightful heir. I remember too that there were many anxious days during the interval for my father and my attendants because there was supposed to be some conspiracy against my succession.

I came back to my school. I continued my studies. In the first three classes I was a brilliant boy. In the sixth class, as it was called then, in the third year of my school life, I stood second and got a prize. But the next year in the fifth class I often got thorough beating with a cane. A teacher, Mr. Niaz Mohemmod Khan, indulged freely in using his stick. In higher classes I distinguished myself in mathematics. In the English language I was comparatively poor.

I was taken out in a carriage for an afternoon ride. I rode a horse now and then. I enjoyed gardening. I liked to attend to our single cow. I played an old game "gilli-danda," a kind of Indian cricket. Later, I played tennis and ping-pong. I could play chess well. In debates and discussions I was supposed to be smart.

During the holidays or long vacations I visited Mursan and Brindaban. At Mursan, in later days, I always stayed with Kunwar Baldeo Singh, our middle brother. I paid my respects to my father and our eldest brother, Raja Datta Prasad Singh Bahadur. I felt very happy visiting my two adoptive mothers at Brindaban. The older was from Dholpur Raj, the younger one was from Bharatpur Raj. I enjoyed playing with my playmates in the land of Krishna, in the right Krishna fashion!

Back to school, I had only an hour or so in the afternoons to play near our rooms. I remember, once as I was playing with a couple of young boys, Sir Said Ahmad came as usual in his carriage, but this day his carriage stopped and he called me out. I ran up to him. He said that he was a great friend of my father and that he wanted to see me making good progress.

On another occasion, I saw Sir Said Ahmad in a cricket match. He was sitting and watching the game. Mr. Ross Masud, his grand son, a young

jolly boy, came up with a plate of fried eggs. He ate but he could not offer me because the laws of man-made religion still kept us apart !

Shortly after Sir Said died. It was a great mourning day in our college. Later on, his famous son Justice Mahmood came to stay in our bungalow for a few days. He was drinking hard. Once he called me and told me that his son, Masud and I were brothers !

I failed once in the middle class. I got through the entrance examination easily. I failed again once in F.A. In the second attempt I passed it. In the third year I studied carelessly. I had now received control of my estate and I did not feel much inclined to study further. In 1907, I finally left college. I did not care to take the B.A. degree.

If I remember aright my first teacher was one white bearded Mr. Niaz Ali. Then I remember Mr. Altaf Hussain, who was also my private tutor for some time. Later, Mr. Ali Mohemmed and Pandit Bhagwandas coached me. I always remember Mr. Ashraf Ali for his fast on Krishna's birthday and for his bath in the Jumuna river. Our "second master" Mr. Wilayat Hussain may be mentioned for his speech which he delivered at the table when I was the host to my teachers. He advised me not to spend too much money on feasts. Mr. Moss, once our head master, rebuked me once and said : "You will become beggar !" I wept then but today I am glad that I am a beggar in the interest of humanity. Mr. Corna, who was later our head master, was kind to me. Professors Arnold, Morrison and Brown expressed their sympathy towards me at different times. I have not forgotten Principal Beck, he introduced me to some visiting viceroy.

Among the students Mr. Ahmad Hussain of Muzaffar Nagar appears like a lotus in the pond of memory. I loved him with all my brotherly heart

I remember many old names of Messrs. Taqi, Zahir Naqi, Abdul Majid, Liaket, Kesho and Sukumar Bannerji. Nawab Muhiuddeen was my class-fellow. Prince of Tonk came to stay as my neighbour in the boarding house. Kunwar Man Singh of Sirohi is not forgotten. Raja Ghulam Hussain was the centre of the strike. I attended one or two meetings of the strikers but I did not play any leading role in that struggle, Let me stop here. Names, scenes and sweet and bitter memories rush claiming a space in the memoirs but I must have regard to my readers.

MARRIAGE—JIND STATE.

My marriage belongs to the period of my school and college life. But the marriage by itself is something distinct and therefore it needs a seprate chapter.

I remember how my elder brother Kunwar Baldeo Singh was married in Faridkote State. It was a great event. Two long special trains carried the guests and relations to Faridkote. Procession went through the streets of that State capital. The ruling chief of the State spent one million and seven hundred thousand rupees on the marriage of his daughter. To spend such a huge amount for a comparatively small State was surely uncommon. But he loved his daughter and he had lot of hard cash. He gave four hundred thousand rupees to my brother besides jewels, elephants, horses and silver furniture. All this impressed my mind. And to tell the truth I began to entertain a secret desire to have for me also some such great "fun". And it did come to pass.

I was one day visited by some high officials of Jind State. It was they who decided on my marriage. Soon after a ceremony was performed at Brindaban, a gold purse was presented to me and the marriage was fixed.

A few days before my marriage my own father died. It was a serious question now whether my marriage was to be performed or postponed? Finally it was decided that as I was supposed to have been cut off from him due to my adoption in a sister family the marriage was not to be put off!

Two special trains carried our guests and friends. We went to Sangrur, the capital of Jind State. Great pomp and show marked my marriage. The Jind State spent only three hundred and seventy five thousand rupees on the marriage but the State being larger than Faridkote they had more troops and more men to take part in processions.

I returned home with my wife. She was, however, not yet to see me. Another year passed then another ceremony was performed. Now we lived as husband and wife. I moved with my wife to Aligrah, still continuing my studies. My family lived in a house outside of the college boundary. I kept my rooms in the boarding house to prepare my lessons.

Each time that my wife was called by her mother to visit her, Jind State officials came to take her to Sangrur. Each time that she was to be brought back I went to fetch her. On all these occasions that I visited the Jind State it was a matter of great fuss. On my arrival at the railway station the premier came out to meet me. Eleven guns were fired in my honour, according to the State custom. At night H.H. Maharaja held court, dancing girls were dancing and singing, wine flowed freely. I sat by the side of Maharaja Ranbir Singh. His Dutch Maharani was also sometimes present. From year 1904 to 1910 I was, too, taking alcohol. I was, therefore, not out of place in these meetings. Now and then up to small hours of the morning these warm rejoicings continued.

In 1906, it was a little jerk in one of these

happy occasions. There were only a few friends present. I confided to Maharaja Sahib that I intended to visit Indian National Congress at Calcutta. There was no time to lose if I wanted to be in time. The session was soon to be opened. Inspite of all our love between us he was taken aback at this news. I still remember that when I began to explain about revolutions he in his intoxication, with his halting voice said something to the effect that I might be then not permitted to enter the State! It was a shock to me. All the same I left next morning for Calcutta and arrived just in time to see the last day's meeting of that memorable Congress Session, presided over by Grand old man Mr. Dadabhai Naroji, attended by famous Mr. Tilak and Maharaja of Baroda and addressed by men, like Mr. Bipin Chandra Pal, in those days considered most fiery spirits.

I turned "Swadeshi," I took the vow after the decision of the Congress to use only home made things. I had a little quarrel at home when I began to burn foreign made clothes. My wife would not like to see her precious dresses "destroyed for a whim." As a compromise only one of her towels was burnt. I burnt several pieces but not all. I was also persuaded not to thus destroy useful things.

The ideal of Swadeshi made me seek for home made spirits. The Indian liquors were not of fine quality. They were even considered harmful. But I resorted to some of them. Hill beer was of course healthy. Now once again I was a guest of Maharaja Ranbir Singh Sahib. He was staying at Dehradun and he had invited me to see him there. In the evening when the time came to take some alcohol the question of Swadeshi came up. I insisted that I must have some home made drink. There was none in the house. Kunwar Balbir Singh brother of Raja of Dehradun was approached to send for me

some of his family preparations. H. H. The Maharaja who got so much annoyed formerly about my talk on liberty was today kindly entertaining me with Swadeshi spirits!

It was also through my marriage that I came in contact with Maharaja of Nabha, Maharaja Ripudamen Singh. In Punjab, Patiala, Nabha and Jind are three sister States. They are called Phulkian States. Their first common ancestor was one Sardar Phul Singh. As a relation of the Jind State I was supposed to have the same relation with Nabha and Patiala. Maharaja of Nabha had met me at Sangrur where he had come to meet me in a ceremony. At that time he was the Tika Sahib or the heir apparent. I came in closer contact with him when he was H. H. Maharaja and was staying at Mussoorie. I was glad to find in him a man of very liberal views. He was much later deposed by the British. He was accused of "misconduct" and "mismanagement" but the fact was that his refusal to aid the British during the world-war made him a target of the government's fury.

In connection of marriage I should also speak a word for my children. A daughter was born to us in 1909, and a son came in 1913. It was very unusual that I gave them names of my own choice. As a rule the priests give us names and these names are given according to the time of birth. I consulted no priest in the matter, I called my daughter Bhakti or devotion and named my son Prem Pratap or the glory of love. They are both still living. But my wife died in 1925, so the newspapers reported and I heard the news a year later from people who had read the news It was when I returned from my trip to Tibet. Our readers will read later how and why I was knocking about in that inaccessible land.

TRAVELS IN INDIA

Most of my extensive travels in India belong

to the period of my college vacations. Three years consecutively in 1904, 1905 and 1906 I received an extra sum from the court of wards of the estate management to travel and see something of the country. In 1904, in the rainy season, when our college closed for two months and a half I together with my brother Kunwar Baldeo Singh went out on a pilgrimage tour. We visited Puri and Rameshwar and many other holy places on the route, such as, Kashi, Gaya and Conjeeveram. And of course, we saw the big cities of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. It was a great eye opener for me. I felt, as if, I was introduced into a new world. Our cooks and priests, whom we had taken along with us prepared our meals in right orthodox fashion, but my brother secretly gave me, a couple of times, foreign meals in foreign style railway restaurants. It was also here that I first tasted alcohol.

In 1905, I visited Bengal, Assam and Burma, going up to Darjeeling, travelling by train from Gauhati to Chittagong and going as far as Mandalay. Shillong was visited, Rangoon, of course, could not be left out. In this trip Chaudhry Ram Krishna, Mr. Shiam Lal, whom I had picked up from among the priests of the Jamuna river, and a servant accompanied me. My plan was to go up to the Chinese frontier but at Mandalay I developed such a high temperature that I had to hurry home

In 1906, my Sanscrit teacher accompanied me. Mr. Shiam Lal, whom I called my companion, and Mr. Heera, my wonderful cook, were also taken with me. This was the most extensive trip, so far. We went to the extreme south, visiting Trivandrum in Travancore, and visiting Dwarka, Karachi, Quetta and Peshawar in extreme west. Hyderabad State was crossed west to east. Mysore was also visited and visited on the occasion of the famous Dashera festival. Madras and Bombay were passed through

and Baroda was not left out, Baroda, the seat of the most advanced prince of the day.

These were my three long trips, covering practically all India. But besides these three round trips, I went once to Badrinath the northern holy place, near the Tibetan border. In this pilgrimage I again had the pleasure of the company of my brother Kunwar Baldeo Singh. In spring of 1907, I took my wife to Ceylon. We visited Colombo and Kandy. Once in 1908, I went to Kashmir. In 1912-13, I passed winter at Poona, Bombay and Dwarka. Then in summer I was regularly going to Himalaya. I was often visiting Jind State in Punjab, the home of my wife. Occasionally I took trip to Calcutta or Bombay. Amritsar was visited on Dewali. Muslim Sufi shrine of Ajmere received my homage, too.

Some Reflection. The beautiful rainy season. Round about Gaya. If you will but, see the clouds, hovering on the coconuts, you will get the life's cream. "Tell me not in mournful numbers, life is but an empty dream." That lake of Chilka. You see it from the train. Red hills of Madras. Sea bath at Rameswaram. Shady Banglore. Places of Mysore, Hyderabad and Baroda. Ruins of Golcanda. Charming caves of Ellora. Jain temple of Mt. Abu. Shrine of Ajmere. Golden temple of Amritsar. Artistic architecture of South India temples. Majestic architecture of Agra and Delhi. Grand Himalaya, with awe inspiring snowy peaks. Green forest. Sparkling streams. Kashmere, what the poets of old have called "heaven on earth." Not to mention the modern cities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. These and such are the reflections of my tours in India. More reflections rise, Quetta, the fruit land, Shillong the land of leaves claim a place, but I must stop lest I flow away in thought.

Travancore. It is a pity, Travancore is not sufficiently known among the world trotters. Switzerland, Hawaii and Japan present their own lovely scenes. Every country has its charming spots. Kashmir is Kashmir but Travancore is alsoTravancore. I was charmed by the boat journey through canals and lagoons to Trivandrum. It was something unique I have never seen anywhere in the world till this day which can be compared with it on its own terms. Supposing it is pearl and not diamond, then I can say I have not seen such a pearl any where else.

Incidents at Dwarka. They rise like dark clouds in the lovely, clear, blue sky of those days, clouds not of the rainy season but of mid winter! In 1913, while revisiting Dwarka I had a scene. From Poona I went down to Bombay to meet my mothers. They were coming up from Rameswaram. We all went together by a steamer to Dwarka. We took an Indian boat. On landing at that holy port the priests surrounded us and asked me: "What is your caste ?" I said : "I am a sweeper." "Then, you cannot visit the temple," they said. "I will not," I said with emphasis. We went to stay in Baroda State's Dakbanglow. My mothers and their party pleased the priests and went and worshipped at the temple but I did not. My mothers left. I together with my secretary, Dr. Kar, lingered a few days at Dwarka. The governor of the place who was also the chief manager of the temple invited me to an orthodox style lunch. He mentioned something about my going to the temple. But, I said, I did not care to visit it when it was guarded by people who had no regard for humanity. I thanked, however, the governor profusely for his interest in me.

At Dwarka I came in touch with one Mr. Bose, an old student of Japan. He was an engineer in the State service. He was suddenly called back to Baroda. My secretary and I also left with him. When we came to the B. I. S. N. boat an English

officer of the steamer picked up a quarrel with me. Ourluggage was piled up on the deck. He asked me to remove it. I said, call a boy, please. He became irritated and began to throw my boxes on the third class side. I remonstrated that I was a first class passenger but he would not listen to me. Now when I said that I had not seen such a man like him in all my round the world trip, he became a bit polite and began to ask me about my travels abroad. My ticket was for Bombay but as a protest to the behaviour of this rude officer I got down at Porebander and went to Baroda. There I met the famous enlightened Maharaja.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 1907

My wife went with me. A lady doctor, Mrs. Scout, was sent with us by H.H. Maharaja Sahib of Jind, my brother-in-law. We left Bombay on the 17th of August and returned to Bombay on the 17th of December of the same year. Thus, in just four months we travelled round the world.

We landed at Marseilles, went to Genoa, Rome, Venice, Fiume, Buddapest, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, Paris and on to London.

I was astonished to find golden coloured chairs in ordinary hotels. In those days there were no motor cars as taxies. We used to go round in horse carriages. At this long distance of time, the memory of the wonderful tombs at Genoa is still fresh. I was under the impression that work in stone was not so well developed in Europe but these well formed sculptures in marble revealed a new vista of European art. Mind you, it was my first trip abroad and I was yet only twenty years old. The mosaic of St. Peter's Cathedral gave another object lesson to my young mind. Venice appeared lovely. The native boats were so many swans in the sea !

Going to Fiume, we met an old Hungarian gentleman. He was a chamberlain to the Austrian Emperor. He got interested in us. He invited us to visit him at Budapest. We travelled by the same boat-train from Fiume to the Hungarian capital. At Budapest, he took us round, showed us Parliament building, took us to a theatre and showed us the subway, the first that we ever saw. He invited us to a club where some Arch duke of Russia was having a marriage party. Here I met some ladies who claimed King Edward VII as their personal friend. They asked me to sign in the club book, at the same place where King Edward had also signed. I had bought tickets to proceed to Russia but the Russian aristocracy here advised me to give up the idea as the internal situation in the country was greatly disturbed at the time. It was September 1907.

We came to Berlin, stayed in a home like hotel. I bought a St. Bernard dog from the German capital. The dog, however, was lost from the train on our way to Brussels. The Belgian capital appeared a fine little city. But as many years have rolled by since those days, it is hard to describe the "ancient" impressions.

London surely proved dingy. I remember, my collars got dirty very quickly. The weather was wet and cold. I bought two English toy terriers and asked Messrs. Thomas Cock and Sons to kindly search for our lost St. Bernard and send all these three dogs to India.

We crossed on a very big liner to New York. In those days boats of twenty thousand tons were heavy weight champions. Ordinary mail boats were only about seven or eight thousand tons.

At new York, an army of news-paper men with cameras met us. Some one had cabled that some "prince" was on the boat. They wanted to take

our photographs. My wife flatly refused to be photographed, and I said that I was no "prince." The next day we saw a long article in a New York daily with the heading: "Hailed as Prince but simple Mehender Bardad Sinha." They misspelt my name.

I remember, we had difficulty in finding rooms in a hotel at New York. We tried some bigger hotels, but they were all full, so we were told. Finally we got rooms in a hotel where waiters were all Negroes.

We visited Washington, Philadelphia, Montreal, Quebeck, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagra Falls, Vancouver and Victoria.

In a fine Landau, a drive through a park at New York, a flying visit to grand White House, narrow streets of Philadelphia, some dirty lanes of Quebeck, majestic sight of the autumn forest of Canada, some where near Ottawa, the awe inspiring view of Niagra Falls, our visit to the bottom of the falls, behind the huge falling water, vast planes of central Canada, round about Winnipeg, beautiful Rockies with snows, all pass in my mind behind a veil of time, as I reflect on that happy trip, which was a kind of honey-moon excursion for me and my wife !

As we were going on a boat from Toronto to see the Niagra Falls, I was questioned by a U. S. custom officer about my passport. It was the only time, during all my trip round the world, when some one cared to enquire about this indispensable document of these days ! Then no one bothered the traveller. You crossed from country to country without any hitch. Customs ? Yes, they existed, but to look through your things was more a formality than real business. Here, this young officer was attracted to my lecture, which I was delivering from the gangway. Some people got interested in

my turban and began to ask me about India and things Indian. I began to speak of the great beauties of the Indian philosophy. They seemed to be all impressed. But this young U. S. custom officer quietly said : "But all that philosophy could not save India from slavery !" I must say that his suggestion was a shock to me. I as a debater could silence him at the moment but that remark has ever remained with me through all these years. The young officer, then, asked me about my passport. You know, Toronto is in Canada and Niagra Falls, where we were going, are in U. S. He was therefore fully justified to make such an inquiry. But I had left my passport at our hotel at Toronto. I gave him my address and the matter ended there.

By the time we reached Vancouver, season had far advanced and it was very cold. I asked my wife to try European clothes but she would not. She put on the regular Indian Sari. We decided to buy a fur jacket. We walked into a fur store. We asked the man to show some nice jackets. He brought and showed us some, valued at over a thousand dollars per piece ! We did not want so expensive. In India such a jacket will be useless. One of the cheapest that we bought was over one hundred dollars.

Going round Vancouver, we saw some Sikhs standing by the road side. We asked our groom to call them, to come to us. As the carriage stopped and the groom went to them, they simply began to run away. I leaped down and called them in Hindustani, reluctantly they came. I explained that we were only interested in them as Indians. "But who is she, sitting in front of you ?" One of them asked. I answered, she was our lady doctor, a companion to my wife. They said, they would send their leader to visit us. I gave them our hotel address. One Mr. Kartar Singh called on us. He said, he had run away from Bhuria, he was from the

Sardar's family, and thus a relation to us. He invited us to the Sikh Temple. We gladly went to pay our homage.

Across the Pacific it was very stormy. My wife did not leave her cabin during all that voyage. Snow began to fall as we were passing Aleutien islands. The boat was very full but only a few came to eat their meals. Some young men, fellow passengers, were making all kinds of fun. We walked together on slippery decks, made slippery by the sprays of the sea water, and as we pushed one another, some one used to fall. Heavy waves tore off the chairs from the deck. It was a Canadian Pacific mail boat but it was only six thousand tons.

Before landing in Japan I met a Japanese Consul General on the deck. I congratulated him on the Japanese victory over Russian empire. But he seemed to me afraid of the topic. He asked me, "let us not talk of it."

Japan pleased us. It was like a fairy land. Picturesque streets with lanterns and advertising pendants, the Jin-Rickshaws, the gardens and the general landscape with hills in the back ground greatly appealed to us.

It was a funny experience. We were going in rickshaws. We saw a row of pretty little shops. Young girls were sitting in front of them. One of them called out "tea." Rickshaw men repeated tea. It was afternoon. Mrs. Scott echoed tea. And my wife also wanted to taste tea. We entered a shop. We were offered tea with some Japanese cakes. The girl was a Geisha, so we were now told, and she asked us, would we not care to see a dance? My wife insisted to see. We were led below in a lower room. Windows opened in the valley below. It was a fine view of a part of Yokohama. We were given chairs. The girl attired in a gorgeous dress started her mute dance with a fan in her hand

She would not sing. My wife asked her to sing and sing aloud. But she sang only in whisper ! And she charged us for that ten yen.

The only thing I remember of Tokyo is that we stayed in a wooden structure, called the Imperial Hotel. We visited Nikko. It was rather cold and very windy. I remember that shaking and cracking of the windows disturbed us.

We had bought two Japanese pugs from Yokohama and it was a job to look after them. To take them to India presented another difficulty. The P.O. Mail boat would not allow any dogs on the ship. I had to search for some other way to send the dogs home. A kindly young Muslim gentleman of Bombay came to my rescue. He helped me to send them to India by a Japanese boat.

We touched shanghai. We found it there very cold. We landed at Hongkong for a drive. A street hawker sold me a hare skin as valuable fur ! He demanded first five hundred pounds but finally gave me for two gold pieces. I had never seen such a reduction in price as a land slide ! My wife bought a golden clock and some presents to take home.

Singapore was hot but I remember we enjoyed a drive in its beautiful gardens. I was once at Colombo with my wife in the spring of the same year, on a trip what I called an "experimental trip". I wanted to see whether my wife, always kept in Purdah, never being out in the open world, could stand a long trip abroad. We were very glad to see the fine port city once again in December. And soon we arrived at Bombay, that majestic gateway to India !

Funny as it may appear, I drove to an ordinary Indian "Puri" bread shop, bought a few pieces and further drove to a lonely place and ate them. This was my first Indian meal on the Indian soil.

TECHNICAL COLLEGE

My wife went to her paternal home. I began to modernize our Brindraban home. Furniture which I had bought at Venice came in. I put it up in an upper storey room facing the river. Tiny plants, bought at Yokohama, and which were not given away as presents, proved good decoration for some time, later they died out. Some of the American and Scotch fellow passengers of the boat came to visit me. I got for them special cooks from Agra. I joined my guests in whisky parties. I was still drinking. I began to drink in 1904 with my elder brother, Kunwar Baldeo Singh, and left in 1910, after a wild party with the same dear brother.

Winter in northern India is superb. The whole country, but for occasional plague intrusions, becomes a kind of enjoyable health resort. I enjoyed it. Spring of 1908 arrived. I remember, I was sitting down stairs in our round room, made cool with a spray of water, the thought came that I might better start our technical college. Some such idea was lingering in my mind but up to that day I had not revealed it to any one. I called my trusted friend and companion Mr. Shiam Lal and broke the news first to him. He could not understand what I meant. Give up all property? Why? For whom? Some such remarks came to his lips. But he said "yes," when I insisted.

To Kashmir. Then, I left on a trip to Kashmir. On the way to Srinagar at a congested Dak Banglow in the hills, my room was required by a young English couple. I objected but as the lady herself requested, I gladly gave it up, taking my quarters in the dining hall. A certain minister of the Kashmir State, who arrived late had to sleep in the Varandah The road was washed away by a heavy rain and it was a problem how to proceed further? A foot

path was built up over the hill side and we had to walk on it to reach the road on the other side. It happened that the State minister, mentioned above, was walking just in front of us. He kindly asked some hill men to assist us, Mr. Shiam Lal was with me. The hill was very steep and slippery. I feared that I may lose balance and fall. I said to myself but I must found our technical college before I die ! And I felt a reassurance from within.

At Srinagar, we hired a river boat and made ourselves at home. The boat had a sitting room, a dining room and a bed room. I took another boat for kitchen and engaged local servants besides those whom I had brought from Brindaban.

The garden of Salehmar, the floating fields, Thakhti Suleman and the well laid out city on the river and lake, and the surrounding high mountains, still present a lovely picture of those forgotten days !

It was at this juncture that the first political murder occurred in India. I remember, it was a great news in the English press. They were all agog ! The Pioneer, the semi official English Daily, which I was reading at the time was extremely furious.

Name giving Ceremony. I returned home and began to prepare for the great event—giving away of my property ! I sent out invitations that in August, during the famous Jhulan festival of Brindaban, the ceremony of giving the name to my first child would be performed. On a large scale plans were laid out for a religious ceremony as well as merry making festivities. Our relatives brought gold ornaments and clothes for my son ! Friends brought presents. Pandit Madan Mohan Malviya ji kindly arrived at my special request. After Yagiya, meeting was held. But here I announced that my son was a technical college which I mean to found.

In that, students will get quite free training. Most of my friends got startled, only very few knew what I was driving at. Now followed the discussion to give it a proper name. Some proposed that I should call it after myself. Some said, let it be called after the name of my father. But I said, a public institution should not be thus given a private character. Finally the name "Prem Maha Vidyalaya" —the college of Love, was unanimously adopted.

In 1909, regular classes started under the guidance of Mr. Mahesh Chandra Sinha (M.A. of U.S.). I gave five villages on trust to the institution to defray the recurring expenses. All my property could not be given away as it was a hereditary estate. After consulting Pandit Madan Mohan Malviyaji and Mr. Sapru it was decided to create a trust of only five villages which brought in net annual income of twenty seven thousand and five hundred rupees. I gave also our large building at Brindaban to house the college.

The views of our principal, Mr. Mahesh Chandra Sinha M.A., and some of my coworkers, especially those of our headmaster, Kunwar Hukum Singh, did not run in harmony. I had to intervene. Principal resigned. I remodelled the administration with the help of Kunwar Hukum Singh and Seth Narain-das B. A. Both were landlords and both gave their services free of charge. They were our honorary workers. This arrangement proved stable. Up to the time that I left India in 1914, my those two coworkers continued to steer the boat of our college, kindly always following my advice.

Prospectus and Syllabus of Studies of Prem Maha Vidyalaya, the Free Industrial and Arts National Callege, Brindaban, for year 1923 (Sixth Edition) writes under **Birth of the Institution :**

"**Birth of the Institution :**— Various problems likely to lead to the uplift of a country present

themselves to the patriots ; and many of them succeed, according to their opportunity and capacity, in doing something substantial for the generations to come. The field for national work is very wide and education occupies in it a unique position. Educational problems have always to be faced in all civilised and progressive countries, in India, whence all glory has departed, there is indeed a very wide scope for them. Here many of her true sons have laid their body, mind and soul at the altar of the country, and thus have given a good account of their lives. Prem Maha Vidyalaya is an index of the generous instincts of one such patriot.

"In his travels in foreign lands, education and love of enterprise in European countries made a deep and abiding impression on Shriman Raja Mahandra Pratap. He began to realise how far the beloved India lagged behind other countries in these important matters. He realised how painful it was that the educated persons had to knock about in search of living, and that the artisans were steeped in illiteracy. How could the country make a sufficient progress without the harmonious combination of intellectual and manual capacities? On May 24th 1909, by founding the Prem Maha Vidyalaya, Shriman Raja Sahib gave an unrivalled example of his self-sacrificing generosity and philanthropy. Not only did he instal the educational institution in his grand palatial building, but devoted to this Temple of Learning five villages, the net income of which comes to Rs. 33,000 a year. His inexhaustible philanthropy did not stop here. As the Honorary Secretary and Governor, and for some time even as an Instructor in Science, he served the institution with all his heart.

"**Some opinions** : A visit to this Vidyalaya is giving rise to various ideas in mind. There is nothing here, which is not worth seeing. The founder cannot be too highly thanked. (Sd.) **M. K. Gandhi**

(Mahatma). I have been greatly impressed with what I saw of this institution and I wish it every success. (Sd.) **Robindra Nath Tagore**. I visited the Vidya-laya working and was highly pleased. (Sd.) **Jawahar Lal Nehru.** I was overjoyed to visit this institution. May the Students who go out of the Vidyalaya, cherish in their hearts the same unbounded love for the motherland as did or does its founder. (Sd.) **Shiva Prasad Gupta**. I am immensely satisfied with the work of this sacred institution. Not only Brin-daban, but the whole of India can be rightly proud of such an institution. (Sd.) **Azad Subhani**. Today I have paid my second visit to the Prem Maha Vidyalaya. Brindaban, and I have been delighted to find what great progress has been made.....(Sd.) **C. F. Andrews**. I was sincerely pleased to find that the Vidyalaya had made great progress since I visited it last. I wish the institution ever increasing useful-ness. (Sd.) **Madan Mohan Malviya**. The insitution is unique in character. We were thoroughly satisfied with what we saw. (Sd.) **Hans Raj,** Principal D.A.V. College, Lahore. Some of the articles can well stand comparison with articles of European make in neat-ness and finish. (Sd.) **Munshi Ram**, Governor, Gurukul Kangri. I am delighted with all that I have seen and heartily congratulate the patriotic workers. They deserve the thanks of their countrymen and I trust full success will continue to crown their efforts. (Sd.)**C.Y. Chintamani,** Minister of Education and In-dustries. I was pleased to see Prem Maha Vidyalaya interested in the education given to hand and heart and brain. (Sd.) **Shanti Devi**, formerly of England and called E. Mary of Burough."

MORE TRIPS ABROAD.

Before that I left India in December, 1914, on a voluntary exile, and after the first round the world trip in 1907, I travelled twice abroad. Once in 1911 I went to Europe to

visit technical institutions with a view to improve our Prem Maha Vidyalaya. I visited London, Birmingham, Leeds, Shefield, Manchester, Edinburg, Glasgow, Paris, Berlin and Zurich. I saw as many technical colleges as possible and inspected, as minutely as a lay man could, the workshops attached to these institutions. At Birmingham I stayed in the home of an elder brother of Rev. C. F. Andrews, as a paying guest. He was astonished that I had not heard the name of his famous brother. Mind you, it was in 1911.

This was the coronation year. I also took this opportunity to view the royal procession of king George V. Crowd was immense but there was hardly any fun. At night, however, it was more than fun, it was bitter. People poured out to see the illumination. I mixed with them. I was simply carried away by a surge of humans. I nearly fainted, I would have fallen and trampled over just then I reached a pole which saved me. Now gates were opened in a near by park. I managed to smuggle myself into it. Next day I heard that several people lost their lives at that spot on that night !

I also saw once Kaiser Wilhelm in London as he was riding with the king of England. It was the occasion when he was going to unveil a statue of Queen Victoria.

I started on this trip in pure Indian costume. I made my own design for the evening dress. I remember that some Turkish governor of Baghdad who was on the boat paid special attention to my gold buttons in black waist coat. I also remember that our French steamer got out of order in the hot Red Sea, and we drifted for a day. Though the eyes kept gazing on my Indian uniform I managed to pass through in full dress to London via Paris. In London, however, I made a sudden change to the European dress. I bought every thing ready made in all hurry.

In London I met my old professors, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Arnold. I invited them to dinner at my hotel. I remember that when Mr. Morrison invited me to a lunch in a club he taught me how to throw the used towel in a basket. I said to myself that the teaching instinct of the professor was not yet dead. He was then working at the India office. It was there that he called me, and from there we went out to take our tiffin. He became Sir Morrison.

I made a walking tour from London to Oxford. I had developed some pain in my shoulder at the home of Mr. Andrews. That pain had not yet gone. This trip brought on fever. I completed the tour but when I returned to London I had high fever. This proved to be the beginning of my long continued slow fever which troubled me for the next three years.

Before leaving England as a sickly person I must mention that I had enjoyed my summer holidays at Eastbourne. I was taking sea bath in the morning on hot days. I found a Spanish student, Mr. Schwartz of Madrid who had finished his studies in Germany, as my play mate. I made here also the acquaintance of Prince Musa, son of Ameer Yaqub Khan of Afghanistan. I took French lessons from a French captain who was working there as a teacher.

I came to Paris. I wanted to improve my newly acquired language, I tried to find a room in some French family. An advertisement took me to a French barber's home. Here, however, the land lady turned out to be an English woman. And their daughter boasted of her acquaintance with H. H. Maharaja of Kapurthala! My fever continued. A french doctor was attending on me but I found no relief. Still I visited technical institutions. It was also then that I met for the first time Prof. Sylvin Levy, professor of Sanscrit.

I went to Berlin and stayed at a big hotel. Visited the technical college. But my fever troubled me. I consulted a German Doctor. He examined me throughly and said: "Now you are under a German Doctor, you must be cured." He gave me some medicine against malaria. It made my urine blue. I had heard from some one when I was a mere boy that before death approaches urine gets black. I thought, I was dying, I prepared myself for the last moment. Calmly I lied down to pass away in sleep. To my astonishment I woke up again in the night, still alive!

The weather was getting misty, foggy and cold. Winter was approaching. I was still not used to European icy chill. I hurried back home. I cabled to my brother that I was returning but I was sick.

I remember that at Port Said I saw king's yacht all illuminated. King George was going to India to be crowned.

My brother with a couple of friends came to Bombay. They had prepared a stretcher to take me down from the boat. They thought, I was so sick that I could not walk.

I reached safely Brindaban but my fever developed by long strides. It is however another story.

The second trip abroad was very short. I just went to Turkey and returned, staying only nine days at Constantinople. I went to offer my services to Turkey during the Balkan war. Some of our college students had gone there, I said, why not I? Dr. Ansari was the leader of this party I did not know him personally. He was, however, from our Mohemmoden College of Aligarh. I went with a view to join his party.

I reached Constantinople. There, the port authorities would not let me land. I had no pass port. I said, but I came to serve Turkey. At last they allowed me for a few days, in the mean time

I must "put my papers in order." I took a room at the Pera Place Hotel. At night the gun fire of the battle field was quite audible in my room.

I went round in search of the Indian party. I could not find any one as they all had gone to the front. I visited the war office. Rooms were turned into temporary red crescent hospital. A certain gentleman received me. Turkish delicious coffee was offered. With great enthusiasm I said, I came to help Turkey. The officer did not seem to be impressed by my devotion. Presently he asked me for my name. I gave my name. He tried to repeat it and then said but it was not a Muslim name. I realized where was his difficulty. I did not care to stay long after this experience.

I returned to India. I remember that on the way I enjoyed a few hours visits to Athens and Symerna. Athens appeared very pretty. It was rather small, with small houses, the palace of the king was also not large, but all over it was white. The old ruins on a hill were awe inspiring. At Symerna it was all lovely. The general view was picturesque.

From Bombay I came to Muttra by the boat train. It happened, I was the only passenger in the train. It had already become very hot. It was April. I remember, when I met Babu Narain Das at Prem Maha Vidyalaya, Brindaban, I said: "I went to die but I have returned to become a wrestler." This sentence comes out of the names P. O. boats which I used if you put the names in the Indian language. I went out by "Morea," Marea, and I returned by "Maloja," Mal-hoja.

SOCIAL SERVICE IN DIFFERENT FORMS

In 1908, I announced with festivities my desire to establish Prem Maha Vidyalaya. In 1909, it was in working order at my large residential

buildings. Soon after I gave away five villages, in Bulandshahr distirict, in trust to the institute.

I visited Tamta homes at Almora and took food with them. I took food with a sweeper at Agra.

For a foreign reader it may seem strange to mention eating as a part of social service. But for those who know something of the Indian social order, my mixing with the untouchables in those days should appear long strides forward.

I gave to the Prem Maha Vidyalaya management twenty five thousand rupees to carry on village schools in my villages of Muttra district. This gift of course was a trifle in comparison to my gift of five villages which carried net income of twenty seven thousand five hundred rupees per year, but I am mentioning here all what I did as social service.

I gave for the students' boarding house my wife's newly built quarters adjacent to Prem Maha Vidyalaya. Thus, I gave away all my buildings in the town of Brindaban. The three gardens out side of the town I gave to Gurukul University. I wanted to give gardens with a condition that a Vaishnav temple will also be built there to bring about harmony between the Arya Smajists and the Sanatanies. However, on the repeated requests of Swami Nityananda, asking me not to put a condition in an act of charity, I made it a free offering.

I gave ten thousand rupees to the Magistrate of Muttra, Mr. Dampier, to open a cooperative bank for the peasants on my estate, with the help of the cooperative department of the government.

I started vernacular paper "Prem" in Hindi and edited myself. To tell the truth I learned literary Hindi after that I embarked on the enterprise. In the beginning I was writing the language as it was spoken. Later from Dehradun in 1914 I started another vernacular "Nirbal Sewak," the

servant of the powerless, in Hindi and in Urdu. By this time I could write two distinct phases of Hindustani, akin to Sanscrit and persian. I also had two assistants for the two editions. The name of my Hindi assistant was Mr. Mata Sewak. I am told, he became later famous writer. The "Prem," love, still continued but it was now the organ of our Prem College, and it was printed at the institution's printing press.

I appointed a number of preachers to travel round and preach on my line. I asked some to follow certain railway lines and to stop at every station for one day. Some of the preachers were asked to go round in some districts, stopping at different villages. They were all to send me reports of their work every week. It was also expected that we should thus get students and contributions for our Prem College.

In 1912, I offered my services to Mr. Gokhle, to go to South Africa and help Mahatma Gandhi in his campaign by getting myself arrested. I had heard about Mr. Gandhi from Mr. Polak who came earlier to collect some fund. Mr. Gokhle told me that he did not know that there were also such men in North India. He, however, advised me not to go to South Africa. He kindly accepted my offering of one thousand rupees.

I went on a tour of Moradabad district. Seth Baldeo Singh Bhaktraj and Swami Somanand kindly accompanied me. I also took two paid preachers with me. We rode horses. I had taken double set of tents to dwell in. Every evening, songs were sung, lectures were delivered to the village people. A preacher played harmonium. Detectives were following us. Once they became open and asked me to go to Moradabad and visit the magistrate before proceeding further. I went and saw him. He said that he had heard that we were cow protection preachers and as such disturbed the peace by exciting

communal feelings he did not like our campaign. I remonstrated that nothing could be further from truth. I prized humans above animals. I stood for Hindu-muslim unity. After a long talk he kindly allowed me to continue our campaign, and we could finish our tour according to our schedule. But I got high fever towards the end. I gave up the idea touring other districts. The Civil Surgeon of Muttra, an English doctor, started to put in tuberculosis injections, suspecting that my one lung was affected ! I got pale and weak, though I had no more high fever. One day I met Dr. Major B. D. Basu on the road. He had come to Muttra to attend a medical conference. He advised me to give up the treatment immediately and to live in the hills. I went to Dehradun.

In 1906, I visited Indian National Congress session at Calcutta, for the first time. I went for it direct from Sangrur, Jind State, where I had gone to visit Maharaja Ranbir Singh, my brother-in-law. He did not like the idea of my going to the Congress meeting but he could not of course stop me. I reached just in time for the last day's sitting. Famous Mr. Dadabhai Naroji was in chair. Mr. Tilak was there. H. H Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda also came in and occupied a chair on the dais. He was given a big ovation. Mr. Bipin Chandra Pal delivered a fiery speech.

Later in 1910, I was on the reception committee of the Indian Congress, held at Allahabad. I remember that vividly. I attended a meeting of the managing committee. We sat round on a round platform in the garden of Anand Bhawan, home of Pandit Motilal Nehru. It was on a summer night. Pandit Madan Mohan Malvia and Babu Ganga Prasad Varma of Lucknow were also present. My proposal to give the Congress pandal, for a few hours, for our all India Educational Conference fell down. In winter I attended the Congress session.

I took a party of Prem Maha Vidyalaya students to Allahabad for the occasion. We had a camp for ourselves. In our new big tent hall we held meetings of the first All India Educational Conference. H. H. Maharaja Bhawani Singh of Jhalawar presided one day. Raja Rampal Singh, not Sir Rampal Singh, presided next. Swami Nityanand who was staying with us also took active part in our meetings. But the whole affair did not attract sufficient public interest. It remained confined to our friends.

In the Congress exhibition, our Vidyalaya made articles were highly appreciated. They got prizes. I met here once again Maharaja Manin Chandra Nadi of Cossimbazar. He had kindly sent to our school a teacher of Ceramics whose articles were conspicuous among our exhibits.

I attended the conference of all religions. I made a short speech in proposing Maharaja of Durbhanga to the chair. I said, if there were many such Maharajas three hundred years back the colour of the world map would have been different. Pandit Malviji, who was sitting next to me pulled my coat, meaning I was going a bit too far.

I wonder, whether, I should also record it as a kind of social service that I had sympathy and friendly feeling towards my servants. Later I engaged a set of educated servants on the condition that they would not mind touching the "untouchables." It was interesting for me to see that while the socalled low caste servants objected to have anything to do with a sweeper, some new Brahman servants actually mixed with sweepers.!

LIFE AT DEHRADUN

It covers only a short time. But it is important in a way because here ends my life story in India before my present long exile.

Dehradun attracted me as I once went up to Mussoorie and passed a summer there. At that time I did not stop at Dehradun. I rented a house at Mussoorie, called Catherine Ville of Justice Banerji, and lived at peace in the lofty shaded mountains. At Mussoorie, I made acquaintance of Maharaja of Kapurthala and Raja Rampal Singh, and met more than once Maharaja Ripudamen Singh of Nabha. I was the host to Swami Satya Deva, Mr. Upaindra Nath and a theosophist lady leader from Australia, who was anti Dr. Anne Besant. One day Dr. Dhingra brought to my house Mr. A. Yusuf Ali, then a magistrate in some U. P. district. Mussoorie being near to Dehradun I came in touch with Lala Baldeo Singh Bhaktraj. I went and stayed at his house, Mohini Bhavan. As we were talking together, he said, he had a house at the Rajpore road, which he wanted to sell. I went and saw it. I liked it. The bargain was made for twelve thousand rupees and I found that my anchor was dropped in this new land! Soon after I bought three more houses adjacent to the one already purchased. One of them was pretty large with large garden.

At Dehradun I made acquaintance of another very interesting gentleman, Mr. Bulakiram, Bar-at-Law. He was publishing the "Cosmopolitan" magazine at his own press.

Sirdar Jugindra Singh once came and stayed with me. But as I was a strict vegetarian at that time, he shifted to Sirdar Pooran Singh's house. Another reason may be some difference of views. We had become very close friends at Nanital. We passed atleast two summers at that summer resort. We were meeting very often and often we walked around together. It was Sirdar Jugindra Singh who introduced me to Maharaja of Jhalawar. It was also Sirdar Jugindra Singh who first found out that my views were "socialistic." "What was that," I enquired surprisingly. He explained, socialism

was a new movement, "very much, similar to your ideas." He recommended a book "Looking backward" published in U. S. I got it and read it and found to my great delight that there were some others in this world who thought as I thought! In those days of Nanital I discovered that Sirdar Jugindra Singh and Pandit Madan Mohan Malviya were not on very good terms. I tried to bring them nearer. But now to return to Dehradun, this day Sirdar Jugindra Singh and I, we two alone were sitting in my house. I said that we were friends of long standing. I admired his spirit. I asked him what he thought of India's freedom and when we could make India independent? He said very definitely that he was "pro-government," he believed that India could not stand on her own legs for a long time. "We should educate our women" he said, and only through their education we can better the lot of our country." Some such words he uttered, and thus poured water over my enthusiasm. I still admired his sincerity but I could see and he could see that we differed in our views! He left my house but we remained personal friends as ever before. It was at this time that his son was betrothed to the daughter of Mr Bulakiram. The mother of this girl was a Danish lady.

Dehradun I once visited as a guest of H. H. Maharaja Ranbir Singh of Jind, my brother-in-law. On that occasion once I got drunk with Swadeshi brandy prepared by Kunwar Balbirsingh's household. Dehradun was now quite different to me. I was now living a very simple life of a recluse, observing strict temperance. I was now engaged in editing my two vernacular editions of the "Servant of the powerless." I was trying to organize the "Servrant of the powerless Society," to back my views. I gave away on trust one of my houses at Dehradun to house this Society. This house I called "Dharma," religion or duty. During my life time I was to live

in this house and conduct the affairs of our movement. Here I started to build up a library of religious books and books on socialism. I was trying to hold weekly meetings of the different religions. One page of our paper was devoted to bring out the like opinions on some subject from different religious books. For instance, one week we wrote against alcohol, another week against gambling, quoting authorities from Vedas, Koran, Bible, or some books of Buddhism, Sikhism or the Parsee Faith. We also started to translate into Hindustani the English speeches of the presidents of the All India National Congress.

War broke out in Europe. I heard this news on train, as I was going from Dehradun to Brindaban to attend the annual festivities of Prem Maha Vidyalaya. Seth Baldeo Singh Bhaktraj was with me and some Englishman was lying on the opposite berth. I without the least reflection told Seth Sahib that I was going to the theatre of war! He rose, went to the lavatory and when he returned he said to me: "What is this idea?" I repeated with more confidence: I must go to Europe and see for myself what it is all about." Thus was born that thought which has kept me an exile, all these years.

We reached Brindaban, met many friends but the thought of visiting the war centre kept me all absorbed. Mr. Sarup Narain, a temperance worker of Amritsar very earnestly tried to dissuade me from this "rash" step. But I was determined and nothing could make me give up my resolve.

That year in 1914 in August, the Commissioner of Agra came to distribute prizes to our students. On this occasion, in my speech, I said that we wanted to dethrone injustice and crown justice in its place. At the end of the function the Commissioner asked me to visit him next morning at Muttra where he was staying with the magistrate. I had already expressed the desire of taking active

part in the war and I believed that the commissioner would suggest that I might form a unit of my own for Indian defence in India. But contrary to all my expectations I found him rather unfriendly and stern. It was a great contrast to the ever kindly attitude of Mr. Dampier, the magistrate, whom I had come to regard as my personal friend. The Commissioner began to complain of my general attitude towards the government. In explaining my position I also became a little excited. This meeting proved very decisive in my life. I began to feel decisive sympathy for the Germans who were fighting this dirty British empire.

I applied for my passport through the magistrate of Muttra. I began to prepare myself in all haste to travel abroad. I appointed some trustees to look after my estate. I arranged with my friends, especially Seth Naraindas B.A. and Kunwar Hukum Singh, to continue to conduct Prem Maha Vidyalaya efficiently during my absence. I secured the services of Mr. Harishchandra, the eldest son of Mahatma Munshiram, later known as Swami Shardhanand. It was agreed that Mr. Harishchandra would go with me to Europe and returning in two or three months he would edit my "Nirbal Sewak" at Dehradun.

At this time the magistrate of Dehradun took objection to my one article in "Nirbal Sewak," being a bit pro-German, and demanded a guarantee of five hundred rupees. The money was of course promptly deposited in the government treasury, but I did not change my policy.

Electric light came just then to Dehradun. I also got light installed in my houses. The night, I was leaving my home, light came for the first time to my wife's house. I went and took leave. It proved to be the last leave taking. My wife died in 1925. She was lying and weeping. I never saw before my wife weeping thus. I asked her not to

weep. I tried to console her. I saw my tiny son asleep. My daughter too was in bed. It was night, and the newly arrived electric light was some how very dim and pale.

As I came out of the house, a servant of the house came along with two filled up water jars. In India, they consider it a nice omen to meet on the way a person carrying jars filled with water. It was perhaps arranged by some servants to do it.

I took train at Dehradun. Mr. Harish Chandra joined me at Hardwar. Some Grukul students came to see him off. Our train moved on. We left Himalaya behind. Soon we were in plains, moving fast, on way to Bombay and as it proved later, on my way to Germany and on to my this long exile !

INDIA TO GERMANY

My passport did not arrive. I left without one. But the Italian boat which I wanted to take would not take me, without a passport. I tried to find some other way out of the difficulty. Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons told me that if I would like to proceed to England I could get a ticket without a passport. I bought one first class for myself and one second class for Mr. Harish Chander and we boarded a P. and O. Boat for London.

In the red sea we began to smell war. Windows were covered, portholes were closed not to let any light out. They were afraid of submarines.

In the Mediterranean there was real danger. Some ships were already sunk. Our steamer changed course. Then arrived a radio order for our ship to put in the port of Marseilles. There we got off. We received a permit from the local English Consul to travel to London over land via Switzerland. We

came to Geneva and took rooms at the Hotel Angleterr or the English Hotel.

I soon began to search for Mr. Shiamji Krishna Varma. An Egyptian youth gave me his address. In the night, Mr. Harish Chander and myself went to see him. He gave me the address of Mr. Hardial. That very night we reached the residence of this younger leader. It was a long drive out in a taxi. He was living quite outside of the town. As we arrived he was baking some potatoes for his supper. We talked long about the war situation. One thing I remember very vividly that I told him very straight: "Why don't you go to Germany?" He replied: "There some boys have gathered together." He introduced us to the German Consul-General. We met him also one night. He was as cautious to meet us as we were ourselves. He asked me to go to Germany and see things for myself. I said: "But I must see the Kaiser himself, can I have his Majesty's audience?" This the Consul could not assure me. He said that he himself could not see the Kaiser.

Mr. Harish Chander had broken off from me. He had found some Sanscrit professor who persuaded Mr. Harish Chander to remain with him. Mr. Harish Chander got his agreement cancelled which he had made with me and abruptly left me. I was now also disappointed with the reply of the German Consul. I gave up my idea of visiting Germany and left for Rome with a view to sail for U. S. from Neples.

At Milan I received a telegram from Mr. Harish Chander telling me that everything was arranged and that I should come back to Geneva. I wired that I would return from Rome.

At the Italian Capital I received my passport, sent after me from India care of Thomas Cook. I had stated when I applied for the passport that I wanted to go to Europe to study the war situation and then

I would go to U. S. to see the World exhibition at Sanfrancisco, California. To my great satisfaction the passport also said what I wanted.

On the train I had made acquaintance of the Siamese Minister for Paris and Rome. He invited me to lunch. I asked his opinion about the war. He said that Germany was sure to be defeated and he advised me never to enter that country. I also invited him to a lunch at my hotel.

I returned to Geneva. There I met for the first time Mr. Chattopadhia, a brother of the famous Mrs. Naidu. He said: "What, Kaiser will see you hundred times," he meant that when I was going to make so much sacrifice, risk everything, the Kaiser would surely receive me. To see hundred times is an Indian expression to mean surely or certainly. I saw the German Consul once again. I said, I was now going to Germany ! I remember, he was a little sorry that I did not go first at his request. But he kindly made all the necessary arrangements.

In Germany 1915. I was off for Germany with Mr. Chattopadhia. Mr. Harish Chandra did not go. Mr. Hardial had already proceeded to Berlin. I remember that when the German passport examiner came Mr. Chattopadhia whispered something into his ear and it was sufficient. My new friend could speak German fluently.

At Berlin, I stayed at the Continental Hotel. I took a small room to be able to pay all the accounts from my emptying pocket. The money that I had brought from India was nearly gone and more money did not arrive inspite of my cables to the manager of my estate.

Mr. Harish Chander now some how came to Berlin and brought me the news that some money had arrived for me care of Thomas Cook but they would not give him I would have to go myself to fetch it. Arrangement was made and now I went to

Switzerland on a German passport. But I had also my Indian passport in my pocket. I got only one hundred gold pounds sent by my manager and I returned to Germany. I remember some of my Indian friends, including Mr. Harish Chander were in doubt as to my recrossing the frontier. But my mind was set and I knew what I was doing. I remember, I received many letters from home including one from Maharana of Jhalawar and one from Seth Baldeosingh of Dehradun. I got also a letter from Babu Shiva Prasad Guptaji who was then in U.S. together with Lala Lajpat Rai.

In Germany I was given receptions and banquets. On business side Baron von Wasendonk of the foreign office attended to my requests. Mr. Neuen Hofer, former Consul-General at Karachi, was appointed by the government to constantly wait on me. We took meals together, we went out togther and he accompanied me to all functions unless some other Indian gentleman took me out.

On the Front. Mr. Neuen Hofer went also with me to the "Eastern Front." The vice president of the Turkish parliament, Mr. Abdul Karim of Tunis, went too, at the same time with his German companion. We thus became four in a combined party. At Lodz we were the guests of the Field Marshal Mac-Kenzen. He gave us a grand banquet. I sat by his right side. I talked with him through my companion. His one remark made me very sad at the moment. He asked whether I had brought sufficient jewels to defray the cost of my living? I said to myself what the general meant, now when I was the guest of the German government what for I needed jewels?

We were shown the foremost trenches. I saw the heaviest gun fired. Through the field glassess I could watch the effect of the shells bursting in the Russian lines. We were hurried back from the forest as the Russian guns began to fire their shells

in turn. I saw wounded soldiers hurried back to hospitals. They were wounded as the result of the show put up for us! We were also given an aeroplane ride to see the front from the air. This was my first flight.

Land covered in deep snow, solitary stragglers with some load on their backs creeping to the places of refuge, we covered up with our furs in an open car, speeding at a terrific speed of about fifty to sixty miles, in the first watch of night, thus we left behind the Front of Poland and returned to Germany to fetch a comfortable train. Inspite of the hardships ths extreme cold improved our health.

Now the letters from the German Chancellor to 26 Indian princes, according to my suggestion, were all prepared. On my insistence Maharaja of Napel was addressed as His Majesty. Maharaja Nandy of Cossim Bazar also received a letter among the princes. The list was prepared by me.

The Audience. The day arrived when I was to have the audience of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. H.E. Mr. Zimmerman, then the vice minister for foreign affairs took me to the Imperial Palace in the Tiergarten. I remember, just before entering the audience hall Mr. Zimmerman brushed his moustaches and gave them a little twirl up in the Kaiser fashion.

I went first. Mr. Zimmerman followed. I found Kaiser standing alone in the hall. I recognized him immediately having seen his photoes so often. He advanced a few steps as I approached. I saluted him in the Indian fashion. He gave me his hand and we shook hands. He spoke English with an accent. I learned later that he did it some times to show that he was speaking a foreign language. But his English was of course perfect.

We talked for about twenty minutes, For ten minutes at least I was expecting that the Kaiser would take seat and ask me to sit down too, however

we remained standing all the time, facing each other. Mr. Zimmerman was standing to my left at some distance.

Kaiser began to speak of some prophesy that the English rule must come to end in India during these years. I was not prepared for such a turn in our talk. I immediately put forth, however, "yes, your majesty, they in India often say that the English rule must come to end after their one hundred years reign, it is already time for them to go." I must say that I do not assert that I uttered these very words but these words express best what I said at the moment.

Kaiser was well prepared for the interview. Inspite of his very heavy duties of the ruler and the Commander-in-Chief he had found time to remember something about my relation with the Phulkian States of Punjab. He spoke of Jind, Patiala and Nabha, and of their strategic position in case of a military move from the side of Afghanistan!

At the end as I took leave and receded a few steps, Kaiser hailed me up once again and said "Don't forget to give my greetings to the Amir of Afghanistan." It appeared to me very friendly, informal and touching call.

I received the order of the Red Eagle second class. Chancellor B. Hollweg kindly gave me a letter with his signature, promising me Imperial German support in my work for India.

GERMANY TO HERAT

Germany To Turkey. A book of two big volumes can be written on my trip to Afghanistan in year 1915. Every day of this long journey, in the stirring period of the world war, has a tale of its own. But I must be short, especially now, when during these two numbers.† I must bring my story to a close.

† See note on last page.

I arrived at Berlin on the 10th of February 1915, and I left the capital of Imperial Germany on the 10th of April, in exactly two months.

I was now accompanied by Dr. Von Hentig. He was the German diplomat of the rank of "the Legation's Secretary." He was to manage our trip. He was to see to it that I arrive safely at Cabul. Moulana Berkatullah also was a member of our mission. He was to speak for us in the Persian language at the Royal court of Afghanistan. One Dr. Baker and Mr. Rohr, a secretary of Dr. Hentig were too in our party. We had then a number of Afghan-Afridi soldiers with us. They were among the war prisoners and they volunteered their services to accompany us and thus return to their homes. Two Afghan-Buner gentlemen came over from U.S. to help our cause. They also accompanied us. But as we were to pass through Rumania, which was not friendly to Germany, special precaution was taken to send our party members ahead of us, in two groups. This evening, Dr. Hentig and myself, we only two left Berlin by an express train bound for Vienna. Several friends and some representatives of the Foreign office and the General Staff came to see us off.

At Vienna, in the same hotel where we stayed, we found the Khedieve of Egypt. During thirty hours or so, during our sojourn there, we had four long interviews with the Egyptian ruler. We called on him. He returned the visit, visiting me in my room. Then, he gave me a royal lunch. Before leaving the city we met once again. He spoke bitterly of his unpleasant experience with the English over lords. At Budapest railway station Sardar Umrao Singh, elder brother of Sardar Sunder Singh Majeethia, kindly came to see me. He was living there quietly with his Hungarian wife. But he tried to encourage me, telling me that a famous soothsayer of Hungary had told him that the man, whose name began with "M" and who was on way towards

India, was destined to kill the British power as a man would kill a snake! As we crossed the Danube river and entered Bulgaria, we felt relieved, we were now once again among friends. Now we enjoyed scenery, beautiful view all round. We came to Turkey, reached Constantinople, and took our rooms at the Pera Palace Hotel.

Audience of the Sultan. At Istambul, we were received in audience by H. M. Sultan Rishad, the spiritual head of the Islamic world. Up the grand staircase of the beautiful palace, on the strait of Bosporus, we went to a side gallery. Here we were shown into a room. There was the old Sultan! He shook hands and then he sat down and asked us to take seats opposite to him. The conversation went in a very round about way. Sultan spoke Turkish, chamberlain translated it into French and then Dr. Von Hentig translated it for me into English. The Sultan was anxious about our safety in our long hazardous journey. But he wished us well and hoped that we would succeed in reaching our destination! When we were leaving, Sultan rose, took a few steps towards the door, and bade us good-by.

More Interviews. Our interview with H. E. Enver Pasha, the war minister and son-in-law of the Sultan, was of business nature. I requested him to get for me a letter of introduction from Sultan, the Khalifa, addressed to H. M. The Amir of Afghanistan. Further I wanted a few letters from the Prime Minister addressed to some Indian Princes. Then I asked Enver Pasha to kindly send a Turkish officer with our mission. He kindly agreed to all my requests. Dr. Von Hentig was interpreting for me. Enver Pasha spoke perfect German. Dr. Hentig further asked the Pasha to issue special orders to the military officers along our route, through Asia Minor to Persia, to give our mission all the necessary facilities. Only later we came to know that just then when we were with Enver Pasha, the British

were furiously attacking Gallipoli. It was a moment when the fate of the Turkish empire hanged in ballance. For, if the British men of war could force their way through the Dardanelles they could occupy Constantinople that afternoon! A few hours later the British prisoners of war were carried round the city to convince the populace of the Turkish victory. I saw them from our Hotel window.

The visit to Hilmi Pasha, the premier, was just a formality. He was very kind and courteous. I visited Talaat Pasha and the Crown Prince and the Sheikhul Islam accompanied by Moulana Barkatullah who could speak with them in Arabic language. At the residence of the Crown Prince I met one Sharief of Mecca, one of sons of the ruling Sharief of the holy city. To my astonishment I met him once again in the Tarsus Mountains on our way to Alepo in Syria.

Baghdad reached. I can never forget that beautiful view of the sea of Marmara which we got from the windows of our slowly moving train. I had just taken leave at the railway station of friends such as Lala Hardayal, we were going on a historic mission with hope of conquering India from the British, taking our own land for ourselves, but this picture of Nature had pulled me, as if, to a sweet dream of its own! We moved on.

At Konia we visited the sacred tombs. We drove over the lovely Tarsus Mountains. Railway line had not yet pierced them. Alepo greatly appealed to me. Fine little city, with Arabian busy restaurants, park and foreign style hotels come to my memory even at this distance of time and space.

It was something quite a novel experience. We floated down the river Euphrates from a place near Alepo to a place near Baghdad. We were in roofed boats of local make, just made for this one journey! In the night the boats rested. In the day

light they went sliding over the flooded river. At times, it seemed to be very dangerous as we tried to pass strong currents. For days we did not meet big towns. We got plenty of milk and butter from the Arabian black tents. We saw once a grand marble palace in ruins. In fourteen days we came to this journey's end. We got out of the boats and got into the horse carriages and travelling through the chilly night we reached Baghdad. We stayed in a fine house, in a fine garden, arranged by our German friends. At day time, it was very hot. Roofed streets in this climate, I found, were not only a luxury but a necessity. I enjoyed my strolls in the city.

We came to Isfahan. In carriages we sallied forth. Dr. Hentig and myself we two occupied the same wagon. We went up towards the Iranian plateau. It became a bit cooler as we drove on. Now we had to ride horses to cross the hilly track. Here we met the famous Rauf Bey. He was encamped here with a couple of thousand soldiers. He also had a mission to go to Afghanistan but he was being opposed by the Persians. At his camp I met Mr. Abur Rahman of Peshawar and Molvi Abdur Rab. The Bey was very kind to me. Kirmanshah was soon reached. It was a big town. We stayed at the German Consulate. Dr. Hentig left for Tehran and I got sick with dysentery and high fever. Our companion Dr. Baker treated me. In a week's time I was fit to continue our journey. We got once again horse carriages. The drive over the treeless valleys and hills but in the fine beautiful moon light was very interesting. When we came to some oasis, a valley with springs and a stream, it looked like heaven with beautiful fruit growing gardens and orchards. The changing colours of the treeless hills in the evening made the scenes very lovely. Isfahan was grand, though our entry was miserable. A wheel of our carriage broke and we

had to ride horses of our carriage without saddles. Thus we entered the city and rode through its streets. Here too we stayed at the German Consulate. Needless to say it was very comfortable. And the view of the garden city from a roof was fine.

Through the Desert. This bit of journey was tiresome, troublesome and gave me a lot of pain mental and physical. But I am not telling the story. I am just rushing through. The first few miles were covered in a comfortable horse carriage. Then, we rode horses. We travelled by night to escape the Sun as well as to escape from the network of the enemy espionage. It was terrible when we once lost the way in the desert. We equally felt relieved when we got to an oasis safely. Once we had to ride from 4 o'clock in the afternoon, travelling whole night, with a little rest in the morning and at noon, we rode on till late in the night next day! We were being pressed by the English and Russian cavalry from two sides. But thank God, and thank to the German strategy of Captain Niedermayer we successfully passed through the enemy cordon! From Isfahan, Captain Niedermayer's mission joined our mission and we were travelling together. Finally, though we lost a part of luggage, we lost most of our documents, some of our men, yet we reached safely Afghanistan.

At Herat. Moulana Barkatullah and an Afridi officer preceded us, brought the news of our arrival to the Afghan governor of Herat and prepared our way. The Government gave us right royal reception. We were made guests of the State. In the beautiful garden, eating the rich Afghan pulau and delicious fruits and receiving all the consideration at the hands of the Afghan officials we for got for the moment all our late hardships. The Governor came to see us and we paid him a visit accompanied by an escort. The old Governor was a jolly gentleman and he often cracked jokes.

HERAT TO CABUL

People who have not travelled through a desert can not understand the joy of arriving at an oasis. It is perhaps the privation which makes the plenty sweet and sweeter. We felt at Herat at home after the hazardous journey through the enemy cordon and through the salt desert of Iran. We were right royally received and right royally entertained. Unbelievable as it may seem, we did not only receive rich food but rich clothing was also provided. Tattered suits, worn out through long horse riding, were replaced by new dresses made to order. Not only soap was provided, oil and scents were given too ! Such was the hospitality of the Governor of Herat !

Another thing was not less remarkable. We were taken into the historical Mosques. We could walk through with our boots on. I was surprised by this great tolerance, it was diametrically opposed to that fanaticism for which our Afghan brethren have received names. It was also something unbelievable.

Now we started on another long journey over the chilly Hazara mountains. Stage by stage it is a month's trip, from Herat to Cabul, but we did it quicker. On several days, when stages were short, we covered two in a single day. It was hard riding. But we had nothing to bother about arrangements. Now the management was of our "Mehmandar", an agent of Afghanistan government. He saw to it that we were properly housed each night and that we got good food all along. Quite a big retinue of cooks and servants and soldiers accompanied us. It was the month of September but in the mountains, on some days, we found water was frozen and in the nights we had to make fire !

On the 2nd of October 1915, we reached Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan. A crowd of people came

out to greet us. A detachment of Afghan troops under a local Turkish officer gave us military salute. We were led into our guest-house, the famous Baghi-Baber. Beds of flowers were in full bloom. Fountain was playing. Garden was in a gala dress. Every one of us received rooms in the Baber palace. Again, all our requirements were attended too. We were State guests.

Received by the King. For a few days we lived in a kind of uncertainty. Food was plenty. View was fine. We could see and enjoy green valley below and high mountains in the distance. It was a beautiful Nature's picture constantly hanging in front of our rooms. But we were not allowed to go out of the four walls of our garden. There was sufficient space to walk and run, but were we State prisoners, this thought began to prey upon us. Now and then there was a bit of heated talk with the government agent who looked after us. When some of us thought that we were ill, we summoned the Turkish doctor, Dr. Munir Bey. He brought us medicine and brought us news. Finally, in about three weeks, a day was fixed, motor cars came with a high government official, and we were taken to the summer resort of the King of Afghanistan, at Paghman, where we were received by King Habibullah khan !

Long Interview: It was very long. It continued from early morning till late in the afternoon. No less personage than Sardar Mohemmod Aziz Khan came to take us to Paghman. As we arrived, we were received by H. E. Naibus Saltaneh or Premier Sardar Nasrullah Khan, who was also younger brother of the King. After a few minutes we were led to the King's summer residence. On all occasions, in our mission, I was given the first position, then followed according to order, Dr. von Hentig, Captain Niedermayer, Captain Kazim Bey of Turkey and Moulana Barkatullah. King, of course,

always occupied the central seat. Among his officials the order was Premier Nasrullah Khan, Prince Inayatullah Khan. Prince Amanullah Khan and two Sardars, uncle and father of Sardar Nadir Khan, father of the present King of Afghanistan.

To begin with I presented the letters of H. M. the Kaiser and H. M. Sultan of Turky. Then Dr. von Hentig presented the letter of H. E. The Chancellor of Germany. Then followed long talk. The king said, "you show your wares and then we shall see whether they suit us." Some such words he uttered in Persian language. It clearly showed his attitude towards us. He was well versed in Persian literature. He often quoted great writers of the past. Now noon arrived and the King and his party left for mid-day prayers. Later we all sat for a royal lunch. Here were many more government officials on the table. I sat by the King on his right, Moulana Barkatullah kindly translated for me and for. Dr, von Hentig. Captain Niedermayer and Captain Kazim Bey knew some Persian.

Afghan authorities had arranged for me special Hindu dinner, cooked by Hindu cooks, brought over from Cabul, but I thankfully declined to have separate meal. I took part, as I said, in the royal lunch, where I could still further express my views.

Separate Conversations. After that first general meeting, the king wanted to meet us separately. Accordingly, three days were fixed. On the first day I went with Moulana Barkatullan. One day German friends went. And one day Captain Kazim Bey went alone. The day, so to say, our Indian delegation was received in audience the talk was naturally about India. I took this opportunity to press the question of Indians interned and Indians in jail, in iron chains. A party of Indian students had run away from India to serve Turkey and the Muslim cause. All the members of this party were interned at Cabul. Moulana Ubaidullah, an influential Mus.

lim leader, who arrived from India some time before our arrival was also detained with those students. Then, there were two Sikhs, who were on trial in India in some bomb case and who had escaped to Afghanistan, were in chains. My entreaties on behalf of all these Indian brethren had immediate effect. No court decision was necessary. The King ordered the Prime Minister then and there to comly with my request. In a few days the interned Indians were treated as guests and the two Sikhs, whom I myself saw in chains, got freedom.

Numerous Meetings. Not once, not twice, many times we had official meetings at the residence of H. E. The Prime Minister, now and then we were by the King too, in right official atmosphere. Many details were minutely considered and discussed. Today many people may laugh if I were to describe the bargaining we had. "No not so far" "that can not be," "but historical line runs through here," "Yes, Baluchistan you can have, and there that Persian speaking Central Asia." For hours some time discussions ran while not a soldier moved ! One Haji Abdul Raziq, a trusted follower of the premier, was appointed to deal with our Indian problems in more unofficial manner. At his house feasts were given and many meetings were held.

Provisional Government of India. It was founded as early as the 1st of December 1915. It was my birth day, too. Only a few friends gathered in my room that night and we formally form ed the Provisional Government of India. I became its "life president" or the president so long as a regular government was established by us in India, it was to be of course by our Indian National Congress. Moulana Barkatullah was appointed Prime Minister, and Moulana Ubaidullah was entrusted with the portfolio of the home Ministry! Later we had several secretaries from the Indian brethren whom we had helped to gain their freedom. Two of them today

hold important jobs. Mr. Mohemmod Ali who was with us got an important post in the third International. I believe, he is still at Moscow. Another secretary Mr. Allah Nawaz is Afghanistan's Minister at Berlin. With the help of such devoted coworkers we could do some service of India. When the story of the freedom of our country will be written some day this chapter of our Provincial Government of India will receive due consideration. Today, it is suffice to say that our Provincial Government dealt directly in those days with Afghanistan Government. Once even a treaty was drawn up between us and Afghanistan !

Personal Contact with Princes. I was very fortunate to cultivate personal friendly relations with Prince Inayatullah Khan, who was regarded as the crown Prince, and Prince Amanullah Khan, who later became the famous king. I would visit them, for hours we will talk, some times taking our lunch together. A couple of times they were also kind to visit me at the Baghi-Baber Palace. Without flattery I can say that both of them had very high and noble qualities. King Amanullah Khan got a chance later to prove his worth. It was he who transformed Afghanistan from a backward State to a modern State. And that he did in only ten years. He was famous for going out of his way to discover whether the people were properly treated. Stories were current that he roamed the city in disguise to see that shopkeepers were selling things at the right price and in right measure or not? In those days Sardar Nadir Khan, the commander-in-chief, belonged to Prince Amanullah's party. I was also visiting him and his family. He and his brothers were famous for the fact that they never took any bribe. As a rule, I always went with Moulana Barkatullah and Captain Kazim Bey on social visits.

Now look Back. My readers, I close this story here. If you will look back your file, you will find

that in November 1937† I began the story from this period !

The exciting days were over. After a long disquieting suspense of three weeks and more we were received in audience by his Majesty Amir Habibullah Khan at his summer capital of Paghman. We had passed through those ordeals of Royal courts which are embarrassing to all those who love a quiet life. Those formal shake hands, diplomatic conversations and ceremonial banquets were already things of the past.

We were more or less settled down. The beautiful and comfortable Bagh Baber Palace together with sumptuous hospitality of the King of Afghanistan made us feel quite at home. It was in the year 1915.

Now and then, the war news quickened our pulse. At times, blood rushed to our hearts. Some time we had heated discussions on the events of some far off battle field. However, our forced quiet situation soon lulled us to a mental sleep. Showering sun shine, flowing breeze and chattering landscape of the valley Chardehi absorbed our thoughts. And in a waking dream we saw before us, down there, the rivulet of Cabul, beyond, the broad extensive maze of fields and up there in the back ground of the picture, majestic Mountains of Paghman.

October was gone. November had come in. It was also on the point of taking leave. It was a pity. We were so much used to its bright da s that we did not want to let it go. But it would not stay for any solicitation. It was true to time and worked like a machine.....

A hope of a romantic night made us forget all about days. "Yes it will be splendid ! Dr.

† See note on the last page.

Munier Beg, you should not fail to join our secret meeting. And promise, above all, that you would not speak of it to any body." I whispered to the Turkish medical doctor who visited us now and then both as a medical man and a friend. "Not even to Muinus Saltene Sahib ?" Smilingly enquired the doctor. He was the eldest son of the King and was taking friendly interest in our doing at that time. "No not yet, for heaven's sake !" I insisted "we must keep it very secret. We do not know yet the attitude of the king to our romance. When we are once gone through it we will ourselves report it to all concerned." Thickly built, ever jolly figure of the doctor disappeared through the varanda.

First of December dawned over us. The bright sun, like a dove of peace brought the happy tidings of the date fixed before hand. This evening at eight o'clock we shall have a little party in my room. My German, Indian and Turkish friends will assemble. With the exception of four they do not know the exact meaning of the gathering. They know that I would have my birth day celebration. It happened to be also my birth day. But the real purpose of this little secret meeting was a secret with in a secret. The veil was not to be taken off till we all met that night. The whole party did not consist of more than nine or ten persons.

"Now friends, we must tell you why we have given you all this trouble. I do not believe in any personal birth day rejoicings. Life is a constant stream without a beginning or an end ..... We are going to establish this night the first Provisional Government of India. I am to take the oath of the office of its president and here our honourable friend Moulana Barkatullah will swear before you as the First Premier.....

Captain Niedermayer, now major, doctor and

von — a title of nobility — warmly congratulated us. Captain Kazim Beg and Dr. Munier Beg spoke a few words of encouragement.

We knew little that evening that our humble beginning will develop a terrifying force in course of time. We hardly expected that the pro British Amir Habibullah would unofficially "connive" to our secret designs. And yet all what we did was never in any way criminally secret. We went to Afghanistan to work against the British in India. The Turkish and German governments helped us because they were in war against England. There was no conspiracy.

Later, this provisional government sent several missions, issued many proclamations and tried to come to some kind of understanding with the Zarist, Kerensky's and Bolsheweik Russia. It is however another story. We must not burden the memory of the romantic night with tales of after days.

A scene at Cabul 1916. The big room was well heated. Snow was lying outside. Around the long table. H. M. King Habibullah Khan, Afghan princes royal courtiers andthe members of our Indo-Turco-German mission were sitting. A treaty was just signed and finished. I whispered to the King, on whose left I was sitting, "Will it not be a nice idea to try to win over Russia to our side?" It created a new rustle in the meeting, because King immediately took it up and asked me to settle the details of my plan with the Prime Minister.

Mission went off. Another original idea was that I wrote the letter, as the president of the Provisional Government of India, to H. M. the Zar of Russia on a plate of solid gold ! One Mr. Mohemmod Ali and one Mr. Shamsher Singh (Dr. Mathura Singh was his original name) went to Russian Turkestan with my letter. Premier Moulana

Barkatullah and the Home Minister Moulana Ubaidullah of our Provisional Government prepared the details.

Autumn of 1916. I had come up to Mazarisharief. I was the guest of Sardar Sulaiman Khan, the Governor of the Province. With his consent, my companion, Mr. Gujar Singh (Mr. Kala Singh) went across the Russian border, met Brigadier General Akko and his English wife and brought the depressing news that it was dangerous for me to enter the Russian territory.

In Spring 1917. I, accompanied with my companions and escorted by fourteen cavalrymen of Afghanistan army, together with an officer and a retinue of servants provided by the government, went up to the Pamirs, the proof of the world. Every day of the trip has a tale of its own but it was thrilling to march in the night to evade the notice of the Russian soldiers across the Wakhan valley. It was extremely cold up on the high mountains. Water was frozen, snow was still lying deep in the upper valleys.

Mission To Nepal. In summer 1917, when I was back from Pamir and was staying as the guest of the Governor of Khanabad, he and I, we made a "conspiracy" to send a mission to Nepal. King of Afghanistan and the Crown Prince had become especially pro-British. Seeing that Turkey was defeated in Iraq they did not consider it in the interest of the State to oppose their powerful neighbour. But men like the governor of Khanabad were prepared to risk all to save Islam. Mr. Gujarsingh went with a single guide to the frontier friends. Thence he was to be smuggled into India and to travel through the country in disguise and enter Nepal. He carried the letter of the Chancellor Bethwen Hoollweg to the King of Nepal, wherein I had also written a note of greetings and explanation. Mr. Gujar singh also brought to India

some letters for the Indian princes which he was to forward by post to the addressees.

Another Refusal. Encouraged by the change in Russia. I again placed myself in communication with the Russian authorities at Tirmiz. But again came the dry answer that the Kerensky's government just followed the foreign policy of the former regime.

The Day Arrived. At last the day arrived when in plain words they invited me to come to Russian Turkestan. Soviets were now in power and they wanted to buy Afghan grain in return of petroleum and they thought that I could help them in the matter.

A Cross Examination. I was invited to tea by the Commisar. But he called me away in an adjacent room and began to cross examine me through an interpreter. "But why so many Afghan soldiers came with you to the opposite bank of the river?" "They are not so many, they are only a dozen soldiers who have been accompanying me ever since I left Cabul," I answered. "You were trying to come in contact with the Zarist and the Kerensky's governments?" "Yes, why not, I was hoping to have friendly relations with our Northern neighbour." In some such words the cross examination was proceeding when I saw that the Commisar got agitated. Some funny remark of the interpreter made me angry too. We were on the brink of a scene when some one intervened and explained that the whole fault was of the interpreter.

I Meet Mr. Trotsky. In a reserved carriage, accompanied by an interpreter and a militry officer, I came to Tashkent. In a special train, with a Commisar, I came to Petrograd. Remember, this is the month of March 1918. The Commisar takes me to the War Office. There goes Mr. Trotsky.

Commisar hails him and unceremoniously introduces me to him.

Kaiser Wilhelm. I am jumping from event to event to be short. In a special carriage I come to Potsdam. Robed in the Bukhara silk, I am standing face to face of H. M. Kaiser Wilhelm the Second, for the second time. Kaiser looks much older than when I saw him last in 1915. His head shakes a little. His voice is clear. We talk about my trip to Afghanistan and back. Kaiser presents me his autograph photograph.

Sultan Rishad. I brought to the Khalifa the royal answer of the Amir Afghanistan. Now we could speak direct in Persian language. When I saw him last in 1915 our conversation was twice translated, from Turkish to French and then to English. But in Persian the Khalifa could speak fluently, he was indeed a poet of the Persian language, and I had also picked up the language sufficiently, during my stay in Afghanistan, to dare to talk in that language with the spiritual head of Islam.

I Retire. My suggestion of organizing an international socialist army, comprising of the German, Austrian, Bulgarian, Turkish and Russian Socialists was not accepted in Imperial Germany, in 1918. I thought that such an army could easily cross Soviet Russia and help India to make herself free. I argued that the Imperial Germany had no need of the socialists while they could be of much use in Russia and Asia. A German officer, later a very high diplomat, said at the banquet which was given to me: We shall go through South Russia, we have already reached Kharkov, we shall march across North Persia and help you in India....." When I was reiterating my suggestion to Enver Pasha at Constantinople a month or so later he said that he had sent a military mission to Bolsheviek Russia to see

how far Turkey could co-operate with this new regime ? I must wait. I preferred to retire to Budapest. There I began to preach my Religion of Love.

That Night at Munich. In the afternoon I had seen a big procession which was interpreted to me as a demonstration demanding peace, but I did not take it seriously. It was cold, early November, perhaps 6th of that month, I retired early to my bed room in the hotel, where I was staying. I heard a shot. What it was ? I set aside the heavy curtains, opened the door, went to the balcony. There in the big square before the railway station, a big crowd had gathered, presently a red flag was raised ! A revolution ? I came down hurriedly to the porter and asked him, what it was all about ? He advised me to go back and sleep quietly, some boys were making fun ! But that night a complete change occurred in Germany. The King of Bavaria and his family fled and a red regime was now in power. Next day I saw some glass windows broken, some little street fighting also took place. I was once caught in the midst of one of them. But like a thunder storm it passed off. I did not even get wet.

In Switzerland. It was a hard job to pass the closed frontier. But I did get through with my money sewn in a cloth purse. I stayed for two months in a religious colony of Mazdasnan, not far from Zurich. The American Ambassador at Bern whom I wanted to present the case of Independent India would not listen to me. In the mean time I read in a copy of London Times that King Habibullah of Afghanistan was killed. I made up my mind to return to Germany.

The Gift of German Government The Indian coworkers asked me to lay a claim for myself and demand one thousand gold marks per month for life. There was certainly such an unwritten understanding that I would be provided for life with

ample financial support, no matter what happened. I however did not like to make a "demand," saying what difference would it make between friends and foes of Germany, now when the allies were forcing her to pay we should not do the same thing. The new republican German government thought it fit to give me twenty five thousand marks and asked me to take up some profession such that of medicine. They also kindly promised to give me all facilities to study in any university I liked. In this connection I may also mention that all the other different Indians and some other nationals, who worked with Germany during the war, received two to twelve thousand marks in lump sums. I used a part of my money in printing my books and pamphlets and in opening our office.

I went to Russia. I must go to Afghanistan. King Amanullah had declared war on the British in India The frontiers were closed. War was going on between the "Reds" and the "Whites," the old German army still in the Baltic land had a finger in it. I must go, I got some friends to go along with me. German friends promised help . It is a long story. Technically, they said, they could not help me. But we paid perhaps two thousand marks and we got an army aeroplane to take us over the fighting line and leave us in the no man's land near to the red line ! I can never forget that moment when I all alone, with a portfolio under one arm, sighted two Soviet soldiers with fixed bayonets and they challenged me ! Soon later I saw a bit of fighting. But I was safely brought to Moscow, accompanied by a friend.

In the Soviet mission. We met Mr. Lenin. The details were arranged by Mr. Karakhan. Prof. Vosnesensky fixed up everything for us. We accompanied Mr. Suritz to Cabul. I got one German and one Austrian war prisoners to help me. I picked

them up from a German Restaurant in Central Asia. A special train brought us to the Afghanistan frontier. We reached Herat. Last when I came here in 1915 I was the first person of our mission, now my role was to act as the second best to the Soviet Diplomat. Strange coincidence was that now in 1919 the same governor was there once again whom we met there four years before. At Cabul I properly introduced the Soviet Misson to H. M. King Amanullah Khan. This was expected of me. And then I left the mission at the kind invitation of the King and became his majesty's personal guest. I was given the palace of Sardar Nasrullah Khan, the ucsuccessful pretender to the throne, uncle of the King.

Spring of year 1920. The king calls me to the foreign office. He gives me seven letters to the rulers of Tibet, China, Japan, Siam, U. S. America, Germany and Turkey. I was astonished to see the similarity of silk and leather binding of these letters and the letters of the German Chancellor addressed to the Indian princes which were given to me in 1915, to be forwarded to the addressees. I spoke about it to the king. He smiled and said: "What Germany can do Afghanistan can also do." He presented me further his signed photograph and a gold watch with a heavy chain. Then, he kindly embraced me and bade good bye! I was to go over the Pamirs, the roof of the world, to Tibet, China, Japan and round the world!

An Interesting and Instructive story. I remember, just this moment, a tiny matter of the past, when I was well surrounded by the members of my cast. I mean there was a day, that day, when the two armies were at bay. Truce was made but not yet peace. I was in Afghanistan. Afghans had won a great victory at Thal. The British were boasting of their success, what they thought,

they achieved, near to Jalalabad. But still the British had to come to terms, on the terms of the King Amanullah Khan. It was the year 1920. I had taken the leave of the King. Indeed, I was on a Afghan mission, accompanied by an Afghan officer of the rank of a major, later colonel. Around me there were several Indian friends and a retinue suited to the occasion. It was some where in Badakhshan. As I sat one day in the land of nightingales with Mr. Gulab Singh Dogra, alias Abdulhadi Khan, the imagination of my companion caught the air of the spring atmosphere. Suddenly he remarked: "War may yet come. Afghan armies may further march into India. And then you may be made the emperor of the land. Promise me now that you will give me a province. ." "What nonsense" I remarked. "Well, let me have atleast a district, a subdistrict. . , , ." I said; "You do not know what you talk and to whom you talk. I gave away what I got from my father. If I should get the whole of this world I would still give it to the people. I hold, no one individual shou!d own any part of this earth. . . ." The more I talked the more disappointed he seemed to me. And indeed, from that day his enthusiasm began to cool down. Gradually he was entirely lost to me. And I said to myself, I fail, as I fail, in the eyes of the world, because I won't bribe, as they bribe, in the ways of the world! Then, I saw what they call failure, it is my success!!!

BACK TO GERMANY VIA RUSSIA

Over the Pamir mountains we rode once again. But now we were in a different mood and under different circumstances. In 1917, we were in the midst of a terrible world war. The British and the Russian Imperial forces were both after me. They just wanted to

catch me and put me out of this world. Now in 1920, I was, more or less, on an Afghan mission. I was still treated as a guest but I had an Afghan major accompanying me and I was carrying Afghan royal letters addressed to seven rulers of seven different lands. The Russian forces on the Pamirs were liquidated by the revolutionary conditions in the country. The British had entered into a truce with Afghanistan. I had nothing to fear from these "neighbours." There appeared, however, another danger. The road was blocked. Robbers had occupied it. The Afghanistan traders were looted just a day before. They reported to me their loss in valuable articles, money and arms. Rifles were taken away. Robbers acted in the cause of disarmament! I said, we shall go and see. "But they are on the Russian soil." Never mind, I said, now it is no man's land. Next morning we marched off. Glasses revealed the tents of the robbers, their horses and a few soldiers going about. I sent an Afghan groom, a brave lad, to inform the robber chief that we were coming. And quite prepared to fight, if necessary, our party of about twenty men went straight to the objective in a proper order. Our adopted course won the robber without a shot. He came out alone to meet us. And as he alighted from his horse, I came down too to shake hands. Now this is a long story, I made him return most of the things of the Afghan merchants, a few, he said, he never took. He asked us to pass the night with him. To this we could not agree. We left and went as far as we could, camping in a well sheltered place in a rocky valley. Next day we were on the Chinese soil. In a cold, barren, very high valley we were made to stop. It was a Chinese post. They would not allow us to proceed further! And we did not come to fight the Chinese. The report of our arrival was sent to the "Amban" or the district governor of Tashkurghan. He in his turn was to report the matter to Kashgar

and Urumchi! But then on that side was telegraph line. Our horses began to lose flesh, we ourselves began to feel exhausted, as the days passed in this trying atmosphere.

Chinese Amban gives Breakfast At last, after long negotiations of several days, we, in a small group, were allowed to visit Tashkurghan and see the Amban. Major Abdul Kareem Khan and two or three Afghanistan man accompanied me. I did not ask my Indian companions to go with me. As wt entered the little mountain town, people came oue to see us. The British local "Afsakal" or an Indian Consul was also standing in the crowd with his rêtinue. My groom who knew the man revealed to me his identity. We stayed where the Chinese asked us to rest. Next morning a very elaborate Chinese break fast was served at the residence of the Chinese Amban or the district governor. No less than forty different dishes were served. Later we had a Turkish lunch with the Muslim Kazi.

A year in Badakhshan. We could not proceed further. The Chinese authorities hindered our passage. We had to fall back on Afghanistan. It was, however, an awful retreat. Wh had to leave some tents as the horses were now unable to carry them. Several of our horses simply perished. They were too weak to move. The cold climate, the high altitude and lack of sufficient food had disabled them. Some of my companions also took leave. A pandit or a Brahman priest who was suspected as an English spy and whose life I could save by pleading for him with an Afghan governor, was too glad to remain behind in the Chinese territory, A Gorkha soldier, who had escaped to the Afghan side and who was anxious to return home, was also left. Our Hindu treasurer and a Sikh friend, who had their relations at Cabul took leave to return there. And when we retrned to Badakshan one box, full of silver, was stolen from our bed oom. Gradually

however, luck returned to us once again. Beautiful Badakhshan began to sing lullaby. We found rest. Delicious apples appeased our taste. Nightingales sang songs. Flowers danced in the air, to the air of Badakhshan. Military commander of Faizabad would often invite me. Our companion Abdul Hadi Khan got married in the adjoining Russian Territory. I put myself in connection both with the Russian and Chinese frontier officials. King Amanullah Khan sent through me horses present to the Governor General of Chiness Turkestan. His Majesty's letter to the President of the Chinese Republic was sent too and a receipt obtained. The King replenished our dwindled treasury. Again in 1921 we marched off. Now it is another story.

The Corner Stone of States. This is Pamir. Four States here. It is, as if, the corner stone of Afghanistan, India, China and Russia. It had once mysterious fascination for me. Then it struck awe in my mind. But now it was my familiar friend. Was it not here that I travelled up and down in 1917 and again in 1920? Now in 1921, I knew, as if, every nook and corner. We marched once again into the Chinese territory. But this time I gave up every hope of penetrating further into Sinkiang. The Chinese authorities had received no answer yer, at least so they said, and suggested I better try to enter Chian from the front door, meaning via Peking the capital I returned to the roof of the world, the Pamirs. I would not go back to Afghanistan I was bent on trying new ways, new routes.

Capital of Russian Pamir. Once before in winter I had visited the tiny village of Kharuk. It was on invitation of the Soviet Russian District Governor and with special permission of Afghanistan government. Mr. Semikin had been very kind to me. He entertained me quite royally. Now, I said, I would go to him and with his aid I would travel to Tashkent. I with my party came to the Capital of Russian

Pamir, with its fine comfortable Russian buildings, in the narrow valley of Kharuk. the country around here is called Shighnan.

Sir Agha Khan and the Oxus. Many of our readers might have heard the name of Sir Agha Khan. Many Indians may know him as a Muslim leader. Many Europeans may know him as a race expert. He surely has many racing horses which often win the races. But the fact may not be known generally that he has a big follwing out here in the valley of Oxus. Wakhan, Ishkashim, Shighnan, Roshan and Darwaz, pertty lands on the bank of this historic river follow Sir Agha Khan. My companion Mr. Abdul Hadikhan found his wife among these people at Kharuk· He had come here to settle with his father-in-law. So that when I arrived at the Russian Capital of Pamir, I met him and his people once again.

Storm in the Tea Cup. I had hoped that Mr. Abdul Hadi would help me, and Mr. Semikin, the district governor, would kindly arrange everything for me but I found to my great disappointment that Mr. Abdul Hadi had not the necessary influence and Mr. Simikin was arrested by one Mr. Gladsof. There was a local revolution in process. The assistant had arisen in revolt, backed by the local garrison. He married a run away woman from the Afghanistan territory. He was liberal in spending money. I tried to make peace. I called a meeting of the local soldiers and the civilians. I made a speech. Mr. Gladsof gave his vession through a interprete. I could see that Mr. Semikin had lost all popularity. They accused him of hoarding money. I dropped the matter without much ado.

Finally We Set Out. I had some friends at this Russian post. And across the river there was, of course, Afganistan of King Amanullah Khan on my back. Col. Abdul Kareem and five or six

Afghanistan men were with me still. After long negotiations it was finally agreed that our party could travel along a Russian group of about forty men going back to Tashkent. Mr. Gladsof sent Mr. Semikin, the former governor, as a prisoner. He had only a donkey to ride when tired of walking. The soldiers were going back home after completing their term of service at this out post. Some local Shighnani soldiers were going for better training. There was one Dr. Veechich in the group who was once a prisoner of war and later in full charge of this district. They had two machine guns and the soldiers, of course, fully armed. It was a big, impressive cavalcade.

An Incident Worth Noting. One former treasurer Mr. Ivanov came to me and asked me for an introduction to some Afghanistan frontier officer. He said that he and his one friend must escape to Afghanistan! "But what do you mean? I should help you to run away? I am a guest of your government here. I cannot do something against the host!" He pleaded and pleaded long. It was a question of life or death to him, he said. He explained, he would do nothing against the Soviets, he just wanted to find a living for himself. He would go in any case but if he could get my recommendation, he would be sure of his future. At last I gave way. I gave him the necessary note, introducing him to whom it may concern. . . . . When I once again returned to Cabul in 1923, encircling the globe, I found him and his friend, teaching at an Afghanistan school.

We Fight Robbers. It was a shot, another, yet another! What it could be? Gasping Afghanistan cook and my groom came in! We were all in confusion. Middle of night past. About 2 a.m. Dr. Veechich, who always slept near to me, to safeguard against some untoward incident, was already on his feet. The Russian Commander and the

Afghanistan Colonel who occupied our same small room of this ruined military inn got up too. I was well nigh in the middle, sleeping on our treasure boxes. I began to dress up. The groom and the cook explained that robbers had attacked them and taken away several horses and camels. The Russian soldiers did not come to their rescue. They fired shots but fell back to the inn. Presently there was a flash and a thundering sound, echoed by the hills. Robbers were shooting in our direction. Order was given, Soviet machine gun became active. . . . Next morning a party of Russian soldiers accompanied by our two men attacked the robbers on the hill up there! Old fashioned rifles of the robbers proved no match. They were defeated. Their one wounded leader was captured and the rest fled. It must be mentioned that my groom Mr. Mohemmod Ali was the first to reach and disarm the robber chieftain. The fact was acknowledged by the Soviet commander.

A Clash With Soviet Troops. Now we are not far from our objective. A march more and we will be in Alai, on the borders of Farghana. Weather was now milder. Pamirs, the high plateau, the lake Karakul, were all left behind. Grassy land was appearing, with taller and more profuse grass. We were marching with confidence and joy this morning. But lo! What is it? Some animal? Men? In this wilderness, literally no man's land, not man's land, who could be there across the pass? Surely some more robbers? Presently the figures multiplied. Russian commander came up to me and asked me to give at least two of my men to take part in the battle. Soon machine guns of the enemy were raining bullets over us. We took cover of the high hill side along the road. Our two machine guns began to reply. Rifles were aiming at moving figures. Now it occurred to some one in our party to raise the

Soviet flag. On the other side too went up the same emblem. Gun fire ceased. The army up hill came down in good order to meet us. We moved forward, too. We shook hands with great joy. They were going to Pamir to relieve these soldiers who had left earlier. Inspite of rifles and machine gun fire not one man was wounded on either side. We did not proceed forward that day. We returned to our last resting place. Here the new arrivals rested too.

First bad taste of Soviets. It was morning. I was sitting in my tent. Two, three Shighnani soldiers in plain dress came in. The usually bright smiling greeting was missing. With some preface and excuses they broke the news that they were ordered by the commander to search all our luggage. The commander accompanied by Dr. Veechich also entered. To tell the truth, I was horrified. I had begun to feel as one of the Soviet party. I had given then full cooperation, as the readers of the last number† must have noticed. Whence this suspicion, and for what? In a protesting manner I consented to their request. All the bags were thrown open. The Afghan Colonel was especially perturbed, he thought it was an insult. Every little piece of paper was scrutinized and running question were asked intermittently. Why we took this route? Why we stayed with the natives in the Pamirs? Finding a piece of paper with a rough drawing, one of them exclaimed: "Here, what is it?" "Is it not the fort of Pamir?" "What nonsense" shouted our Colonel Abdul Kareem Khan, "no one draws a map like that." It turned out only an idle minutes play thing. They apologized and left. Next day the new party proceeded towards Pamirs and we went on to Farghana.

An attack and peace Meeting. In broad day

† See note on the last page.

light the whole town of Andijan was thrown into confusion. Robbers attacked the heart of the business center. And strange to say our one very good horse was shot in the stomach, which died of the wounds. In a twinkling of an eye the robbers disappeared. It was nothing extraordinary for the place, they told me. Robbers often dropped in, in towns and villages to snatch food and rifles and drive away horses, Please remember it is the year 1921. In the night a mysterious message was brought to me. A certain man wanted to see me in a certain place and our Colonel should also accompany me. I consulted the Colonel Sahib and decided to accept the offer. Next day we rode to the Kazi's home and found that our host had prepared a sumptuous tea party. Greetings were exchanged. Afghanistan was thanked for friendly feeling towards the Musalmans of Central Asia. Now a man proposed to have some talk in an interior room. Colonel and I went with him. Doors were tightly closed. The man expressed great regret for the fact that our horse was killed. "Brothers" did not know that it was ours. A sum of money was offered to us as the price of two horses! I refused it with thanks and insisted to cut short this interview again reiterating that we were Soviet guests.

Mission comes to end. We came to Tashkent and stayed at the Afghanistan Consulate General. I received a letter from Sardar Mahmood Bey Tarzi, Foreign Minister at Cabul, that as Afghanistan and England had finally made peace our mission came to an end. I better send back the royal letters given to me, introducing me to Tibet, Japan, Siam, U.S.A., Turkey and Germany. The letter to the President of China I had already forwarded through Chinese frontier officials. Colonel Abdul Kareem Khan was also called back. I was given the freedom to return to Cabul or stay in Russia. I returned the heavy silver too, though it was not demanded. I sold the horses and kept for my use these Russian roubles thus received.

I also kept some gold coins and an Afghanistan servent.

I get seriously sick. The only serious sickness which I have had during all my wanderings of these twenty three years, up to today,† outside of India, came to meet me at this period, and it came all unaware! At Tashkent I fell ill. I got high fever. I decided to leave for Moscow. I reserved a double first class coupe and went with that Afghanistan companion and two Indian friends who kindly accompanied me. One of them whom we called "Nawab" was from Delhi and the other who had papers to show that he was a Soviet commander of troops was nicknamed "General." In five days we reached the Soviet capital. I was now hardly able to walk. I got a room at the Afghanistan Legation. The minister, H. E. Mirza Mohemmod Khan was very kind to me. He called a Kremlin doctor to attend on me. It was found that I was suffering from typhoid.

Mr. M. N. Roy meets me. I heard from the Afghan sources that a certain "Roy" was very anti-Afghanistan. He declared, they said, Afghanistan was a barrier separating Russia and India which should be knocked down. In the mean time Moulana Barkatullah came to see me and told me that one "Mukherji" wanted to see me. He came and I was astonished to find that he was the same Mr. Abony Mukherji who was once a professor at our Prem Mahavidyalaya and also worked for me as a secretary for a little while. I was delighted to meet my old friend. He told me that Comrade Roy would also like to visit me but he did not like to come to Afghanistan Legation. There was some misunderstanding. I said, no, he should kindly come and I would try to clear the atmosphere. I started on my sick bed a little political service. When the minister

† See note on the last page.

kindly came on his daily visit to enquire about my health, I told him that I wanted to introduce to him Mr. Roy! It was all arranged and when the Minister and Mr. Roy met by my side they both expressed regret that why they did not meet together earlier. In one of the visits Mr. Roy advised me to go back to India. The British could not hang me, the worst they could do, he said, was to put me in jail for a couple of years but then I would be free to serve the people. On the contrary Moulana Barkatullah advised me strongly never to return to a captive India. It is better to die abroad, he said. It is interesting to reflect today that both these gentlemen followed themselves what they told me. Mr. M.N. Roy is now free in India after his term of prison of six years and Moulana Barkatullah is lying in the bosom of mother earth in California.

I did not die. I made all preparations to die that night. The doctor had said that that night was especially dangerous, The nurse was instructed to take my temperature every half an hour or so. Typhoid fever goes down suddenly at a fixed time after twenty days or there about. I burned up all my manuscripts which I did not want to survive me. I wrote a short will and as perspiration began to flood out and I was losing some consciousness I resigned myself to death. But I did not die. Morn saw me and I saw the morn.

I feel grateful. And I express my gratitude in writing to H. E. Mirza Mohemmod Khan, the Soviet Doctor, the nurse and the Afghanistan companion who helped me to live further through the Grace of God. I was pronounced entirely out of danger from the typhoid. Our Nawab, Mr. Niaz Mohemmod Khan, could not keep company with me. Afghanistan legation did not give him Afghanistan passport. He fell back on the aid of his communist comrades. As soon as I was able to walk

about with confidence. I left for Berlin, Germany with a regular Afghanistan passport.

In Germany, 1922. I hurried to pass Christmas in some church meeting at Riga. I arrived a little too late. The train was held up by some accident. I found that the Christmas meetings were already over. I reached Berlin, however, to see the end of 1921 and the advent of 1922. On the night of the 31st December people walked in crowds through the streets of the German capital. I was walking around to enjoy their fun. I did not wait for the midnight festivities. I retired to my hotel. I went to Leipzig to stay with Frau Gerichtstat Volkmann. In her home I also stayed in 1919. There I had left Miss Marshal, the old Irish lady, to carry on the propaganda of my Religion of Love.

The Lady Died. Miss Marshal received for a few months her four hundred marks per month from the money I received from the German'Government but then she fell ill and left this world. When I arrived now, it was only a sad tale to hear.

The money was gone. Deducting one thousand marks per month which I took during my previous stay in Germany and minus four hundred marks per month which Miss Marshal receive the balance of twenty five thousand marks should have been still over the fifteen thousand, nearly eighteen thousand marks to my credit, but it was all gone! Dr. Graetch referred to me to the Foreign office and the Foreign office referred me to Dr. Graetch: They told me in the end that they had given my money to some needy Afghans, some war prisoners, who had to be sent home. Would I not have liked to help them? Very nice philanthropy! I did not raise a row. My Indian freinds again came in to advise me to demand the money, I had a legal claim to it, they said. But I said, if they

took it back who had given it, where was the harm?

I Opened Offices. I had some money, thank God. A few gold pieces in those days Germany made a Solomon's treasure. I established two offices, one at Leipzig and another at Berlin. I started to publish my pamphlets. One Mr.Hidayat Ahmad Khan, an old graduate of our M. A. O. College, Aligarh, kindly agreed to act as my secretary.

H. E. General Mohemmod Wali Khan. In 1919 when I was going to Cabul he was coming to Europe via Moscow. I met him in Soviet Russia. Thus I know him a little. I went to see him now at Berlin. He immediately invited me to come and stay with the Afghanistan Mission. I felt greatly relieved. So that here was a high official of Afghanistan in Europe at my back. I was not alone. He asked me later to accompany him to Switzerland and Italy. I went with him. He had also with him Sardar Ghulam Siddiq Khan as his secretary. Later this Sardar became the Foreign minister and our General was exalted to the highest post of the Premier of Afghanistan.

In Switzerland. We were guests of the government. President Haab and the Foreign Minister H. E, Mr. G. Motta received us. They gave us, too, a ceremonial luncheon. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that Mr. G. Motta took a special interest in my religious views. And I am glad to note that he has not forgotten me. I received from him a very friendly answer to my letter promising me sure entry into Switzerland, a couple of years ago. He sent me also his name cards as a token of greetings.

In Italy. Sardar Ghulm Siddiq Khan preferred to stay on at Geneva to study French. General Mohemmod Wali Khan and I went on

to Rome, We stayed at the Afghanistan Legation. Sardar Sher Ahmad Khan was the Afghanistan Minister. He was well known for his pro English policy, but presonally he was kind to me. I met once again the Siamese Minister whom I had seen in 1915. He was now very sick. He could hardly speak. But still he said. "Did I not tell you that the Central powers were sure to be defeated. . . I was so sorry that you threw your lot with the Germans. . . I continued to follow your career with interest. . ." I received from him some introductions to some Siamese Minister at Bangkok. He also introduced me to the Chinese Minister at Rome. Chinese Minister introduced me to H. E. Mr. Lin Chang-ming at Peking. An official of the Italian Foreign office introduced me to the oldest Monastery in Italy. I went by train. The Bishop kept me as his special guest and gave me the guest room of the Arch Bishop. I ate with the monks where the Bishop presided, but I had my seat at the head, as the guest. I joined once with them in the Mass at 2 a.m. As I returned to Rome, General Mohemmod Wali Khan politely told me that Sher Ahmad thought that my presence at the Legation was hampering their diplomatic work, the English ambassador did not even return the courtesy call! The general did not mind, he asked me to stay on, but to stay when Sardar Sher Ahmad did not like my presence was not proper. I insisted, I must return to Germany and I went back.

My Brother Comes. It was at this period that my elder brother Kunwar Baldeo Singh Sahib came to Geneva and wired me to come there and meet him. After years and after the storm of the war to meet him was a great thrilling experience. He came with the idea to save me. For him I was a ship wrecked sailor on a distant island. But I felt still young. I did not

want to give up the task which I had taken in hand. He pitied me. I thanked him but we quickly parted company. He went to England. I returned to Germany. Remeinber it is 1922.

I get Japanese Visa. For months I was trying to get Japanese visa. H. E. General Mohemmod Wali Khan had kindly written a special letter introducing me to the Japanese Embassy. But they would not give me visa. They had written to Japan. The kindly Consul General was holding out hope and asked me to wait Finally I received the Japanese visa. The U. S. visa I could not get. I decided to travel via Mexico.

GERMANY TO JAPAN

I Pass Paris. I spoke to a friend at the German Foreign office that I wanted to go through France to avoid the English ports. He said, I could. and the French would be pleased to help me! It was a good information. I went to the French Embassy. They promptly gave me

a diplomatic visa. At the French foreign office, in Paris, a gentleman, who received me, promised to write about me to the French Embassy at

Tokyo and the French Legation at Peking and he said that they would help me!

It may be interesting to know how this official became so sympathetic towards me. He was in the beginning very suspicious and said: "But you were with our enemies!" I happended to say: "Why, I shall be with the Devil if he would fight the British empire." This settled everything. And as the readers will see, he kept his promise and the french aid in China proved very valuable to me.

Off To Mexico. I took a French Mail Boat from St. Nazaire. I was in the second class. My fellow passengers were mostly Italians. They were going to Mexico with a view to cross the frontier and enter U.S, "illegally." Those were the days of plenty in U.S. The time passed quickly in a jolly company. At Habana, in Cuba, my companions of the dinner table asked me to accompany them for sight seeing. We went ashore. In the evening we went to a resta urant. After the dinner they proposed to take the girls out for a ride. I took their leave and went alone to pass the night in a hotel. I was very glad to eat here mangoes after years. Mangoes are the best fruits of India.

In Mexico. We landed at Veracruz. The way up to Mexico City was simply magnificient. Train went up the mountains, revealing beautiful panorama I stayed in a fine German hotel. I soon came in touch with Mr. Hiramblal Gupta. He and his friends kindly showed me the pyramids of the New World and the ruins of the ancient rulers of the country. I enjoyed boat rides in the Mexican canals Here there is a very fine Government museum. A Scotch gentleman had his private museum too. Through this gentleman I made acquaintance of a Chinese traveller, Mr, Hoo Ru-lin. He gave me some introductions to China, I gave him some introductions for India.

On To The Pacific. The way down to Salinacruz, the port on the Pacific, showed to me a vista which I had never seen before and which I have not seen since ! A thick jungle, hot fogs, green hills with warm climate, rivers with marshes all making one hugh mosaic of Nature. One night as our train stopped dead in wilderness on the bank of a swollen river, I must confess. I felt some anxiety, inspite of my philosophy that all what happens, happens according to a law! The reason was that I had about one hundred gold coins in my pockets and I feared robbery as in our dark carriage, the lights had gone out, some people went up and down ! Remember it is still 1922. Banks in some countries took over your gold and gave papers. It was safer to have some hard cash by your side. I enjoyed strolls along the sea shore at Salinacruz. There I got a Japanese boat for Yokohama. It was a cargo boat with accommodation for a few first class and some third class passengers.

In California. Without any difficulty I got the permit to land. Ghadar delegation received me. I was led to the headquarters at 5, Wood street, San Francisco. Mr. Jagat Singh, who was then in charge explained to me at length the Indian situation on the western coast. He informed me late at night that the next day at Marysville there was an Indian meeting. Will I like to attend it ? Why not, of course ! He took me there I met for the first time Moulana Rahmat Ali Khan. I also spoke at the gathering. Late at night we reached Stockton to pay our homage at the Sikh temple. We attended the early morning prayer and left for San Francisco to catch the steamer which was leaving for Japan at noon.

The long Voyage. The steamer was very slow. It took us one month to cross the Pacific. But the German fellow passengers made the monotony bearable. We were playing deck games. One handsome

Englishman who was put in my cabin left to share the cabin of an American couple. Sea was unusually calm. It was pacific in spirit as well as in name. The break at Honolulu came as a great relief. First, it appeared to us as an oasis in a great desert. Then, Heaven on earth revealed to us! I enjoyed the drive up and down the beautiful land.

We reach Yokohama. I had sent a radio to Mr. Rash Behari Bose. I did not know him personally but some of my Indian friends had told me that Mr. Rash Behari Ghosh was a great worker of the Indian freedom. The Japanese gentlemen in the boat told me that his name was Bose and not Ghosh. He did not come to the port. He sent one Mr. Sabarwal and another Indian student. The police appeared to me unnecessarily too strict. It was only later that I had to learn that it was the speciality of of the Japanese police. They are strict to the core but without malice.

At the House of Mr. Bose. Bag and baggage I was taken to the house of Mr. Rash Behari Bose. He thought, I was penniless and had come to Japan seeking an opportunity to live! But as my tale convinced him that I had sufficient money and considered myself as an unofficial representative of H. M. King Amanullah Khan he seemed to be impressed. He kindly asked me to stay in his own house. In a couple of days, in his house I met the famous Ronin leader, the Hon. Mr. Mitsuru Toyama and later H. E. Mr. Inukai. To tell the truth, I also now realized that Mr. Bose had good connections in the land of the rising sun.

I establish my office. I moved to a hotel, the Sanno Hotel of those days. Mr. Bose kindly asked one Mr. Rafi of Iran to find for me some hotel and he found this hotel. I took two rooms, one for myself and one for my office. One Mr. G. Mimasaka, a young gradute, came forward to help me as my

secretary and interpreter. For over four months our office was in full swing. I was spending over five hundred yen per month. As a side hobby I advertised that I wanted to give free lessons in Hindi writing and Persian languge after my office hours. Miss Alexander, the Bhai missionary, came to learn Persian.

Meetings And Entertainments. They were too numerous to count them all here. Our Japanese friends are liberal and hospitable to all the visitors. I was given dinners. I was invited to private homes. I was asked to lecture. I also invited friends and gave some parties at my hotel. Once when I invited a number of journalists to a dinner and I spoke to them on Afghanistan and India. I remember that the representative of the Hochi Shimbun remarked that I was the Marco Polo of the East. Count Naruse took me out to the Kamakura Villa and lectured to me on his anti-American views. I told him that the U, S. had not given me visa yet I had nothing against them. He kept up his warm personal friendship thus formed inspite of our different views for many years. Only recently I have lost his trace. Baron Ishimoto gave me a lunch at the Imperial Hotel. He told me that China was always ruled by her bordering tribes. Look, Mongolians ruled her, he said, and up to recently the Manchus were ruling her, I remembered the same kind of opinion expressed by the late King Habibullah Khan of Afghanistan. He had said it about India that she was always ruled by foreigners. But I was sure the time had changed. New opinions of King Amanullah, Comrade Lenin and Dr. Sun Yat-sen were prevailing in the East. Mahatma Gandhi was just entering on the stage of the world with his new philosophy. As our conversation turned to the Imperial family of Japan I remembered that the idea of the Sun

family was exactly the same as in India. We have Sun and Moon dynasties and the name of Jinmu, the first emperor of Japan, is very similar to Jambhu. Asia was also called in sanscrit language Jambhu Dweep or the continent of Jambhu. We have still a city and State Jammu in the Himalayas. And it may also be interesting to know that Miyan meaning prince in Japan is synonymous with a noble man in the neighbouring hills. May I also note in this connection that in our Plan of World State we separate Jammu and Kashmir from Aryan and locate the capital of the Province of Asia in this original land of Jambhu! In the early spring of 1923, when the snow blades were still falling from Heaven, Baron S. Goto, the Lord Mayor of Tokyo, entertained me at a lunch. His assistant mayor Mr. H. Negata was also present. Please see the Photo.† I am in the middle, on my left is Baron Goto and on his left is Mr. Nagata, now a great figure in Japan. On my right is one Mr. Kato, a member of the Parliament. General Sato, a retired General, and Mr. Matsuoka, managing director of a bank, are among those standing.

Our Japanese Friends. Count T. Sakai, Professor Shumei Ohkawa and one Mr. Harada and such friends kindly helped me in more ways than one during my visit to Tokyo in 1922-23. Some of my precious documents such as an original letter of Chancellor Bethwen Hollweg addressed to an Indian prince or the original hand written letter of King Habibullah were left at the home of Count Sakai for safe custody, they are still there. If some Indian museum would accept them, I said, they should be transferred there. It must be noted that the same Count is one of the directors of the World Federation Center for Japan.

German Embassy. H. E. Dr. Solf did not

† See opposite page.

forget my old connection with Germany. He kindly received me, gave me dinners and tried to arrange meeting between me and the then British ambassador. According to Dr. Solf the British ambassador also wanted to meet me because he was interested in Buddhism. The meeting however could not be materialized as some friends of mine dissuaded me from accepting the offer. But to tell the truth, I would have liked to have an open heart talk.

French Embassy. The French ambassador was also very kind to me. He invited me to a lunch and assured me that the French Legation at Peking would do what they could do to help me. In the mean time I also received a reassuring answer from Monsieur Gurreau, the first secretary of the French Legation at Peking.

Cherry Blossom. It was a wonderful sight. Streets of Tokyo wore the gala dress of flowers. I made short trips to Kamakura and Enoshima.

I Proceed To Kobe. I stayed at the Buddhist temple of Higashi Gokurakuji as a guest of Rev. G. Kobayashi. No Indian gentleman, at that time, was willing to welcome me. My hands were still red with the German co-operation, they thought. But I received visits from one Mr. Bakhshi, a young Indian gentleman and Mr. Hirji, an Indian merchant of prominence, gave me a dinner late at night. It was, as if to conceal the fact from the general Indian public!

I Reach Peking. Travelling via Chosen and Manchuria I came to Peking, then the capital of China. I made an early appointment with Monsieur Gurreau. He kindly introduced me to the Chinese Foreign office. The Japanese minister got me in touch with Mr. Lin Chang-ming for whom I had two letters of introduction. Monsieur Alphonse Monestier kindly brought out a very fine article about me in his French journal.

It was feared by some of my friends that the British might take steps to arrest me because they enjoyed judicial jurisdiction over their subjects in China according to extraterritorial rights. They hammered a great deal over the fact that I was an Afghan, a citizen of Afghanistan, to disarm the British claims. One day Monsieur Gurreau, after a lunch which he gave me, confided to me that the British Legation was in constant touch with London over me. He said that every day cables were exchanged. But he was keeping himself well informed in the matter. He also promised to inform me if there was any attempt to arrest me. I thanked him but I said that H. M. King Amanullah Khan had told me that I would realise that day the sincerity of friendship of Afghanistan when I was arrested by the British, that day Afghanistan would move to do its duty. So, indeed, I thought, the British would not dare to take any hasty step in my case.

Meetings At Peking. Prof. Fu Pei-ching, a friend of Mr. Hu Ru-lin, and some friends of Mr. Lin Chang-ming kindly arranged some lecture meetings for me in colleges where I spoke. Mr. Lin Chang-ming himself kindly gave me a big reception where many members and the president of the parliament gathered.

Soviet Mission. I approached the Soviet Mission to grant me a visa to travel via Outer Mongolia and Soviet Russia to Afghanistan. They delayed and still further delayed. I said, it was dangerous for me to stay long in China, the British might try to arrest me. Afghanistan will surely try to protect me but it was not right for me to give the land of my adoption unnecessary trouble! Soviet representative assured me that the British dared not touch me it would make an international scandal. In the end he told me that he could not give me a visa

for Outer Mangolia. If I wanted to go that way I might try. On the frontier they give a permit,

I started off. Up to Kalgan I went by train. A Japanese gentleman Mr. K. Kijima of the S. M. R.. accompanied me. But when he saw that I could make myself very friendly with the Chinese he returned, having no further anxiety for my safety. I booked my seat in a cargo car. A regular passenger motercar well filled with goods and at the top eight men still to be loaded! I was given the front seat with Russian driver because I paid 70 Chinese dollars while the rest of the passengers paid only 50 Mexican dollars.

JAPAN TO U. S. A.

Over the steppes to Urga. It was not a pleasure drive, though it is now a pleasure to look back on that trip. Now our car would stick in mud, here was still some water, next the wheels would go deep into wild sand. It was some times very disquieting prospect of sleeping in the wilderness. But we could reach a fine resting place, set up by the motor company. I had the pleasure to have a fine meal in the evening with the motor driver. Once I slept with the Chinese fellow passengers in a Mongolian tent where there was an alter of Buddha. And one night I slept in a Russian bed where I could enjoy Russian meal. At Ude, the half way place, we had thefrontier inspection, we wete questioned about our identity and given permit to enter Outer Mongolia. Here, I had a bit of annoyance when the frontier officer took me to task for not getting a proper Mongolian Visa. "But there is no Mongolian office at Peking or Tokyo" I retorted, and then things quieted down. In three days we did 700 miles to the Mongolian capital. The final scene as we were approaching our destination was lovely. Mountains appeared covered with ever green fir. A mountain stream was flowing below. Cool breeze was tuning the air!

Our car is stopped. Just as our car passed a

wooden bridge of a narrow stream and was turning to move along the big river, flowing in the direction of the capital of Mongolia, three Russian soldiers with rifles in their hands shouted to the driver to stop! Car came to stand still. They came up to meet us. We feared an incident. But they simply requested the driver to take them along to the city. It was not easy. Our car was over loaded. Place, however, was found where they could perch. As the car restarted one of the soldiers significantly asked "How far is Peking." The driver said: "It is about a thousand miles." The soldiers musingly said something which meant: "Well, it is nothing, we could reach there easily." It is June 1923.

On to the Capital. We come first to the suburbs. Some kind of enquiry is made. A young Mongolian boy finely dressed passes his own opinions about every one of us, it seemed. In the mean time, some stern questions are asked of the driver. Finally we are allowed to proceed. Another half an hour or so brought us to the proper town. Buildings were more like an encampment. Wooden high railings surrounded every home. Tents were also there. The China town was in full Chinese style. Motor was driven to the homes of the Chinese passengers. They got off there. I had no place to go to. I was brought to a Russian Hotel, where I found a room on the second floor. Now I learned that the proprietor of this hotel was a Tatar gentleman, who was away on a short trip.

My Sojourn at Urga. The hotel was a wooden but substantial building with spacious rooms below. There people came to dine, drink and hear gramophone records. Streets, I was sorry to notice, were not clean. Temples were large and beautifully decorated. There, the temple of a huge figure of Buddha was in a tent style but it was all a wooden structure. In the main temple hundreds of Lamas were attending a prayer meeting. A lama doctor

was distributing medicine. I paid visits to the Soviet representative and to the ministries of the Mongolian State. Mongolian Police Chief took special interest in me and tried to help me as much as he could. When the Tatar proprietor of the hotel arived, he invited me to his home and gave me a family tea. I showed him some Afghanistan photographs and the photograph of the letter of the Sultan of Turkey. He thought, I had some secret mission. He told me, how a Turkish emissary came once and he helped the man. He insisted, I must have a bath. He prepared for me a Russian bath, where an iron sheet is heated and when you throw water over it room becomes full of vapour. He sent in his own son to rub all my body. The boy took off his clothes and asked me to take off mine ! Some one came, as if, to ascertain that I had left all my clothes in the adjoining room. But I had taken in my vest which had the gold coins, my entire travelling fund. It was very refreshing to have this hot wash. I had not had one for about two weeks. Next day at the suggestion of the police chief I went to the Ministry of Education. It was one big room with pictures of some Mongolian heroes on the walls. I was very well received. Now when I felt I was coming nearer to Mongolians, Mr. Juden, such was perhaps the name of the Russian agent or representative, came and took me in his car to his residence where he also had his office. He said that now I need not wait longer. I could receive the necessary visa to proceed to Moscow. Was I prepared to go immediately? I said, yes, I only wanted to cross Mongolia, I had nothing to do there. I could leave the day after tomorrow!

Journey to Moscow. I hurried back to hotel. I explained my position to the Tatar gentleman. He was sorry to hear it. He also had thought that now I was not leaving so soon. The Soviet authorities were showing reluctance some how to let me go to

Afghanistan. The change in their attitude came too suddenly for me and my friends. The Tatar owner of the hotel was very anxious about my safety. He called a trusted Russian carriage man, got him sign a bond that if any thing happened to me he would be-held responsible. The Tatar gentleman kept this document himself. He gave me letters of introduction to his brother-in-law at Kiakhta, the frontier town in Siberia.He instructed the driver to drive me straight to his relations' house. On the 21st of June, I set out. On this day here in Mongolia it was snowing! It became very cold. The Russian peasant cart was open. I sat on some dry grass. Soon we passed out of all the inhabited area. Over the hills, down in the valleys and then on the open steppes we were moving. The middle aged Russian driver and myself sat for hours in our jolting cart. No other man could be seen so far as one could see. In the evening, it was a pleasure to find a warm room in a Russian home. One more night we passed in a lonely rest house. Then we reached inhabited country. Once on the way, I remember, I had quite a bit of excitement. Some Mongolian riders were seen trotting down a hill on our right. The driver whispered "Basmachi" robbers! I let fall my purse in the grass of the cart. I still had some gold coins. It was a treasure in those days and in those lands! They did not however molest us. They passed on in another direction. Driver felt greatly relieved. He told my new hosts this story. They also thought that I was miraculously saved. The driver took a "receipt" from the Tatar family that I safely arrived and went his way. The lady hostess and her brother prepared for me a bed in their home and gave me a fine Tatar dinner. They wanted me to take some rest but I insisted to leave as soon as possible. Next day a cart was found. The brother of the lady accompanied me for my safety. It was only with great difficulty that the lady received some money for my board and lodging.

It was not a hotel, she said. Her brother brought me safely to the banks of the river whence I boarded a steamer for Verkhne Udinsk. Late in night we reached there. As I found a bed in this city I reflected back with pleasure on my adventure through Mongolia. Next morning brought another problem. I must change a few of my gold coins in the "black" exchange. The government exchange was too dear. But changing privately only a few coins, I was rich in roubles. I travelled first class to Moscow with great comfort.

I Reach Cabul. I met my old friends at Moscow and proceeded to Tashkent. It was about four days journey by express train. The Consul General of Afghanistan gave me a room in the Consulate. He advised me to go via Herat. I went on to Kushk the railway terminus. The representative of Russian Foreign Office kept me as his guest. He arranged that I ride a camel of a Caravan which was going into Afghanistan. In the night we left. Camel caravans in summer, travel by night. In the morning I went to the first Afghanistan post and wrote a letter to the Governor of Herat. It was arranged that I ride a government horse and a rider accompanied me. At Herat I met Moulana Mansur who had come from Turkey. The governor Sardar Shujanddaula Khan received me, embraced me, and heard my story with interest. He granted some travelling expenses, gave a couple of horses for me and my luggage and arranged that I travel together with Moulana Mansur in the caravan of the wife of the Persian Minister at Cabul. The lady, her young son and her daughter rode in horse palanquins. Her would be son-in-law Mr. Daftari, Moulana Mansure, a Siad and I rode on horses. There was then a retinue of of servants and a few cavalry men for protection. The young son of the minsister became my good friend. It was a long journey over the Hazara mountains. I was tracing the route for the third time.

Just then there was a little scuffle going on between the nomad Afghans of the Indian frontier who come up here in summer and the native Hazaras. We were caught in the middle of it but thank God we escaped unhurt. As Cabul drew near, I sent a message to General Mohemmod Wali Khan, who was foreign minister, asking his advice how best to proceed. He wrote back on a piece of paper that I was welcome and I might enter the capital with "drums beating." But he did not send the drums. In October 1915 when I was at the head of the Indo-Turko-German mission and in December 1919 when I accompanied H.E, Mr. Suritz, the Soviet envoy, I did enter the capital right royally. But now tired, on a tired horse, inhaling the dust raised by the caravan, I rode into the city. Our Iranian friends went straight to their Legation. Moulana Mansur and myself got a two room cottage in the garden of the Foreign Office. This day was the 2nd of September 1923.

Earthquake In Japan. In the evening on the 3rd of September 1923, I was strolling in the garden of the Foreign Office at Cabul. A man came walking from the opposite direction. Though strangers, we began to talk together. He happened to be a radio operator of the Soviet wireless station, situated near by to the Foreign office grounds. He broke the news that a terrific earthquake had destroyed Tokyo! I could not of course believe atonce such a startling story. He gave some details of the catastrophe and assured me that the news was quite correct, he got confirmations both from India and Soviet Russia, I was sure to get verification in a couple of days through Indian News paper. It took four to five days to receive Indian papers at Cabul. To say the least I was quite up set !

H. M. King Amanullah Receives Me. In the Foreign office, King Amanullah Khan kindly received me. H. E. General Mohemmod Wali Khan

was also present. I presented to His Majesty the gold cigar case, with diamond and ruby monogram, which was given to me by Sultan Rishad of Turkey. I am against cigar or cigarette smoking but I passed on the precious souvenir, beleiving that the King would highly appreciate it and he did. I explained that I got it from H. M. The Sultan in year 1918. I left it in a safe box of a bank at Budapest. It passed through the Hungarian revolution. It escaped confiscation as the underground chamber of the bank was not thrown open. In early 1922 I got it back, when I also got back my leather box, full of papers and documents, which I had left in the home of Mrs. Wegeners of Budapest. It is another story. The King was very much intrested in my travels around the world and in what I did in Japan. But the earthquake had changed the situation.

I Get Back To Bagh Baber. Foreign office began to give my "food expenses." Later, the amount was made five hundred Afghan rupees per month. I also got a double room in the garden of Baber, founder of the Moghul empire in India. It was in this palace that our Indo-Turko - German mission stayed in 1915-16. The German Legation now occupied that central banglow where I lived in those years. There were some other guests coming and going. It appeared now a kind of guest house of the governmet. Moulana Mansur went to stay in the city. He was not satisfied. He thought, he had worked hard for Islam and Afghanistan but he did not receive sufficient attention. I surely felt sympathy with him but I was not in a position to help him.

Meetings, Teas And Dinners. The money I received for my food expenses was more than sufficient for my simple life. I was spending

it for meetings, afternoon tea parties and dinners to my friends at Cabul. A big dinner was given on the occasion of Buddha's birth day, according to Japanese calendar, on the 8th of April. Inspite of the fact that it was Ramzan, Muslim fast, very many people came. The King sent his representative. Fakhri Pasha, minister of Turkey, after the evening prayer gave us a fine speech appropriate to the occasion. In another tea party the Minister of Iran spoke a few words. German *charge de affairs*. Dr. Grobba was often joining us. Soviet Russian representative paid visits. Our friend, Said Abbas Bukhari, never to be forgotten though now dead, was the centre of activity in all our Indian meetings. Moulana Bashir, Mr. Allahnawaz Khan, Maula Saifur Rahaman, Sardar Msri Khan Baluch, Mr. Rahmatullah Humayun, Mr. Aziz Hindi and many more friends kindly cooperated. Mr. Harnam Singh who accompanied me both in 1916-17 and in 1920, during my tours in Afghanistan, was still at Cabul and kindly joined our paties.

Picnics Around the Capital. I made a new friend through Said Abbas Bukhari. He was Mirza Mujtaba Khan. Picnics wêre chiefly arranged by him. Mr. Mohd. Hussan B. A. of Aligarh College always accompanied him. Friday afternoons were passed in their and their friends' jolly company.

A Mission to Japan. The king thought of sending a mission to Japan. I had made it clear that I was not to accept any official position. It was agreed that I would go back to Japan unofficially. Sardar Ali Ahmad Jan, a known pro-British official of the Court, was to head the mission to Japan. Sardar was often consulting me about his work in the land of the rising Sun.

Revolt Breaks out. It was at this time that a serious rebellion broke out on the Afganistan frontier, on the Indian border. An Afghan prince living long

in India, as a guest of the British government. mysteriously escaped and joined the rebels. At a time, situation became so serious that it was feared that the enemy will enter Cabul in triumph. They had reached not far from the capital. This revolt stopped the Japanese mission. It delayed my departure, too. I was requesting the king to kindly allow me to leave on another trip round the world. His Majesty however continued to postpone.

Articles in Indian Press. During this period, in about one year of my stay at Cabul, I wrote numerous articles to the Indian press and I was glad to see that papers gave also prominence to my opinions. Hindi Pratp of Cawnpore, Zamindar, Milap, Bandematram and Swaraj of Lahore and Akali of Amritsar were specially kind to me and favoured my views. I am equally thankful to all other papers which now and then brought out my articles or reproduced them from contemporaries.

I leave Afghanistan. At last the day arrived. The revolt had been liquidated. King Amanullah Khan triumphed. He was now in his happiest mood. He kindly sanctioned my departure. He gave me about four hundreds gold pounds for my travelling expenses. He received me in the Dil Kusha palace to bid me "God speed." I begged him to spend as little as possible on his plan of a new capital. His parting message was; "It is not now time for pan Islamism, we should work for Asiatic unity." Then king wished me all success. Fortunately I found very good company. One time Charge de affairs of the Soviet Embassy was returning to Russia. I accompanied him to the border. In the lands of Caravans it is always more comfortable to move in large parties.

Kaiser's Signed Photo. In 1918, Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany kindly gave me his signed photo. It was the occasion when I presented

to His Majesty the answer to his letter from the King of Afghanistan. I do not mean to describe the interview at this place. Here I only want to say that now I presented the original signed photograph of the Kaiser to the Royal Museum at Cabul. I thought it was safer there and should adorn the museum walls. I may add in this connection that during the usurpation of Bache Saquae, when Afghanistan was ransacked by terrorism and fanaticism, this photo, together with other valuable pictures and historic images, was destroyed and lost for ever. I am glad, however, to still have a copy of the original, I reproduce it here.

Going And Reflecting. It was no easy job to cross the Hindukush range on way to Soviet Russia. Travelling in company, yet alone with my own musings, I would go up and down the mountain shoulders and at nights, dead tired with fatigue, I would lie down early, yet reflecting on the recent past..... It was good that this time (1924) I came in direct touch with the Indian public. My articles must have been read by thousands of brethren at home..... Young Nehru wrote me two letters, were they three? Mr. Jawaher Lal must be a modern man. His Hindi was Urdu like. He does not know Hindi well. But his ideas are fine.... Pandit Madan Mohan Malviji disappointed me. Malviji Maharaj never answered my letter. And that my friend who spoke for Malviji said that Malviji thought, I must wait, home-rule was at hand, and when India was free I could return home with honour ... Who was he? Sirdar Gurdial Singh? Gurdatta Singh? He was a reporter of Akali. And that poet? Sirdar Tajwar? In any case, I was glad to talk with some visitors from India..... Choudhry Chandan Singh Gorkha? Barrister Bulakiram, so many friends came to my memory..... And Mirza Mujtaba Khan, above all

† See opposite page.

H. M. King Amanullah Khan and his parting message lulled me to sleep.

In Soviet Russian. Mr. Walter, this was perhaps the name of the former Soviet charge de affairs, gave me back my gold deposit. For the sake of safety I had given him for custody my travelling expenses, received from the Afghanistan government. A few gold coins exchanged through Afghan-Jew merchants at the frontier made me once again wealthy in Soviet roubles. At Moscow I often saw Sirdar Hashim Khan, Afghanistan ambassador. By the way, he is at present † the soul of the present Afghanistan. Ever since the coronation of King Nadir Khan, Sirdar Hashim Khan has been the prime minster, and more than that, he is the sole guide and captain of the State ship. He was kind to me but I soon saw that he wanted to convert me to his way of thinking. He was dissatisfied with King Amanullah Khan. He was very friendly with the English mission where he would go to play tennis. With all my admiration for King Amanullah Khan I did not give him any cause for displeasure. I met my friend Mr. Sukerman of the Russian Foreign office. He arranged that I receive diplomatic visa to easily cross the frontier. He went on a holiday. Mr. Reusner, once secretary to Mr. Suritz, and thus my old friend, took his place. He made out for me the official permit to cross the border. Among the Indians Mr. Waris often would come to me and see to it that I had no dififculty. Still my knowledge of Russian langauge was very poor. I may also mention here that in the government's building, where I was staying at Moscow, an offical Mongolian representative, Mr. Sampilon, was also staying. I have still his signed photograph dated 28th October 1924. I received a special invitation from Mr. G. Rosendorff of Reval in Estonia. He was

† See note on the last page.

deeply interested in the Religion of Love, a plan of the unity of religions which I conceived in 1916 at Cabul, Afghanistan. I took leave of the Soviet Foreign office, Sirdar Hashim Khan kindly came to see me off at the railway station and I travelled together with a diplomatic courier of the Estonian government. Night passed comfortably. In the morning we reached Leningrad. We stayed in our railway carriage. The train for Reval was to leave in the evening. At about 2 p. m., so I remember, came a few Soviet military policemen. They took me with them, searched every bit of my luggage, searched my body and finally put me in prison! This is long story. I have written articles on this incident. I sent telegrams both to Afghanistan embassy and Soviet Foreign office. I had to pass still two nights in a cell. On the fourth day I was brought to the railway station. They profusely apologized and bought for me a first class ticket for Reval. One more night and I was nearing my immediate goal, the capital of Estonia. The train, some how, was hours late.

At Raval and Riga. For several days Mr. Rosendorff and his friends were coming daily to meet this express train. Today, the 5th of November, they were also there. I was feeling ill due to my cell experience. Several days I had to remain in bed. But in the house of Mr. Rosendorff I was quite at home. Finally they gave me a public reception. I spoke at a meeting where over four hundred persons were present. They were, perhaps, a little disappointed. They expected me to be a violently against the Soviet but I took more Christian stand against my detention at Leningrad. At Riga, I stayed with Mrs. Annas, Ruman Kenin. Mrs. Daleep Singh Gill had given me her address. She was an anti-Soviet Lett nationalist. She kindly helped me to see Mr. F. Vesmans, president of parliament. She had also arranged that the President of the State would see me.

But according to her information the British minister at the eleventh hour asked the president to cancel the engagement! She kindly arranged for me a public meeting and gave some publicity in news-papers. But again my some friendly words for the Soviet's social experiment did not please my host and her friends. I must, however, reaffirm that she proved a perfect lady and I still cherish her memory with pleasure.

In Europe And to U. S. I left Riga on the 22nd of November 1924. Travelling by a steamer landed at Stettin in Germany and proceeded straight to Berlin. I stayed in a small hotel near the station. I saw some of my old friends. I went to St. Andreasberg to meet Frau Gerichtsrate Volkman. She had given up her home at Leipizig and had taken to farming in this lovely mountain town. I went to Zurich to meet Maulana Barkatullah. For hours together we talked and talked exchanging our experiences. He related to me his interesting story of Rome. Having left Russia penniless, he said, he had great difficulties. But ex-Khadieve came to his rescue, who gave him five hundred pounds. Then at Rome Dictator Mussolini took interest in him, who appointed Mr. Mussolini, a brother of the dictator, to cooperate with him to establish direct connection with India through trade. But all that failed, he said, because an English spy managed to enter their corporation. Now he was in a financial ebb. I naturally expressed my hearty sympathy with my old venerable friend and took his leave. I went to Paris. There I met Sirdar Nadir Khan, Afghanistan minister, who later became the King of Afghanistan. Fourteen years old son of King Amanullah Khan was also at Paris. At the dinner given to me at the legation the prince was also present. On the 12th December I left paris. I sailed on a French boat. Weathering storms of

the Atlantic I reached New York on the 1st of January 1925.

In New York City. I stayed there from the 1st of January to the 9th Feb. 1925. During this time saw a couple of my old friends and made some new valuable acquaintances. Col. Emerson, who was on the side of Germany when U. S. was fighting her, had met me at Berlin just after the war. He and Mrs. Emerson were now at New York. They kindly invited me to their home, introduced me to the editors of the famous Asia magazine. Col. Emerson took further much trouble to type and prepare my article for the Asia which appeared in its May Number. Mr. S. N. Ghosh showed me his office and took me to his home. He had a fine Jewish wife. Rev. Swami of the Vedanta Society received me but told me that as his followers were all English-Americans they would not appreciate me on account of my connection with the Germans during the war. The Ceylon India Inn proved the best meeting ground. It was an Indian restaurant conducted by a Ceylonese gentleman who had a German wife. Here I met several Indian friends, Mr. B. K. Roy was one of them. Ha had had vast experience in different fields. His opinions I treasured. I received a wire from Molvie Rahmat Ali Khan of California. He advised me to see Syud Hossain. He was living in a grand apartment of the Vth Avenue. He kindly received me and warned me against the "Ghadar" gang of the Wood Street, San Francisco! This warning did not appeal to me. I pleaded for their patriotic action during the war. This seemed to annoy him further. I shifted my talk. He still advised me to "keep the back door open." He meant that I should not give up every chance of returning to India. Having joined the Germans during the world war I could not do anything worse by seeking cooperation with the Ghadar society of Indian patriots, I

thought. I did not, however, quarrel with Mr. Hossain. I liked him. His friendly feeling was genuine. I may also mention that during my stay at New York there was a total eclipse of Sun. It was a sight which still remains fresh in my memory. I came also in touch with the Hon. Mr. Marcus Garvey, the fiery Negro leader, and spoke twice in his crowded meeting. Rev. Bolden, a Negro clergy, invited me to his church.

At Gary. I was now a little known in the Negro world. I received at New York an invitation to visit Gary. The Negro lady leader, editor of the Sun asked me to see her and speak to her people there. I was astonished to find in her such a noble soul and an ardent admirer of my views. She took me round, introduced me to the city Mayor and arranged a public meeting. After a stay of six days I took train from Chicago on the 16th February.

In California. Now this is a long story of two months and nine days. And the time was crowded with interviews and intrigues, with meeting and scenes, twice I landed in troubled waters. Propaganda was carried to its extremes. It was a success with the germs of failure. By and by, my readers, I will tell you the story.

The first difficulty was that I had to choose immediately between Dr. Rahmatali Khan and the Ghadar Party. Both the sides had a claim on me and both the sides now welcomed me on my arrivel in California. I said something to the effect that I was a guest of Dr. Khan but I would stay at the headquarters of the Ghadar Society. I paid a visit to the Sikh Temple at Stockton and came to stay at 5, wood Street, San Francisco.

Meeting were called both by the Ghadar Association and by Dr. Rahmat Ali. Mr, Syud Hossain was also invited by the Doctor of Muslim Divinity. We lectured together from the same platform in the

crowded meeting called by Dr. Khan. Mr. Hossian and myself took different courses. He attacked the Indian revolutionaries and I had to defend them. For a moment it appeared that the meeting would end in disorder. But one brave and intelligent Mr. Mehdikhan came up to the platform and tried to appease the excited audience. I requested the Ghadar people or the revolutionaries to remain calm. The storm passed away and Syud Sahib and myfelf cemented our friendship as two comrade trying to reach the same good by two different routes.

It was also an awkward situation for me when I had to defend myself with a counter attack in the crowded meeting of the Sikh Temple. My opponent this time was that a famous former leader of the Ghadar and the Doctor of Sikh Divinity, Giani Bhagwan Singh. A poet, an orator of distinction, firebrand by nature and constitution took me to task by attacking my lukewarm, weakened policy. Strange to say, the doctor of divinity took an irreligious stand in the meeting of temple and fired a broadcast on my religious tendency. I stood up, I spoke and with logic I cut down his remarks one by one. I must however say that it was not my wisdom but the regard of the audience for me, as well as a certain friendly feeling of my adversary for me which gave me victory. But at the same time Gianiji won my regard and I still remember him as a friend and a good friend.

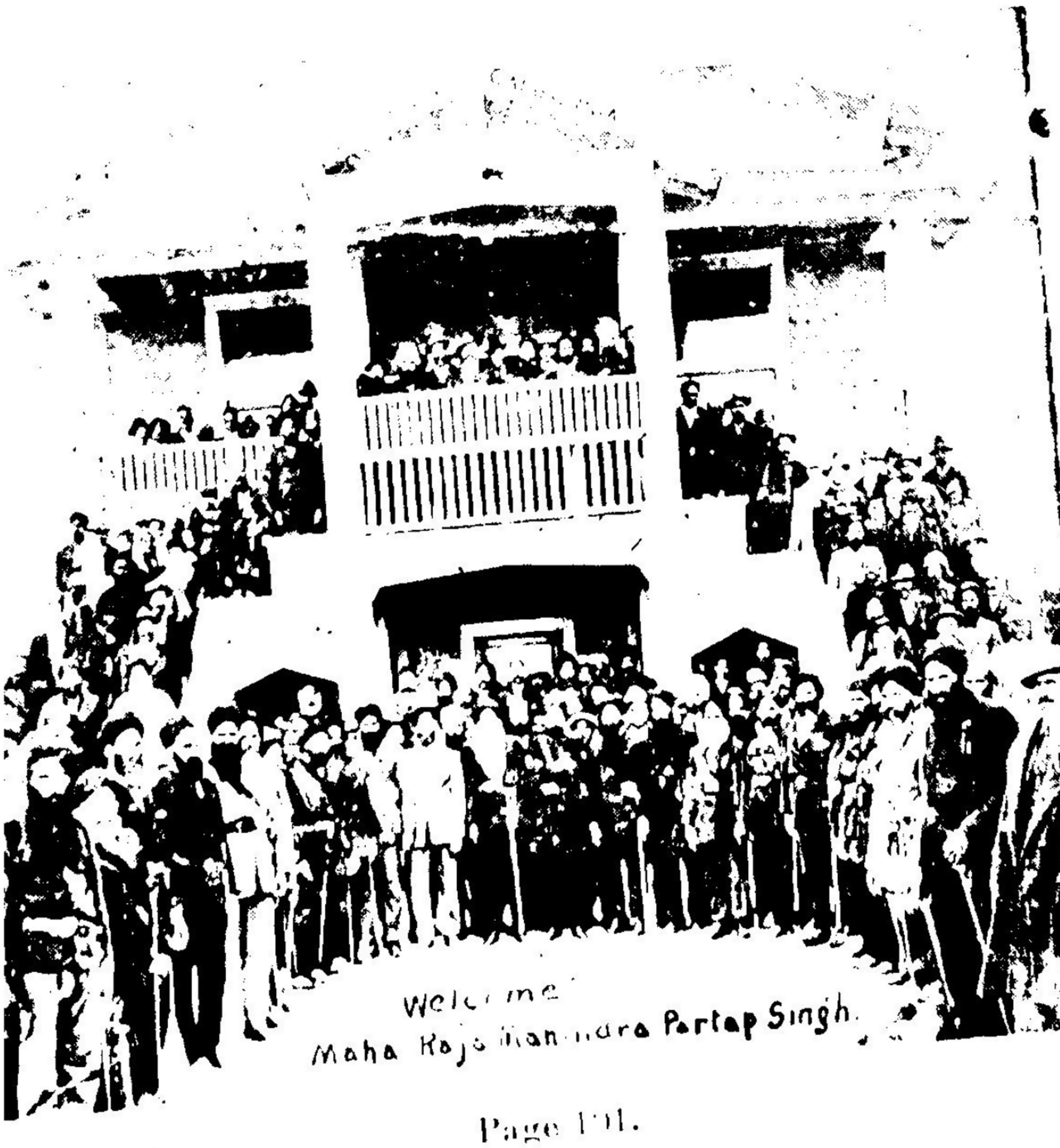
Now the field was open for me. I was gathering the fruits of my labour. In one meeting, not so crowded, I appealed for funds to equip my mission to Tibet. In an hour over seven thousand dollars were promised. I had asked for ten thousand dollars for my trip and two thousand dollars for my friends in Europe and Asia. The Ghadar managing Committee assured me that considering the enthusiasm of the people the amount would be collected within a week. And they kept the promise. Money was

handed to me in due time. I had appealed for seven volunteers as well. I got more names than I wanted. Seven were selected from them with the advice of Ghadar management.

Sikh Temples of Stockton and Vancouver B.C., gave me two swords with gold guilded cases. Stockton temple gave me also a gold medal. Temples gave, too, their contributions to the general travelling fund. Dr. Rahmat Ali Khan kindly presented to me in full meeting a gold fountain pen, saying that a pen was as necessary as a sword! AfghanistanWelfare Society gave me a gold medal with the King Amanullah Khan's picture inscribed on it. The Ghadar Party conferred on me an Honorary-Membership.

I remember so many names and so many meetings and dinner parties, as I reflect on those days, that it is impossible to even enumerate them here. But I must thank Mr. Puran Singh, Mr. Daleep Singh, Mr. Godaram and late Mr. Alam Khan, mentioning their names, for their cooperation. I was sorry that I could not do anything for the widow of Pandit Ramchandra. But I was satisfied to see that our Hindu and Muslim brethren were cooperating to help her. I am equally thankful to all the American friends who kindly cared to extend their goodwill for me. I attended their parties, as well.

Now the problem was to prepare and start on our Tibetan Mission. One great hindrance was that our volunteers had no passports. I tried to get for them some kind of papers. This was not possible. The immigration authorities proved very lenient. It was now a case of emigration. We had to pay a tax per man in lieu of incometax. On my representation that they were going as volunteers to Tibet the tax collector gladly reduced twenty to thirty dollars per head! It was American good will! Finally we sailed on a Japanese boat. Shanghai being a free port I could buy tickets for my friends


Welcome
Maha Raja Ran...ara Partap Singh.

to that destination. I bought my ticket for Yokohama.

Here† I give the photo, taken at the Sikh Temple of Stockton, California, U. S. I stand in the middle with a turban on my head and a sword of religion by my side. Spelling of my name is in Punjabi form.

OUR TIBETAN MISSION

In Japan. We left San Francisco on the 28th of April 1925 and reached Tokyo on the 14th June. The voyage was unevenful save for a delightful visit to Honolulu and the natural attraction of the dancing, singing, intriguing sea waves. The landing in Japan, however, proved a little stirring event. Our volunteers had no passports and therefore no Japanese visas to land in the country. I had sent radio-grams to the famous leader Mr. Toyama and Mr. Rash Behari Bose. A relative of Dr. Shume Ohkawa happened to be then the chief of the Metropolitan police board at Tokyo, through his kindness landing was arranged on the condition that they would not stay long in the land! After lengthy enquiries we passed through the ordeal of the Water-police. The alert Japanese press gave us hearty welcome. Photoes were taken. Our mission to Tibet they thought, was an interesting piece of news.

Dr. Ohkawa kindly asked one of his lieutenants to take our volunteers to Antung on Manchurian border and to leave them there with a friend of his. I took up my quarters at the Marunouchi Hotel. There were meetings and interviews. I visited my old friends. And I made some new friends, too. One dinner which I gave was an out standing event of this trip. Over hundred guests were present. At the end it turned into a public meeting where I spoke and some of our friends endorsed our views. I must make it clear that for the management and success of the affair Mr. Kuzu and Mr. Bose deserve

† See opposite page.

our thanks. Another event which brightened my entire sojourn in Japan came in the form of a reception given to me by Count Oki. I give below the photo† taken on this occasion. It speaks for itself. I am in the middle. On my left is Count Oki, on his left is the president of parliament in that year. On my right is Mr. Bose and on his right is seated Count T. Sakai, our old friend. There are many notables sitting and standing in the photo.

Before I leave Tokyo, the account of Tokyo, I may also mention that I brought five hundred American dollars as a friendly gift for Mr. Rash Behari Bose, this amount I duly presented to him. Our readers may remember that I collected two thousand dollars for my friends. One thousand dollar for Moulana Barkatullah, five hundred dollars for Mr. Bose and five hundred dollars for three more friends.

I went to Kyoto, stayed at the temple of Ryoshoin-Chionin, where I saw in a dream Dalai Lama of Tibet asking me to come quickly and assuring me that he had ordered the people along the route to give me all facilities ! I visited Tenri-kyo Temple at Tambaichi, where my photo was taken with Rev. Nakayama. At Kobe, I stayed at the temple of Higashi-Gokurakuji. I was there for five days. I was glad to meet my old friends.

At Peking. On tho 22nd of June, I left Kobe. On the 24th, I reached Antung and there joining my friends, we all left the same night for Peking, where we arrived on the 26th of the same month.

At the capital of China I had to stay for over one month, preparing our trip for Tibet. It was very lucky that just then China was in one of her most revolutionary moods. Perhaps, you remember that in spring 1925 British troops clashed with the Chinese masses at Shanghai. I openly condemned British police for killing Chinese ! Chinese leaders

† Photo on opposite page.

at Peking welcomed me. Dinners were given, meetings were held and I lectured here and then there. One great mass meeting before the palace was exceptionally fiery. Hear Madame Sun Yat Sen and myself spoke from the same platform. People wildly cheered us.

Another stroke of good luck was that H. H. Panchan Lama had arrived at Peking. It was of course something extraordinary. He received me with great pleasure. I presented to him one of the two gold guilded swords, received from the Sikh temples in America. He also kindly gave me a valuable China vase and his signed photograph, together with the usual Tibetan scarf. He highly appreciated my plan of visiting Tibet, though he thought it was rather dangerous.

It was also, as if, arranged by an unseen hand that my old friend, H. E, Mr. Karakhan was now Soviet ambassador at Peking. He gave me a royal lunch and did something more than a hundred lunches. He ushered me into the secret of Tibet. He showed me the original letter received by him from H. H. Dalai Lama through secret agents ! He explained to me at lengh the situation in Tibet. I was very thankful.

H. E. Mr. Lin Chang Ming, inspite of his conservative views, showed to me personally the same friendly feeling which he had so pronouncedly expressed during my last visit to Peking in 1923. He helped me to meet Marshal Feng Yu Shiang. The radical leader Mr. Ku found for me a nice interpreter, Mr. Yen, who was to go with me all the way to Tibet. He however went only up to Lanchau in Kansu.

An untoward incident marred a bit our grand luncheon. The morning was fine, lovely. I was busy in receiving phones and calling friends. Just then an "Englishman" came up to me and told me that he had something to speak to me. I very poli-

tely said; "Please, walk in". Then suddenly he took up a threatening attitude and roughly said in some such words: "Why you make all this propaganda here." And he began to pull up his sleeves and called me by names, using filthy language. I still wanted to move away but he pulled me back. There upon I turned and threw him on the ground and sat on his chest. But now I did not know what to do. I could not beat that fallen foe. Boys of the hotel came and separated us and led me to the dining hall, I had not taken yet my breakfast. The hotel manager apologized to me and explained that the man was drunk, this fact also explained his easy fall. At noon our guests began to arrive. Chinese Governor, military commander, Mayor and many notable came. Our volunteers were there. My personal friends mustered strong. Over one hundred persons sat to dine in the spacious hall of the Central Hotel, where I was staying.

I must mention Mr. Hoo Ru Lin, Prof. Fu Peiching, Seth Pinyamal and Dr. Loe for their kind assistance in our friendly mission. It was at this time that I made acquaintance of Mr. Hwang Kung Su, who became later our colleague, Mr. Wang, a business partner of Mr. Hoo, provided rooms for our volunteers in the headquarters of his coal comany. H. E. Mr. Lin Chang Ming gave me a well attended farewell dinner party. It was through such friends that I could speak to students of universities I asked my rickshaw "coolie," Mr. Liu, to accompany me to Tibet as my personal attendant. He proved to me most useful help, a friend on the trip.

These are the names of our volunteers: Mr. Daswanda Singh, an under graduate of the California University, Mr. Shamsher Singh, a rising youth, Mr. Inder Singh, Mr. Charan Singh, Mr, Gainda Singh, Mr. Dulla Mal and Mr. Bishan Singh.

We left Peking on the 7th of August 1925, travelling by train to Kalgan.

Kalgan, China. We left Peking about 9 p.m. We passed the night sitting in the train. Now and then, on some stations, when the train thought it fit to have a longer rest I got a little relaxation in walking. At 3 a. m. on the 8th of August 1925, we reached Kalgan. We walked down to a hotel, awakened the sleeping hotel keepers and got rooms. We are now ten men, we had to accommodate ourselves in five rooms.

As the sun rose, we rose too. After a little wash, accompanied by our Chinese interpreter, Mr. Yen, I went to see Marshal Feng Yu Shiang. Retired judge Shu Chen, who had come from Peking, was present with the Marshal. He interpreted for me. And to my astonishment I found that all my problems were settled in one sitting. Marshal ordered one of his assistants to prepare for us a passport, a document permitting us to travel to Tibet. Eight rifles and mauser pistols together with ammunition were promised and let me add were soon delivered, and a way was found to send seven thousand Chinese dollars from Kalgan to Lanchau in Kansu. I profusely thanked the Marshal and Mr. Shu Chen.

The foreign secretary of the Marshal gave us a Chinese banquet. Later General Chang invited us to a dinner. At a thickly crowded meeting I was asked to speak. I may say here that at a former short visit to Kalgan Marshal Feng arranged for me several meetings and he himself would come, and sitting cross legs on the ground would take notes of talks! Marshal Feng truly lives as a servant of tbe people and works for the people. As the Marshal was in those days earnest Christian, he was always surrounded by the Christian clergy. A priest once told me that if Lord would give two years of peace to the Marshal he could do wonders! At the time, I was taken aback by his

remark. Two years? What? Why should the Marshal now have any war at all? But the priest knew better the life in China. To my great regret war is still continuing in 1938, as I am writing these lines, and Marshal Feng is today† vice-Commander under Marshal Chiang. This moment there may be priests in Europe and America asking the Lord for just five years of peace and then some great dictator or president or premier would accomplish wonders. But today I am not so sure of peace. Under the present conditions in the world we can only postpone a war. Wars are inevitable unless a just world government is established on this earth!

I give here* the photograph taken at Kalgan. I am in the middle. On my left is a general of Marshal Feng's army, on his left is Mr. Charan Singh. On my right is Mr. Yen, our interpreter, on his right is Mr. Inder Singh. Standing in the middle is our young companion Mr. Shamsher Singh, on his left is Mr. Daswanda Singh, an under graduate of California University, now a peasant leader in India, on his left is Mr. Bishan Stngh. Towards the right hand from the middle are Mr. Dulla Mal and Mr. Gainda Singh. They are all, besides the two Chinese gentlemen, our volunteers.

On to Ningsha. At 9 in the night I went to say good-by to Marshal Feng. He kindly received me and wished me God speed. Same night at 3, in the early morning of the 14th August, we left Kalgan. Marshal gave us free railway tickets to Paotao. In the morning we found that we were passing through low hills and green fields. It was pretty at this season of the year, just after the rains. At 3 p. m. we changed trains at Suiyan, a big city. At 8 p. m. we reached the end of railway line. Paotao was the terminus. All the available carriage were hired and taken away. Then, the gates of city

† See note on the last page.

* On opposite page.

were closed! We phoned. At 11, round the middle of night soldiers brought for us carriages. Here we met General Lin. He gave us dinner and asked me to speak in a crowded meeting, called for me. Through the help of the Chinese military we got motor trucks to take us up to Lu Shing Ch'ang near Uyen. I am writing these names from my Hindi diary. Uyen is called a city but it is hardly a village! But Lu Shing Ch'ang is a little town. The general of the place was supervising the construction of a new road, fifty or sixty miles from here. His chief of the staff gave us a dinner. The proprietor of the hotel where we stayed was a Musalman and so was the proprictor of the hotel at Paotao. It rained hard for full twenty four hours. We hired carriages and left for Ningsha on the 25th August.

It took us twelve days to cover the distance between Uyen and Ningsha. The road was muddy. At times we crossed canals. On one canal carriages had to be taken across on a boat. It was a problem to pass over frail bridges. Robbers who dared not attack us, as we were armed, we fired shots in the air, gave us a little excitement one late afternoon. It was not an easy job to pass along the Yellow River, Hwang Ho, where huge sand hills had left no room to pass. Yes, but we could get through. In the evenings we used to stay in some lonely mud houses or in some village inns. Only when nearing Ningsha we came to towns.

One thing may be interesting to know that on this route, in these wilds, one comes across Roman Catholic churches. At Sang Shin Kung, a village in the desert, church has a beautiful center. Around the church there is a big garden and a fort like wall. As we passed it, they were having there some big meeting. Priests received us and gave us refreshments and some information of the country.

We reached Ningsha on the 5th of September 1925.

A Little Reflection. Yes, I did not mention that at Peking, during this year of 1925, Monsieur Tripier, counsellor of the French embassy, was as kind to me as Monsieur Gurreau, the first secretary of the same embassy was helpful to me in 1923. But I passed by and left out many more items of my story. Yes, one thing more I may add. I should also thank Rev. Kawaguchi for his valuable information about Tibet. He himself was in the land and know the people there very intimately.

Ningsha To Lanchau. We were entertained by Genera Ma of Ningsha. All the Muslims, as a rule in Ghina. have this name Ma. It is really the abridged form of Mohemmod but it is written with the Chinese charachter meaning horse. The general, at the dinner, happened to suggest that I should better take twenty five thousand of his troops and drive out the British from India!..... One hears many things and sees many things a one wanders on the face of this earth. The city of Ningsha is rather large. It is a provincial capital. Through the kindness of the local authorities we could easily hire carriages for Lanchau. But we had to pay $110 per carriage while the rent from Uyen to Ningsha was only $55. On this side things are dearer. It took us thirteen days to cover the distance. Once where the huge sand hills blocked the road entirely carriages had to be taken on boats and moved up the yellow river. Beyond the great China wall we had to pass through wilderness but as we reentered China proper, within the wall, we came to green fields and villages. At a place where the road went over a high plateau, about 8000 feet high, it was very cold. Again as we came down to the city of Lanchau it was fine climate and beautiful view. Here it was all green with gardens. The valley produces some of

the finest apples and pears. We reached Lanchau on the 21st of September 1925.

A Little War. I went and saw the sick governor of Kansu at Lanchau. He was kind to me. But as we were still at the city his one assistant rose in rebellion. There was a little war. We could see from our hotel the maneuvers of the attacking force, moving on the hill close by. Tick, tick, tick, rifles went off. It was evening. Gates of the city were closed. Next day we heard, the governor had fled and now the assistant ruled the city. He kindly invited me to dinner.

An Indian Post Official. Mr. Tota, an Indian Parsi gentleman, in the service of China, was the Post Master General of the province. He was also transferred from his post when we were still at Lanchau. But he gave us a dinner and introduced me to an English missionary.

Our Party Got Divided. On of our volunteers became sick. It was impossible for him to travel on horse back. I had to leave him here. And I left two of his friends to look after him and carry him back to Peking when he was well enough to bear the fatigue of a long journey. Thus our party was divided into two. The Chinese interpreter got also afraid of Tibetin cold. He was left at Lanchau, too,

Money Trouble. Today it may be look like trifle. But at the time it was our serious problem. We had sent seven thousand dollar from Kalgan to a firm here. But the manager of the firm gave me only four thousand dollars and was making excuses to pay the amount in full. He had no ready cash, he said. I made a bit of demonstration and brought the matter to the notice of local authorities, also wired to Marshal Feng at Kalgan. At last we got the money.

On to Sinin-Fu. He was also Chinese. Mr. Liu, the rickshaw boy, whom I picked up from Peking streets, was now my only Chinese interpreter. He was not afraid to go with me to Tibet. He helped me to find some mules for hire. We hired eleven at sixteen dollars and fifty cent each. But we got no saddles. We had to perch on padded frames, meant to carry luggage. There is also a carriage road from Lanchau to Sinin-Fu but it is very much longer, we were pressed for time. Winter was coming on. And we were going to Tibet!! We left the capital of Kansu on the 16th of October. And on the 21st of the same month we arrived at Sinin, the capitial of Tsinghai. On this route we passed some scenic spots. Our diary says: "On the third day we took our breakfast in a restaurant, situated at a high place, in front we had the fine view of snow covered mountains and down in the valley gardens were picturesque." At Sinin another big General Ma was the governor. General Ma Chi gave me right royal reception. Soldiers with band playing the salute greeted me. In a big crowded meeting I was asked to speak. General Ma Chi was a pious Musalman. He was interested in my stories of Turkey and Afghanistan. And he liked too my broad views on religion. He had a very large Buddhist population to control and his immediate overlord was Marshal Feng, the famous Christian general !

Preparations. It took us eleven days for the necessary preparations. We bought twenty one ponies and three mules. The price ranging from $80 to $100 per head. For one large mule we paid $160. Then, we had to buy saddles, dog skin bedding and sheep skin overcoats. From kitchen utensils to tents, we took what we could. We got a guide, a groom and six soldiers from General Ma to accompany us to Tibet. With their advice we completed our equipment.

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We Enter Tibet. On the lst of November we left Sinin-Fu. Making a little detour we visited the Buddhist Temple of Kumbum. It is a big Lamasary. On the 3rd November, we reached the mountain town of Tangar. We gave here last touches to our outfit. Leaving here on the 5th, riding up the valley. passing a night in a village near the pass, on the 6th November 1925, we reached the Tibetan plateau. So this is Tibet !!

Here I give this photo† of Lama Phagphala the highest "Living Buddha" of Kham, Eastern Tiber He happens to have two women friends. It is not allowed ofcourse, but Lama has some modern views on sex question. I stand on his right and on my right is our friend and volunteer Mr. Daswanda Singh. In our next number* I may be able to bring my story up to the scene of this photo.

In Tibet. My Indian friends ask me to write a full history of all the experiences of my wanderings during the last fifteen years. I am afraid however that it would become too boring to our readers distributed as they are, all over the world. Then, our little paper* is not the place for such an account. I therefore decide to relate some adventures or events of general interest in these columns.

In the year 1925 I started on a mission to Tibet. Our Indian friends in the United States of America had collected ten thousand dollars for this purpose. At my special request they had kindly contributed another two thousand dollers to our funds but this money was forwarded to our Indian friends conducting national work in their localities. I had only ten thousand dollars as mentioned above to carry out our plan– a trip to Tibet and propaganda enroute and at the destination.

Every stage of this journey is a volume by

† See opposite page.

* See note on last page.

itself. Here, hovewer, I do not mean to write its history. I want to tell you a story of one single day out of three hundred and thirty and some odd days occupied in the round tripe from Peking to Peking.

China was left behind. We were already on the high plateau of Kokonor. It was bitterly cold. Winter had set in. It was the month of November. We had taken leave of the last shelter. Now we could not expect a roof to cover us. Nights were passed on the frozen ground. Blue sky was our only canopy. Biting winds raged all around us. Dressed in our armour of heavy sheep skins, we were setting the forces of winter at naught. We were riding forth as knight errands in full stately array. A number of Chinese soldiers were escorting us. Our Indian party was fully armed. A big caravan was moving slowly but steadily behind us. All our food stuffs had to be brought up with us. I had discarded all those luxurious articles which modern travellers find indispensable. We had no beds, no tins, no cans. But some barley for the horses and meat and bread for ourselves had to be laden and were laden on a number of extra horses. Then, two ponies had the heavy weight of cash silver.

Hallo! here are some traces of a bear. I spurred my horse, rode up to the spot, alighted and examined it. Yes, to be sure a bear has passed this way. There, up in those bushes on the hill side, it can be found. May we go up and try a hand at it? No! It is already late. We must move on and find a place to lie down for the night.

Up on a hill side, a little higher than the broad valley we chose to take up our nightly quarters. A little projecting rock gave us a partial shelter. My Chinese servant spread my bedding on the bare ground. Our cook began to boil our daily or rather nightly soup. Horses were let loose in the dried up

pasturage beneath. Soldiers were posted to look after them in the night.

In the night, long after we had taken to bed, having heated our stomachs, we were suddenly aroused by the shouts of our soldiers and companions. They were shouting that the robbers had come and were driving away our horses. The command of the party was under two different heads. I was in charge of our mission. A Chinese officer had control of his soldiers. But I always made him sleep near by my side, so that, in case of emergency we could act jointly. The matter of confering with each other was a little difficult. It needed the services of an interpreter. The council of war was immediately held. I ordered my friends to fire in the air. A number of shots rang through the valley. The robbers took to heels. Our calculation proved quite correct. They got afraid of our strength in fire arms and ran away. The agitated scene continued in our camp for an hour. At last we searched for rest in sleep and we found it.

The Provisional Government of India ceased to function as a semi official organ in 1920 when King Amanullah made peace with England after his famous war of independence.

We give here some names of the active workers of that historic body. Friends: Mahendra Pratap (RAJA) president, Barkatullah (Moulana) premier Ubaidullah (Moulana) home minister, Bashir (Moulvi) war minister, Champakraman Pillai foreign minister; Friends: Shamsher Singh alias Mathura Singh, Khuda Bakhs, Mohemmed Ali minister plenipotentiaries; Friends: Rahmat ali zakariya, Zafar Hasan, Allah Nawaz, Harnam Singh Gujar Singh alias Kala singh Abdul aziz, Abdul bari and many others.

First Glance of Tibet. High plateau, small hills and wide valleys greeted our eyes as we moved

into Tibet on the 6th November 1925. It was of course cold, very cold. For three days we still stayed at nights in roofed hovels of Tibetan villages, where there were some fields and our horses could get dried fodder. On 9th, it snowed, earth put on white mantle. Two nights we passed in a ruined inn by a stream, near the Chinese fort of Takhoba. The Chinese officer gave us dinner and still better he got prepared some bread for our journey

Eight Days in Wilderness. It was, as if no man's land. Not a soul was to be seen. We marched and marched over long stretches, through open spaces, then winding our way in and out of hills and dales, passing along some frozen lakes, sleeping always at night under the canopy of sky. It was warm in heavy sheep skin coats and dog skin bedding, only our frozen breath formed icicles on fur pulled up to our mouth and ice was hanging from our moustaches. We ate what we had brought with us on our horses. Poor horses got some little barley, stored on their backs, but they had to feast as best they could on the dried grass of the mountains.

Robbers Gave some Fun. It would have been monotonous, riding through wide valleys, crossing some passes and facing the piercing wind at times, if we had not this bit of excitement. One night as we were sleeping in the shadow of a rock, a little higher than the vast valley, shouts arose, a rifle shot followed, we got up in a hurry. I dared not go far out, I was by our treasure. My friends and volunteers with me had to stick too to their posts by my side. The Chinese soldiers, accompanying us, who ware down in the valley with the horses came up running. Robbers had attacked our live stock In the morning we found that only one horse was missing.

Inhabited Tibet. It was a terrible night. To escape the range of robbers, who were a terror in

the land, we marched all night up to 3 a. m. We were going through snow, marching over ice, it was so cold that toes of a companion got frost bitten. It was, however, over. That day gave us inestimable joy when after eight days of hard marches we saw for the first time Tibetan black tents. Barking of the dogs proved more exhilarating than any band of welcome. Hot milk, delicious cream and Tibetan ever ready meal refreshed us. Fire of the hearth warmed us. Tibetan meal requires an explanation. They make flour of baked barley and keep it as ready meal. Mixing with tea and butter they eat it for breakfast, lunch and supper. Raw meat, well dried up in icy winds is one of the delicacies of this roof of the world. Dried fruits brought from hundreds of miles and sugar imported in the like fashion are treats of the rich.

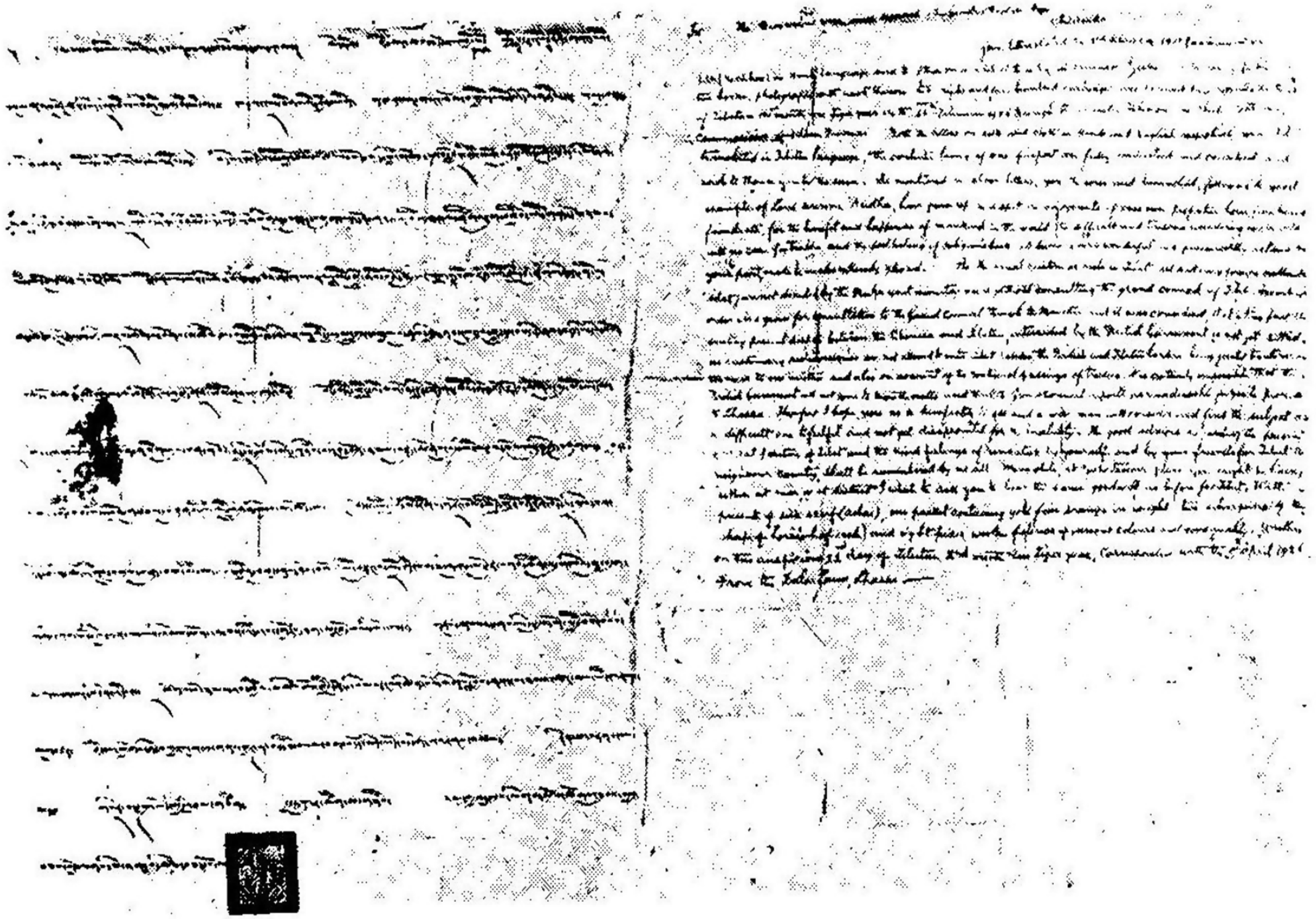
Jeygundo Or Cheku Reached. Road was very bad. Snow and ice had done havoc. Another horse felt so tired that it would not move. Beating had no effect. He was set free and left behind. Today we reached the first Tibetan village of the province of Jeygundo or as the Chinese call it Cheku. Here at the village of Tujase we also met the Chinese General of Cheku, who had come on tour. We were warmly received. we needed badly warmth! We took easier and longer road, staying at the temple of Khanase, came to a village where we saw some fields once again. Here temple on the hill, coloured black. red and white, is large and majestic. Next day we crossed Yangtsekiang, not like Hwang-Ho which we crossed in the wilderness, it is here, too, broad and majestic river. Being winter, natural ice bridges made crossing easy. Trees began to appear, a bit of forest was pleasing to the eye. On the 25th of November we entered the provincial capital.

Sojourn Of Nine Days. The day we reached

Cheku, the General returned, too. He entertained us. Mr. Chu, the civil officer, gave dinner. We visited the highest Lama of the place in his beautiful retreat, high up in the temple on the hill. Black, red and white colours adorn the outer walls. It was rather warm, very pleasant, at Jeygundo.

Kandsa And Lamda. On the 4th December we were on the road once again. The General had given us special permit to secure necessary horses and cows from the villages on our route to carry us and carry our luggage. Our horses were all tired. We passed the big temple of Roshi Rash: ..e came to beautiful forest and blue sparkling streams. We were no longer in bleak wilderness. The 'ast Chinese military post, a salt mine, were all left behind. We stayed at the temple of Kandasa on the 12th of the 12th month. This is tiny buffer territory between Lahassa and China controlled Tibet. The accompanying Chinese soldiers had to go back from here. On the 13th we entered Ti.. tan boundary. Two soldiers met us and gave us some refreshments. Ever green forest and the blue big river of Om Ch'u were conspiring to fan up our hopes. But at Lamda, we were politely but firmly stopped. Two Tibetan officers, who had come from Chamdo, gave us presents of flour and sheep but asked us to stay where we were. The word was sent to the Governor. He ordered us to go bac... had to resort to passive resistance. "Throw us ou by force, order your soldiers, we are not going t go back," I declared.

Chamdo. It was not easy but we did ge permission to proceed to Chamdo. At I p. m. o the 19th December 1925, we left Lamda. In a fe hours we were at the capital of Kham provinc or Eastetn Tibet. We were shown to a house a rich Chinese gentleman. On behalf of the cit two Lamas brought articles of food as pres..



Next day two high officials visited us on behalf of the Governor. Kalai Lama.

Tibet. For us Tibet is a part of the Golden Land, extending from Tibet to Japan and from Mongolia to Canton. Tibet is the heart of the Province of Buddha or the continent of Asia. It is the roof of the world. Pamir is its extention, a tower in the west. From Tibet rivers flow out in all directions. Mighty rivers, Indus, Ganges. Brahmputra and Yangtse King and Hwang Ho. are born in this land. Highest mountains of the world, the Himalayas themselves. are rooted in Tibet. Then, Tibet guards the treasures of living Buddhism. The head of the Tibetan Lama brotherhood is teacher and ruler for all the Lama land. The spirit of Dalai Lama rules supreme.

Letter of Dalai Lama. His Holiness the Dalai Lama was pleased to answer thus my letter in year 1926. I give here† the exact photo of the letter and reproduce its English translation as it came from Lahasa.

"To The Benevolent wise and learned Mahendra Protab (Raja) Chiamdo. Your letters dated the 3rd February 1926 from Chiamdo written on yellow silk (Hochhoo) in Hindi language and the other on a white cloth in Engish language, together with the newly published two books, photographs with news thereon, two rifles and four hundred cartridges were received here recently on the 12th of Tibetan 1st month Fire Tiger year i. e. 24 February 1926, though the minister Thhimon, the chief controling Commissioner of Kham Province. Both the letters on silk and cloth in Hindi and English respectively were let translated in Tibetan language, the contents being of one purport are fully understood and considered and wish to thank you for the same. As mentioned in above letters, you the wise and bene-

† Photo on opposite page.

volent, following the good exmaple of Lord Nirvana Buddha, having given up as a spit the enjoyments of ones own properties, home, family and friends etc., for the benefit and happiness of mankind in the world, the difficult and tiresome wandering over the world with no care for troubles and publishing of religion's book all being a very wonderful and praise worthy actions on your part, made to me also extremely pleased. As the usual custom or rule in Tibet, all and every foreign matters are not decided by the Ruler and ministers alone, without consulting the grand council of Tibet. Accordingly order was given for consultation to the Grand Council through the ministers and it was considered that in time past the existing present dispute between the Chinese and Tibetan, interceded by the British Government is not yet settled, as customary rule foreigners are not allowed to enter Tibet, besides, the British and Tibetan borders being jointed territories and too near to one another and also on account of the continual passings of traders, it is certainly impossible that the British Government will not come to know the matter and thus the Grand Council reports, as unadvisable for you to proceed to Lhassa. Therefore I hope, you as a benefactor to all and a wise man will consider and find the subject a difficult one to fulfil and not get disappointed for the inability. The good advices regarding the present critical position of Tibet and the kind feelings of anxieties by yourself and by your friends for Tibet, the neighbour country, shall be remembered by us all. Meanwhile, at whatsoever place you might be living either at near or at distant I wish to ask you to bear the same good will as before for Tibet. With presents of silk scarf (ashai), one packer containing gold five srangs in weight, two silver pieces (of the shape of horse's hoof each) and eight pieces woollen fabrics of various colours and good quality. Written on the auspicious 22nd

day of Tibetan 2nd month Fire Tiger year, Corresponding with the 5th April 1926. From the Dalai Lama, Lhassa.

Tibet People. They are hardy but lightly built nimble in their movements. They are jolly by nature but made serious by Buddhism. They have a great faith mixed with superstition. They are hard working but there is not much to do, fields are very few, on vast tract of land they graze sheep and cattle. They are smart but again there is not much field to use their talents, they have built, however, monumental temples and written thousands of stories about Lord Nirvana Buddha. Their energy is waiting for useful use to modernize the land and make life of the people comfortable.

Climate. On extensive plateau it has Siberian winter. But in the valleys, as that of Chamdo, it is very pleasant in the midst of winter. It is a cold country on the whole.

Culture. It is not Indo-China but the culture is Indo-Chinese. Buddhism is the foundation of Tibetan culture. Chinese dress and Chinese way of life are prevalent. And yet they have their own way of thinking. Their culture has found best expression in their architecture and Buddhist literature and religious music and dances. You can often find there houses of five stories high, a book of over hundred volumes and an orchestra of over thirty instruments.

Tibetan Buddhism They have the belief that Bodhisatwas come down and take birth in Tibet to protect and lead the people of this holy land. Dalai Lama is the highest spiritual leader. He is called "Ja Rimpochhi" or the King and teacher. Panchan Lama comes next. Then there are many "living Buddhas" in different temples through out Tibet and Mongolia. Every family as a rule, presents the first born son to a temple, who becomes a monk for

life. There are temples which have five thousand monks, where no woman could ever pass a night. They are all engaged in prayers and study of Buddhist literature.

Future Of Tibet. I think it is very bright. The country is very rich in minerals. Water power can easily generate electricity. People have good bodies. It is only necessary to put them to work. No one should be allowed to become Lama before the age of 28 or 29 when Buddha left his family. Lamas should not be so many. With a little reform, the eternal teachings of renunciation and service, as preached and practised by Buddha, will be able to introduce cooperative system and scientific breeding as explained by our Golden Land of the Province of Buddha of World State....Ong Mani Padme Hung! Holy Jewel in the Lotus!

Ch'amdo, the Capital. This mountain town, as we found it in year 1925-1926, was a little bigger than Cheku or Jeygundo. It is beautifully situated at the junction of two rivers of Om Chhu and Ja Chhu. Chhu, in Tibetan language, means water and river. Wooden bridges spanned over the two rivers. Town is, as if, sitting comfortably on its elevated seat far above the level of worst floods. The monastery occupies yet higher flight of broad level ground. The governor also had his residence there.

We visit the Governor. Our friends, Mr. Dasvanda Singh and Mr. Liu, my Chinese companion accompanied me. We rode on our horses up the steep hill. As we came near to the governor's palace, two three soldiers came running to us and asked us to dismount. I said, why, and went forward. Now came two, three high officials with their retinue, all on foot, to meet us. I got down and greeted them. At the gate we saw four soldiers in turban, very unusual for Tibet. They gave us salute. As we entered the house, there were more

men standing in two lines. Crossing a tiny room, we entered the meeting room. The governor was standing at the edge of the carpet. Again in two lines his highest officials were standing. They however all left as the governor asked us to take our seats on chairs as he also sat on one chair. At the table in front of us dried fruits, some sweets and tea were served. Then followed the discussion. The main question was, why we had come, what was our object?

A visit to Chief Lama. Lama Phagphala was still living at his summer palace. He feared smallpox in the town. We had to ride full four hours to reach his place. To tell the truth, it was something like a revelation. The picture of the Nature which I saw from one of the windows of the palace looked like dream in the wonder land — Blue river down below, ever green fir on the hill sides, white snow looked like silver scattered all over, and over and above all, transparent canopy of the sky! Lama had a bit of zoo. Cubs of bear were quite tamed pets. He had also some very fine Tibetan dogs. We got here Indian and Afghan food. Lama kept a Shia Afghan of Kooram valley on Indian frontier as a companion. He was now our interpreter. Lama received us as intimate friends and talked for hours unreservedly and quite frankly, taking us entirely into his confidence. It was here that we took our group photograph, which appeared in our January number.*

Politics of Kham. Now we learned, how things stood here. All the Eastern Tibet was once an independent Lama State under the Chinese protection. Lama Phagphala was the ruler. But then came Lahassa troops, army of Dalai Lama, and occupied the country. Kham became a province of Lahassa. Governor was appointed. Lama Phagp-

* See note on last page.

hala lost his ruling powers. But still he was the greatest landlord. All land belonged to him. Over fifty temples and monasteries in the country were directly under him. But he did not like Dalai, he preferred Chinese. That Shia Afghan companion of the Lama brought in another strain. He was once in the Indian Army. But he left the army and joined the Tibetans. He came drifting to Kham, joined the private service of the young lama. He, however, did not forget the British. Twice he went to and fro between Chamdo and the frontier British post in Assam. Through him the governor of Kham and the frontier British officer exchanged communications. Through him Lama also expressed himself to the British government!

My Neutral Position. I heard all this and I heard many more stories. I also had a Tibetan interpreter, he was perhaps a Chinese spy. I respected pro Chinese feelings of Lama Phagphala. But I strongly advised our Lama friend to try his best to please Dalai Lama. Lahassa was the only force which could keep all the Tibetans together. Lahassa was the center for all the Lama world, extending across Mongolia, penetrating Siberia! Yes, Lahassa should come to terms with China and establish relations with Japan, Soviet Russia and Afghanistan. (Readers, remember this I am speaking of 1926). And freedom loving Indians will be pleased to cooperate with Tibet, in common interest. I took neutral position and spoke openly and frankly as I always do.

The Object Of Our Mission. To tell the truth, I had a plan to surround India with anti-British empire and pro-India States and to establish on the frontier our out posts. In Afghanistan under King Amanullah we had our best friend. I said, why should we not try to have the like friends in Tibet and Nepal! This was the object of our Mission. And then, I said that our friendly States should

have open routes to the outer world. Afghanistan was well connected with Soviet Russia and Persia but Tibet and Nepal were quite cut off. I proposed to have the way opened between Tibet and China by trying to establish better relations between the two countries. I did not mean to declare war on the British in India, I had no plan to start any secret subversive activity on the frontier but it was certainly a preparation to help India in her struggle for freedom at the opportune moment. I again repeat that it was in 1926. Today I earnestly desire to return to India and try to remove the evils from within. Conditions have much changed in India and around India. I believe in service according to our circumstances. We can neither give an old medicine nor the best medicine in a wrong case.

Waited And Waited. Our readers know we reached Chamdo on the 19th December 1925. We remained there up to the 5th February 1926. We were waiting for an answer from Lhassa. The governor had written to the Dalai Lama all about us and we must wait for the orders from the central government. During this time I met Lama Phagphala several times and met the governor thrice. I tried to study Tibetan a little bit. I was reading Granth Sahib and the Republic of Plato. I with friends rode round, here and there. Some time I played with Tibetan children. At last some answer came and the governor advised me to write myself directly to H. H. Dalai Lama, which I did. Now we must again wait for another two months. Our purse was getting empty. I preferred to wait at Kandasa Gomba. Gomba means temple. There it would be cheaper. We went back. Tibetan officials and soldiers accompanied us. In three days we were in this neutral territory. Now we waited here from the 7th February to the 5th of April. Once a heavy fall of snow broke the monotony. Yes, twice the Devil dances at the temple made the things lively.

On the 10th and 11th of February were the New Year's celebrations and then on the 15th day of their first month there were dancing, prayers and illumination. On the 9th April we returned to Ch'amdo.

We make Progress. When we arrived at Chamdo towards the end of year 1925 we were given quarters in a private house of a wealthy Chinese gentleman married to a Tibetan lady, now in the spring of 1926 when we returned to the capital of Kham, from a sojourn just beyond the frontier. we got for our residence the former Chinese Yamen or official headquarters.

Soon We turn back. But still there was no reply. On the 17th of April there was a heavy fall of snow, there was nothing like it in winter. It melted away, however, quickly. Lama Phagphala continued his kindness. Now there was another governor. The Last had been recalled during our absence. The Commander-in-Chief and Premier Magchi, a relation of Dalai Lama, had also come from Lahassa to inspect Eastern Tibetan border. The news was that some skirmishes had also taken place. The atmosphere appeared threatening. After all, when we were in great suspense, the long awaited answer of His Holiness arrived. Its photo and its English contents have already appeared in our last issue. † The new governor received me with all courtesy, put the letter of Dalai Lama addressed to me to his forehead, as a token of respect to the King-Teacher of Tibet, and told me that now I was free to do as I liked, to stay on where I was or to return to China. As our purse was nearly empty I decided to turn back. I asked the governor to kindly give us all possible facilities, which he readily promised.

We take another route. Our horses could not recover. Long marches through dreary Northern

† Hon note on last page.

Tibet had finished them. The governor allowed us the use of Tibetan cows and ponies which were to be requisitioned from the villages on our route, we were only to pay for their food. A Lieutenant and that Shia-Afghan interpreter and a couple of soldiers were sent with us to accompany us up to the first Chinese post, on the frontier. We took southern route. We came by northern route. The southern routes goes down to Szechuen. The northern route comes through Kansu and Kokonor. We started on the 30th April.

Over the Mountains. For three days we crossed gigantic. grand and beautiful mountains. Then we passed through some waste land and deserted valleys. But when we reached the majestic Yangtsekiang, which we crossed in leather round tubs. horses and cows going swimming across, we came to big villages. In Tibet the Tibetan cows with bushy tails are extensively used for transportation.

Meeting with Premier. Not at Lahassa, not at Chamdo but in a village by the river Yangtse I met Premier Magchi who was also the Commander-in-Chief of all the Tibetan forces. Do not please confuse the name with general Machi, the Muslim ruler of Shinghai, Northern Tibet under China. H. E. Premier Magchi is devout Buddhist, a close relation of Dalai Lama. In a small room of the village rest house, draped in silk for the occasion, the Premier received me. Just about a year earlier Tibet was entirely controlled by a devoted servant of Dalai Lama. He was made premier because he had saved the life of Dalai at a critical moment when the Lama, the ruler, escaped to India, pressed by the Chinese troops! He liked Indians but he was pro-British to the core. Just a year earlier he had to run away to India to seek the British protection and now the Tibet patriot Premier Magchi was the highest authority under Dalai Lama! Premier spoke

frankly and intimately. His one and only concern was to protect the liberty of Tibet!

We reach Kanze. We did not take the direct route. We made a detour to the south. We could stay comfortably in big villages. But the day we crossed the Tibetan-Chinese border we had to go over a very high pass, all covered with snow. On the other side, world changed. We gave some little presents and bade farewell to our Tibetan companions and friends. They did indeed their duty well. At Kanze, we found that the situation in China had changed entirely since we left Peking. Marshal Fung Yushing, who helped me was driven out of the capital. Now Marshal Wu Pei-fu ruled supreme. There was still war going on at the pass of Nankow! As I expressed some concern over the turn of events the District Magistrate of Kanze reassured me that I had not to worry. He was a personal friend and follower of Marshal Wu and that he would write to the Marshal specially about me. He gave big Chinese dinner and arranged that we should get beasts of burden and ponies paying only one quarter of a dollar per animal per day. Kanze town is beautiful, situated in a broad valley on a tributary of Yangtze-Kiang. Here is a huge Lama temple where several thousand Lamas live. I was cordially received by the head lama. The curious request of the chief manager of the temple was that in case I could come again this way I should bring three hundred rifles which he would buy at a very high price. Rifles are in this part of country very expensive. When all our money was gone out we sold a couple of our rifles, their price sufficed to carry us through.

Tatsienlu. Now the road was good. We met several caravans of Chinese merchants bringing up rea and silk from Tatsienlu. The town of Tatsienlu was big, prosperous and brisk with trade. But I never saw such a town in such a narrow valley

any where, in any part of the world. Mountains stood high on both sides and a swollen mountain stream flowed through the middle of the town. It was a sight! Chinese high officials gave dinners, as usual. The Catholic priests warmly received me and enthusiastically told me, in some such words: "Now you rejoice. England is down. India will be free." I asked what was the news. They said that a general strike was prevailing in England. She could not survive it. It was the only news and the first news after several months of the outside world, beyond Tibet and China. We again sold a pistol and Dalai Lama's silver and got sufficient money to take us up to Hankow. Now we were in a settled country. We hired mules for Yachow.

Hankow is Reached. Riding up the mountains, trotting down the valleys, crossing big rivers on bridges, staying in Chinese inns, enjoying hilly scenery and Chinese meals, we reached Yachow in eight days. The commander of the place received me but left on my mind the impression that he thought that he was the king of the place. On a bamboo craft we slided down the river from Yachow to Kiating. It was a large and beautiful city. Here we got a small steamer. Steaming down the river we come to beautifully situated Suifu. Lanes were covered with stone slabs. Streets were lighted with electric lamps. Steaming further down, now on Yangtse Kiang we came to Chungking. (Please take note, as I write these lines for our Circular,† it is the capital of China). Here we changed steamer, hence we got a big boat. At Ichang we had to take another bigger steamer, which brought us to Hankow. Voyage of the last stage was rather flat through flat country but the views, sceneries and panoramas along the route through Eastern Tibet and upper Szechuen were most magnificent. Down through the famous Yan-

† World Federation.

gts gorges voyage was also thrilling. But after months of travelling through mountains we found the city life of Hankow very soothing.

A Little Reflection. Yes, I did not mention that I also wrote a letter to the Maharaja Sahib of of Nepal through the representative of Nepal at Lahassa. But I did not receive any answer. Of course, it was also not possible, it required lot of time to forward it from Lahassa to Katmandu. The rifle and a book from Afghanistan royal librarv which I sent as presents were kindly accepted by the Nepalese Consul.

Back To Peking. I sold the gold dust received as present from H.H. Dalai Lama. I had not sufficient money to defray our expenses from Hankow to Peking. We travelled third class. My companions sat below I went up and laid myself down on a narrow board meant to hold luggage. There were no lights. In that fateful night my two hand bags were stolen. They contained many valuable presents which I brought from Tibet. A very expensive fur overcoat given to me by H. M. King Amanullah Khan was also in one of them. But far more valuable was my war diary and several other documents including my passport !

PAN ASIATIC CONFERENCE

At Peking. I went straight to my Central Hotel and got the same room which I occupied once before. My friends and volunteers got their own old quarters at the head quarters of the coal company of Mr. Wang and Mr. Hoo Ru Lin. The bank receipts and the pass book were all gone in the lugguge lost but our old friend Mr. Fuse kindly arranged that I got a loan of one thousand dollars from Y.S. Bank, because I had four thousand yen in deposit at Tokyo with the same bank. In a few days I got the whole amount minus ofcourse the loan. One unpleasant

fact was that I was now as if under surveillance. Marshal Wu Pei-fu's government considered me suspicious. In a local paper an attack was also made on me depicting me as red! My friend, H. E. Mr. Karakhan, Soviet Ambassador gave me a royal lunch. Japanese club heard my speech. Chinese, French and German friends all kindly extended to me their hearty welcome. That Englishman who challenged me last time and with whom I fought a bout, our readers may remember, became good friend. I met him again here at the same hotel. I received invitation to attend the first Pan Asiatic Conference at Nagasaki, Japan. It is summer 1926.

On to Japan. The problem was that I had no passport. Mr. Karakhan had given me a document to enter Soviet Russia but I had no paper to enter Japan. The Japanese embassy or consulate would not give me one. But from Japan, Dr. Shumei Ohkawa. Mr. Rash Behari Bose and friends sent five cables calling me to join the Pan Asiatic Conference. I went to Tientsin, tried to buy a ticket on Japanese steamer. They would not book me without a visa. Finally through special recommendation of two Japanese friends I got a special third class ticket, first class was all full and there was no second class on the boat. For my companions I got Chinese government diplomatic couriers. They were young and jolly. I wrote and wrote pages after pages, it was my address to be delivered at the conference. I definitely proved that Soviet Russia could not be excluded from Asia. Soviet Russia was the bridge joining the two pillars of Asia—Japan and Turkey. I now could imagine that a new day of deliverance had come to the old, hoary continent. The sea voyage was very pleasant, I wrote and sailed on.

Refused to land. At Moji, the first Japaness port, where I was to land, all my dreams vanished. I received a shock. Water police did not allow me to land! It was something I could not imagine.

With that warm reception of Count Oki still fresh in my mind, with five invitation cables in my pocket, I was cock sure to receive heartly welcome, but—but—now—cannot even land!

Kobe and Osaka. The boat moved on. We reached Kobe. Mr. A. M. Sahay, three of my volunteers who had returned from Kansu and some more friends came to see me on the boat and brought me some nice Indian food, too, which I greatly needed. But the water police remained adamant. I could not land. Night in the port was very uncomfortable. Next day boat came to Osaka. Now the police allowed me to land but they wanted me to sign an agreement that I would not travel, would not speak and that I would return to China after ten days. This I refused to sign. They read it to me and finally set me free. I went to a hotel. Dr. Ohkawa met me as he was passing Osaka. When the Conference came to end at Nagasaki all the delegates came to Osaka and most of them stayed at the same hotel. The leader of the movement, Mr. Juntaro Imazato, was exceptionally kind to me. Osaka Mainichi and Asahi took keen interest. Banquet was given. I heartily thanked my hosts.

Deportation. Ten days came to end. The police officers came to take me to a boat leaving for Tientsin. I refused to go. I said our Mahatma Gandhi says that we should not obey the bad laws. I would not walk on my feet. They could carry me if they liked. Police phoned to Tokyo. It was yet early. No one was yet at the ministry. They phoned again. Boat was delayed. finally two stalwart policemen raised me in their arms carried me down the lift, put me in a car, took me out to a lunch, carried me up the hanging steps and finally placed me on the dining table of the steamer! The scene of my deportation was photographed and also made into a moving picture. Most of the delegates of the Pan Asiatic Conference

accompanied me to the boat, in their separate cars and in their separate lunch. Mr. Rash Behari Bose tried to console me and left the boat only then when it was leaving. A trusted friend, Mr. Faujiwara accompanied me to China. At night, in the port of Kobe, a couple of Japanese friends came to me in the boat with a note from Mr. A.M. Sahay. He had written that I should trust the bearers and follow their advice. They said that they would like to take me out, take to a specially prepared lunch and keep me in Japan in safe hiding. I thankfully declined the offer. I said, I was no thief. I would gladly go with them if the police allowed. . . .

AMONGST OLD FRIENDS

Tientsin And Peking. At Moji came on board one Lieut. Wilson. He was an English officer who came from London and was going to Peking. He was given a seat on our dining table. He spoke for hours with me. His theme was that I should go to London Premier Baldwin would be pleased to see me. I could return to India! I said, he was yet too young. He did not know these diplomats. And I can add today that he was wrong and I was right. Now see, when I directly plead for permission to reenter India the government does not allow me. But I could see that young Lieut. Wilson was himself honest and felt sympathy for me. At Tientsin about fifty Japanese and Chinese gentlemen had come to receive me. Friends in Japan had wired them. They took me to Japanese concession and brought me to a fine hotel. Again on the train I met Lieut. Wilson. But now we did not sit together. My Japanese friends were a little afraid of him for my sake. They feared mischief. I came back to the same Central Hotel.

Marshal Wu Pei Fu. The same Marshal, whose government was recently suspicious of me, now received me! Mr. Wang of the Coal company arranged our interview. A special train took us out to the head quarters of Marshal. Wu Pei Fu, a few miles out of the capital. He was living in his special train, standing on a station. On the platform he gave me lunch. I related to him the story of my trip to Tibet and tried to explain the importance of that country from our standpoint. I further expressed my desire to revisit the land of the Lamas if I was fully supported. To this the Marshal immediately consented, yes, he would whole-heartedly help me whenever I cared to proceed to Lahassa! I was highly elated. I had already the promise of Mr. Karakhan in my pocket who promised considerable financial help to facilitate my next trip to Tibet and now the dictator of China gave me his word of honour, I felt that my next visit to the forbidden land was assured.

I proceed to Moscow. I had Mr. Karakhan's letter allowing me to enter the Soviet land without hitch and hindrance but still, as a further precaution I preferred to travel together with Soviet diplomatic couriers. At Harbin, Mr. S. Ohkawa, younger brother of Dr. Ohkawa welcomed me. Safely and comfortably I arrived at Moscow. I called on my friends at Afghanistan Embassy and the Soviet Foreign office and I met my Indian friends as well. I equipped myself with a new regular Afghanistan passport.

I reach Cabul. After a stay of twenty days at Moscow I left for Afghanistan via Tashkent. At Mazarisharief I was warmly welcomed by the governor of the place. He brought me in his motor-car to Tashkurghan. He came on up to Haiback, his son was also going to the capital. I took the new short route. On the 17th of October 1926 I reached Cabul. I got a room through Afghanistan foreign office in the newly opened hotel. Mirza Mujtaba Khan Sahib kindly called on me. Soon I received visit

from H. E. Mr. Abdul Hadi Khan and Sardar Ghulam Siddiq Khan. I heard from my friends that the British minister at Cabul brought me that photo which was taken at Osaka when I was being carried away by two policemen and showing it to H. M. King Amanullah Khan. I said that the photo was supposed to be of an Afghan minister who was forcibly deported from Japan! I was naturally shocked.

Meeting at Cabul. I called a meeting, invited my numerous friends to tea. Many important persons came. Sardar Ali Ahmed Jan, Lord mayor of the capital, was there. His Majesty sent his Court Minister, H.E. Mr. Mohd. Yaqoob Khan. He brought royal greetings and the message the King was going on tour to Kandhar, on his return he would receive me and hear my interesting story. I spoke at length on my third round the world trip and my mission to Tibet. I was glad that the story of my deportation had created no bad impression. I was the same to my friends and my friends were same to me.

Short Stay At Cabul. I moved to another hotel privately conducted by the Finance Minister. H. M. The King received me. I presented to His Majesty the golden case sword given to me by the Sikh Temple in California and a Chinese piece of art which I received from H. H. Panchan Lama of Tibet. King Amanullah Khan was much interested in my story of the trip. I met the Foreign minister who asked me whether I needed any money. For the first time in Afghanistan I was in a position to say no. Readers may remember that I got at Peking my bank deposit. Now I had bank drafts which I cashed from local bankers. And then I was sure of the Soviets' financial help. Had not Mr. Karakhan promised me. I was dreaming of going to Tibet next spring. Mr. Stark, the Soviet ambassador at Cabul was very kind. My Indian friends. Mir Rahmatullah Humayun, Mr. Aziz Hindi, Mr. Allahnawaz, Moulana Bashir and others made

my sojourn home like with a homely touch. Of course, I felt with my Afghanistan brethren perfectly at home but the Indian community made me think more intensely of Indian problems. I wrote several articles in the Indian papers. My article comparing India with Italy and Afghanistan with Savoy and showing the importance of Nepal appeared in 'Siasat" of Lahore, dated the 27th November 1926. Swarajiya, Akali, Zamindar and several o her well known papers circulated my views. I am very thankful. At last I departed. In the middle of winter I left Kabul. For my companions I found two Russian professors who were returning home. They had a portable stove which made our nights warm.

At Moscow. I was riding high on high hopes. The uncomfort of riding a horse on high mountains in midwinter appeared to provide a treat! I rushed from stage to stage. The express train from Kashkent brought me to Moscow. A secretary of the Soviet Foreign office came to receive me at the railway station. He took me to the hotel where he was also staying and where Soviet's diplomats usually used to sojourn. I was now guest of the government. This was a good omen, good beginning. Mr. Zakaria, the honest communist, would come and sit for hours. I would visit Indian communist students. Mr. Sukerman of the director of Central Asia at the Foreign office, invited me to tea. I met some other friends. Prof. Vosnesenski brought to my room some Persian revolutionary. But still there was no news about my trip to Tibet! The trip required so much preparation but I received no practical aid to push forward my plans. Moulana Barkatulla wrote a line from Berlin through the third International that I better go to him and meet him. Some of my Indian friends suddenly departed. I began to suspect something wrong. Then on a certain day, I do not remember the date,

I was invited to meet Mr.Karakhan at the Foreign Office, he had come back from China. A soldier with his rifle was standing at the door. He gave military salute. I entered the big room. Mr. Karakhan, in a fine grey suit came in from the adjoining room. We sat down. Now the verdict was given. He felt very sorry, I could not be helped to go to Tibet! Soviets wanted to do something which would show immediate result. This trip to Tibet had only a distant use! There was yet another reason. If the Soviets helped me, he thought, European powers would get alarmed, they would take it as a step towards India. I was sorely disappointed yet thanked my host for his personal interest in my case. He had surely pleaded for me but could not be helped. I was free to stay on at Moscow or depart. I preferred the second alternative. I would not take some small sum from the Soviets. I left more or less with an empty pocket. Travelling over Riga where I once again stayed with Madame Anna Ruman Kenin I proceeded to Berlin.

At Berlin. Moulana Barkatullah was staying at a small pension. I also got a room there. We talked and talked of things old and of things new. Mr. Pilla and Mr. Chattopadhia were also at the German capital. I met also friends at the Foreign office It was now spring (1927); the environments of the metropolis were in their gay attire. I took a little holiday. The Afghanistan minister was also kind to me. He gave me a banquet. The Soviet and Turkish ambassadors were also invited. After the dinner, I spoke to Mr. Krenitsky of my failure at Moscow. He sympathized with me but did nothing to help me. The Afghanistan minister advised me to go back to Afghanistan and meet the King who was then touring northern provinces. I said, I thought. I must once proceed to the United States. It was the idea of Moulana Barkatullah that I should meet those friends once again from whom I had

collected money for our Tibetan mission and tell them my story of my adventure in the land of political intrigues of some great powers.

Pandit Jawaher Lal Nehru. He wrote me and wrote again that I must go to Switzerland to meet him there. He could not come to Germany right then, there were reasons. It was very much like my brother, Kunwar Baldeo Singh, who also had called me to Geneva in 1922. Finally I set out. In a small mountain resort near Montreux I met him. He was staying in the palatial hotel of the place. I was led by the hotel boy. I saw his wife passing into another room. I got a full glimpse of his sister. But we sat alone in his sitting room, we two talked long exchanging our mental notes. I proposed that he should visit Moscow. I could see that he had socialistic views. He even condemned religion while I thought it was necessary for humanity. He said he was waiting for his father. then he hoped to visit the red centre in paternal company. He complained to me of the censor and related to me a story how he had written to his father under seal was all known to the Lieut. Governor of our provinces. I said, I was going to Paris. He said that he was also going there. Fine I could meet him once again. He gave me an introduction to meet Monsieur Romain Rolland and we parted. And I met him again at his villa-like hotel, in the suburbs of Paris. Againn we talked long but we could find no programme of common action in the foreign lands. He was already in the hands of the anti-imperialist league.

Back To Berlin. It was a great pleasure to sit side by side with famous Monsieur Romain Rolland at his villa Olga and open my heart and hear his reflections. His sister was the medium. She was interpreting between us. At Geneva, Pandit Shiamji Krishna Varma, the famous revolutionary leader, kindly came to my Suisse Hotel. I did not expect this courtesy.

I got a leaflet printed on the 4th of May 1927, and distributed among the members of the Economic Conference, which was held at the time. I said in it, in short, destroy the British empire, the root of all the trouble in our society. Today, I say, reorganize our society, create a just world order and all our troubles will disappear. I hurried to Paris. I wanted to meet H. E. Sardar Nadir Khan, who became King of Afghanistan in 1929. I found that he was not there. He was in South France. I had hoped that he would help me but now there was no alternative, I returned to Berlin, financially quite broken ! I even sold my gold chain given to me by King Amanullah.

We Leave For America. Moulana Barkatullah now negotiated with the German Foreign office. He asked two thousand Marks for himself and one thousand Marks for me. This money was kindly given to us. Moulana also got U. S, visa on his German certificate, I had Afghanistan passport. In a fine German boat we sailed for New York. There were few passengers. We had, as if, all the boat for ourselves, cruising for pleasure in our own yacht ! But one thing was troubling me. Moulana was suffering from diabetes. He had already grown very thin and now he was daily losing his strength.

At New York 1927. Having been here in 1925, the statue of liberty, the sky-scrapers, the general view of the city, all greeted me with a familiar touch. The immigration authorities, though I had very little money in my pocket, did not bother me. They seemed to know a great deal about me and appreciated me, at least such was my impression. Moulana Barkatullah had more money and he lived at New York for years. He passed the examination easily. We drove to my familiar hotel, Times Square Hotel. There we got rooms and felt at home. Our Indian friends welcomed us. On the 15th of

July a big party was given to us at the Ceylon-India Inn, 148 West 49th Street. There were several other meetings. At one occasion Moulana Barkatullah, Dr. Syed Hosain and myself, we all three were main speakers. The fiery Dr. Basant Kumar Roy proved our best friend and guide. I went out of our way to meet the Hon. Mr. Marcus Garvey, the great leader of the Negroes. I spoke at his crowded meeting. Moulana Barkatullah took me to his Irish friends at the Gaelic American. The problem of money was solved a little. Ghadar Party sent us by wire two hundred dollars. We left for Detroit.

I together with my esteemed friend moulana Barkatullah was invited by the Indian circle of the International House to express my opinions on the duties of the Indian students in the present struggle of India for freedom. I was very glad to see there that a private citizen of the States had kindly provided the international boarding house for students. Here all the active nationalities of the world have got their representatives. The building is splendid and equipment and arrangement perfect. However, the quiet and solid work of Mr. Henry Ford at Detroit was, as reported to me, very beneficial to the Indian students. There they were trained as expert mechanics and got substantial wages all the time.

Detroit & Gary. Our Indian friends gave us rousing welcome at Detroit. Meetings were held. Dinners were given. Captain Montieth, an Irish leader, was very kind to us. When leaving Detroit our Indian friends gave us a purse to take us comfortably to California. At Gary we received kind hospitality of Mrs. Zenobia H. Bagby (now Mrs. Thompson), editor of the Sun. She arranged a meeting for me where I spoke. Moulana Barkatullah was not feeling well. At Chicago station a couple of Indians came to meet us.

In California. We were received by a

Ghadar Party delegation. We were taken to 5, Wood Street, San Francisco, the headquarters of the Party. We were now relieved from financial considerations. We were now guests of the Ghadar Party. The largest Indian community meeting was held at Marysville, where eight hundred Indians gathered to hear us. But Moulana was now too weak. He stood up, spoke just a few words, emotion chocked his throat, one, two, three tears rolled down his face, then, he said that I was to speak. Amid cheers he sat down and amid cheers I began to relate my story. I had to give them an account of my trip to Tibet. These brethren had collected for me twelve thousand U. S. dollars, ten thousand for my mission and two thousand for my friends including, Moulana Sahib. Once during my speech came a hissing sound from a gallery. It made me more spirited. I knew some people thought that I had wasted money on the mission. I said, what money, how much money, all the money that I collected from you for the mission is only year's income of the villages which I had given away in charity! And I also handed over then and there the money account of the mission, written by our friend and volunteer Mr. Daswanda Singh, to the president of the Ghadar Party. I went on to explain the political advantage of our mission. We made close contact with many great leaders of Japan, China and Tibet. The audience gave me loud cheers as I closed. Enemies, the British Imperial agents, lost their face! It was all very fine. But our Moulana Barkatullah was sinking quick. Diabetes was taking him down. A Jewish Russian doctor who was treating him could not save his life, and he passed away in September. I acted as his closest relative. In his funeral Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs equally took part and prayed according to their respective religions. It was a memorable day. Dr. Syud Hossain, Dr. Rahmat Ali Khan, Mr. Pooran

Singh, Mr. Godaram, the Granthiji of the Sikh temple, hundreds of our Indian friends all expressed their hearty regards to the parting revolutionary leader. I could not now do much in California. I had no heart to stay there longer. I also received an invitation from Japan for the second Asiatic conference. My Chinese friends wrote me too, the conference was to be held in China. Ghadar Party kindly gave me a couple of hundred dollars and I left for Japan.

SECOND PAN ASIATIC CONFERENCE

In Japan. It was a problem. In 1926 I was deported from Japan. Now, only a year later, what will be the attitude of the Japanese government? I got my visa from Japanese Consulate-general at San Francisco but what about the water police? I had good time on the Japanese boat. And at Yokohama, I had no difficulty! The semi-official Japan Times, dated Friday October. 14. 1927, wrote; "Mr. Pratap. . . . . arrived in Japan Thursday afternoen from the United States by the O.Y.K. liner Tenoy Maru." The paper brought out my long interview on its first page. Among other things I was reported to have said; "The overthrow of the British rule in India may happen at any moment. . . ." Further: "I do not believe. . . . anti-British uprisings in India would result in the Bolshevization of that country. . . Indians may perhaps evolve a new form of State, as astounding as the sudden change of Russia from absolutism to extreme communism. . . . and would very probably be held as an example by all the world as an ideal form of Government."

The photo which I give here† speaks volumes about my 1927 trip to Japan. My friends mustered

† Photo on opposite page.

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strong to give me hearty welcome. There are four rows. The first row is sitting on the ground. The second row is on chairs. Two rows are standing behind. I am in the middle on the chair row. Mr. Y. Tanabe, white bearded gentleman is sitting in the first row on my right. Rev. E. Kawaguchi, another white bearded gentleman, of Tibetain fame is sitting on my left, chair row. There are some extreme rightist leaders. Leftists are also present. There are also Chinese. Mr. Rash Behari Bose is sitting in the first row third from the right.

One thing I must explain. Like a bride-groom in the marriage ceremony or like a king on the stage I occupy here the highest seat of honour but it does not mean that I lived right royally in my daily life. I used to clean my own shoes and travel about, as a rule, in third class. And now, one can see me daily working on our garden in my dirty clothes. Now and then I clean our latrine! And still if I should feel that it would help our cause, I dare to assert myself. I believe, I just live according to the nature of a preacher and a worker of humanity.

Another important meeting. The famous leader Mr. Mitsuru Toyama, the head of the Ronins in Japan, kindly invited Marshal Chiang Kai-shek and myself to a dinner party. Marshal was at that time in Japan but he could not come, he sent his chief secretary as his representative. Mr. Kuzu and a prince of Anam, and Mr. Rash Behari Bose together with several prominent Ronins attended. I have a cutting of a Japanese news-paper showing us at the dinner table in the right Japanese fashion. The paper is dated 21st October 1927.

I leave for Shanghai. There was no more time to loiter and enjoy the Japanese hospitality. I must proceed to Shanghai to attend the second Pan

Asiatic Conference. A lecture meeting or two, meeting with friends were rushed through American paper in Japan, The Japan Advertiser, Tokyo, brought out my long interview on Tuesday, October 18th. Japanese paper, in Japanese language, in their own enthusiastic manner were giving prominence to the second Asiatic Conference. And it was also a news for them that I came from U. S. to attend the meeting. During all this publicity, preparations for my departure were also completed. The Hon. Mr. Toyama arranged that two stalwart Judo expert young Japanese would accompany me for my personal safety. Their names, as I remember today, were Mr. Yanagawa and Mr. Tabata. A round about route was selected to avoid Shanghai international concession. I must go by a boat which went direct to the Chinese territory. When every thing was in order I left with my companions.

At Shanghai. I never forget that scene. We came down to a lunch from our steamer. About ten of us in one lunch. The lunch started. A couple of Englishmen in a small motor boat passed us. Suddenly our lunch, instead of going to the other bank of the Chinese soil, turned towards the international concession and began to dash at full speed. Some one said: "Mischief". Some one shouted: "Halt." Mr. T. Nakatani, today one great leader of the Dai Azia Kyokai, sprang to his feet and with a dagger pointed at the driver ordered him to change the course. Command was obeyed and we were soon safe among our Chinese friends. The "China Press" of Shanghai, dated Friday, November 4, 1927, wrote: "Eluding the anticipated surveillance of the police, Pratap Singh-Khan, noted Indian revolutionary leader, arriving at Shanghai yesterday aboard a Japanese steamer, was taken ashore on a launch before the vessel docked, and attended the first full session of the Pan Asia Confernce, opening

yesterday afternoon at the Pan Sung Gardenf in Nantao." I was guest of Mr. Shih Yin, the officer in charge of the arsenal. And I was more carefully guarded than a treasure.

At Nanking. Conference was lively. Resolutions were passed, again quoting the "China Press," "all measures taken with a view to racial discrimination be abolished, that the naval station in Singapore and Pearl Harbur, Honolulu, be done away with to ensure peace in the Pacific, and that equal attention and consideration should be given by the League of Nations to the interests of countries of the Far East as to powerful nations of Europe." Conference successfully over, I heartily thanked Mr. Shih Yin, my host, Mr. Imazato, the Japanese leader of the Pan Asiatic Conference, other Japanese friends and my kind companion, and accompanied by Mr. Hwang Kung Su proceeded to Nanking. First we stayed in a hotel but soon we were invited to stay in the Chinese Government's guest house. Mr. Ma of Kwangsi, chief of the general staff, was very kind to me. He was also staying in a part of the same building. We took our meals together. Once he took me out to a Chinese theatre.

To meet Marshal feng. I insisted, I must go to visit Marshal Feng Yu Shaing and to give him a report of my Tibetan trip, because without his help I could not have gone there. We left, Mr. Hwang King Su and I. Mr. Ma came to the river wharf and brought two hundreds dollars for our expenses. We came to Hankow. Mr. Narain Singh gave me full and correct version of the Indo-Soviet activity during the Chinese revolution. He knew the whole thing from within, he was the president of the Indian community. He himself received money through Mr. M. N. Roy. Now I understood the reason why poor Mr. Karakhan could not help me as he had promised. Ultra reds did not believe me.

They sent Mr. Roy. Mr. Barodin and a couple of Indians by different routes to assist the Chinese. I was not needed. My mission to Tibet was useless. With China in their palms Tibet could be seized at any time! I still hold it was a conspiracy against the Soviets. Some reds of some countries, directly or indirectly influenced by the imperial designs, frustrated my expedition! Accompanied by Mr. Narain Singh and one other Sikh companion, we left Hankow for Changchow where Marshal Feng had his headquarters.

It was Terrible. Nanking authorities were not well disposed toward Marshal Feng. Hankow rulers were against him. My friend, Mr. Hwang Kung Su thought I better go to General Yen Shi Shan who should welcome me. My Indian companions said that Marshal Feng was entirely in the hands of a batch of Indians who dislike me. The train from Hankow to Changchow was running under war conditions. Every thing appeared to go against me and still I insisted I would go and I did. For fear of lengthening this story, I shall be short.

At Chengchow. We stayed in a Chinese hotel. Marshal Feng was at Kaifeng, the capital of Honan, a few miles east. He asked us to come there. Mr. Charan Sing and Mr. Bishan Singh, my former volunteers. with about twenty Indians were here. We paid them a visit. But their attitude towards us was not friendly.

At Kaifeng. We were shocked to hear that Marshal Feng had received a wire from Shanghai advising him not to see us. He was told that the two Sikhs accompanying me would try to murder him! Such are we, I said to myself, Indians intriguing against Indians. The fact that the foreigners are ruling India and are utilizing millions of men for their own interest, against the interest of the country. has robbed a very large number of Indians of

their character. They are Indians in form, they can sing songs of Indianism, but they automatically act in the interest of the enemy. Hinduism, Islam or Sikhism, recently some more "isms" are added, they are sometimes simply used to cloak their intentions. Such experiences taught me the necessity of World Federation. Now to return to Kaifeng. Finally Marshal Feng saw us. He was very kind towards me. He said that he had arrested and imprisoned the Chinese interpreter who had left me in the way and returned from Lanchau. I pleaded for him. He was only misled but he proved a perfect gentleman, I said to some such effect.

In China, there is a great fervour for modern educaton. In December 1927 when I visited Marshal Feng Yu Shiang at Khaifeng, Honan, I had the pleasant surprise to find a number of new schools opened and admirably conducted under the guidance of the America-return experts. The Komintang on her part is educating the whole nation on the political side. From one end to the other they are relearning the conception of human rights in modern light.

I HAVE NO AMBITION

Four living photoes. Extraordinary time requires extraordinary procedure. This time I shall not trudge along the beaten path, I shall not continue my life story from step to step. I give here four living photoes. They speak for themselves.

The last sentence reads : Euer Hochgeboren darfiches ergebenst uberlassen, nach Ahrem Eintreffen in Kabul alle Massnahmen zur tunlichsten Forderung der indischen Bestrebung zu treffen, wobei Euer Hochgeboren auf die tatkraftige Unterstutzung der Kaiserlichen Regierung rechnen konnen. It is signed by H. E. Chancellor Bethwan Hollweg. His Excellency left to me the work of Indian freedom move-

ment and assured me that in all what I might do I could count on the powerful support of the Imperial Government of Germany. It was in 1915. Now in 1939 or in 1940 can Leader Hitler, as the Chancellor of Germany, bestow on me or on some other Aryan a like document and up hold it with his proverbial energy ?

It is the pass port given to me by Mr. Trotski on the 15th March 1918 to cross Soviet Russia. As I never stood for any one personally against another as I always looked up on Soviet Russia as our friend, I hope and wish that H. E. Mr. Stalin, through the government of U.S.S.R., will kindly give me a like document to cross, recross and live and work in Soviet Russia.

This is the photo of H. M. King Amanullah Khan given to me in 1920. His hand writing reads: Jihatti dost va mahmani azizam Janab Jalalat maab Raja Mehendra Pratap Sahib yadgari dostane am bashad,

H. E. Commander-in-chief Sardar Nadir Khan stands here with his two brothers. He became later King of Afghanistan. Now his son, H. M. Zahir Shah is on the throne. On the left hand side of King Nadir Khan stands H. E. General Shah Mahmud, at present he is the War Minister. On the right hand side of the King stands H. E. General Shah Wali Khan Sahib, who kindly gave me this photo in 1924. His hand writing read: "Tasviri haza ra batariqi yadgar jihatts dost mauzzam mohtaram aliqadar maab janab Raja Mahendra Pratap sahib dadam." Will these photoes, the old memories, serve any useful purpose in the interest of Aryan and humanity? I wish, they would! In any case, I am anxious to do my bit, to write my future life story not in words but in deeds. May God help me, may my friends support me, not for my sake but for the sake of our common cause! Amen!

H. M. KING AMANULLAH

[We regret that the other photos mentioned in this chapter could not be printed, due to their non-availability at the time of printing. We hope to insert them in the next edition]

I have no personal ambition, no desire to be anv body, I just want to see our Aryan developed into a free, powerful State, as a part of an autonomous Asia, in our World Federation. My services will go to bring Hindu Muslim Sikh unity and to arouse the peoples of Aryan to carve out their destiny!!!

The Hon. Mr. M. Bahadori. The Honourable Charge-de Affaires of Iran, Mr. Mahmoud Bahadori and Madame Bahadori together with their two guests kindly paid a visit to our Center* and held here a picnic party. Returning they asked me to visit them at their summer resort and to stay with them for a few days. In response to their kind invitation I went to Karuizawa hill-station and stayed at the Iran home for full five days. Mr. and Mrs. Bahadori gave me such a friendly treat that I felt, as if, I was transplanted into our Aryan for that span of time. A company with Mr. Bahadori I also visited H. E. The Afghanistan Minister, so that, it was not only a deep pleasure but also laying a few more bricks in the construction of our peaceful Aryan!

Year 1928 Opens. It was a grand meeting at Kaifeng. China. All the high officers and officials of Marshal Feng Yu Shiang were present. Marshal himself sat on the platform. Mr. Tong Ye-liang, foreign secretary of the Marshal, was my interpreter. I spoke on our Congress movement in India, about Afghanistan I gave some information, unity of Asia and humanity was brought in.

I took leave of the Marshal's head quarters. My friend Mr. Hwang Kung Su decided to proceed to Shansito meet General Yen Shi Shan, I with my two Sikh companions came back to Hankow. But what an awful trip! War time conditions reigned, wagon was crowded, train was slow, it was a relief to get back.

At Nanking. I returned to Nanking. But now

* World Federation center in Japan.

reached me a very disquieting news. All those twenty or so Indians who were living at Kaifeng were expelled from there by the order of Marshal Feng and they returning to Hankow were blaming me for their deportation. Through the representative of the Marshal at Nanking I asked the Marshal by telegram to clear my position. He answered, his representative assured me, that he could not believe such people who had no respect for their leader, meaning myself, and therefore he sent them away. To confess the truth I felt a little elation. I saw in this act of Marshal Feng the same spirit which I found in H. M. King Amanullah Khan of Afghanistan. I was, as if, the standard with which they measured other Indians! But surely I was sorry for these Indian brethren and I apologized to them profusely through my friends. Their leader Mr. Charan Singh, my former volunteer, confessed to me later that they were deceived by a couple of the British agents! I published some lithograph circulars. I was living at Government's guest house, but I was cooperating with the Eastern oppressed peoples' Association.

On To Japan. Some of my Japanese friends invited me to Japan. I took leave of my Chinese friends. General Ma again gave me two hundred dollars for my travelling expenses. Accompanied by a Chinese clerk of the E. O. P. Association I travelled Tanchow by train. It was to avoid Shanghai. Thence by a small Japanese boat I alone came to Tsingtao. There I took a steamer for Japan.

In Japan. Mr. F. Nakatani kindly arranged for me a round trip of lectures. He accompanied me and interpreted for me. It was a bit of service but also a very pleasant holiday. I was taken to first class Japanese hotels and was liberally entertained. I delivered many lectures. India, Afghanistan, Asia and humanity were my topics but Japan and China came in regularly during my discourses

I believed in their cooperation and I still believed. At the end of my tour, I was greatly surprised when Mr. Nakatani also presented me a purse of two hundred yen. This I did not expect from him. I declined to accept. But he said, he would feel insulted if I did not take the money! That decided the matter. I took the money and thanked him liberally. "Nippon," a Japanase daily, carried my picture and views in its issue dated 18th, February 1928. Same year, on Friday the 13th April, Osaka Manichi, English edition, gave the following news, on its first page; "Mr. Mahendra Pratap, an Afghan patriot, prior to his departure from Kobe, visited the Osaka Mainichi at 1. 30 p. m. April 12. He gave his views on the necessity of Japan-China friendship and cooperation..... He will be given a send-off party by his friends in Kobe, before he sails for China en route to Peking on April 13."

Back To China. Via Peking I arrived at Tsinan, the capital of Shantung Province, but here I found my way blocked. War was raging south of this city. It was impossible to pass through. Japanese force were in occupation of one section. When I was still there the southern revolutionary forces came and occupied the walled town. Later, Japanese attacked and captured the city. I was inside it, in a small hotel. I saw here a bit of actual fighting. Shells whistling went over head and burst not far from my place! Travelling via Tsingtao, sailing on a German boat to Woosung, I reached Nanking. In a lithograph circular I published the account of this trip and sent round to my friends.

I have no Ambition. I simply try to do my duty. If I acted as the president of the Provisional Government of India it was because my duty compelled me to do it. When a friend of mine suggested to me at Cabul in year 1916 that I should not have any more ambition than to have a big landed

property in free India I said no, I did not want property, I had renounced it and would not have any more. When Haji Abdur Raziq Khan Sahib asked me implicitly what I expected to do in my independent home land I asserted that I simply wanted to preach my Raligion of Love or the unity of religions. When Moulana Ubaidullah Sahib asked me to request H. M. King Habibullah to give us Prince Inayatullah to lead the Indian freedom movement I immediately accepted the proposition. I mean to show that I never had any considertaion for myself. My only idea was that if our Provisional Government of India could reach Delhi at the head of the victorious troops we would call a general meeting of the Congress and ask her to form a regular Government of India. Our present plan of Aryan was not till then formulated. I repeat as I ever did before that I am interested in the independence of India, no matter to me who realizes it and how. I am always perpared to withdraw myself. Now if Germany and Soviets do not care for my services and if our Congress can still get me back to serve India quietly from within, I shall leave at once this warlike activity and retrace my steps to my movement of peace!

Two Newspapers. The China Press of Shanghai dated Friday the lst of June 1928, published my letter from Nanking, of the 29th May, under the heading "Rajah Pratap's Philosophy." It was to defend myself against the news published in that paper that I was an Afghan "red." I said: ".. .....I am a poor, dirty brown !.....I am a follower of the Religion of Love .....I do not hate the Communists. I love all my human brethren....." North Standard of Peking, dated the 26th of August 1928, brought out Mr. Hwang Kungsu's photo and mine, displaying prominently on its first page. The paragraph under the Photoes reads: "Upper picture Raja Pratap, Indian pacifist accused of communist activities in China,

and, below, Huang Kung-hsu, Chinese associate of Pratap. Both now are in Peking. Pratap was in Tsinan when the attacks were launched on Japanese Raja Pratap describes himself as inspired by brotherly love."

I proceed to Moscow. I was hoping that H.M. King Amanullah could be persuaded to visit Japan. Dr. Shumei Ohkawa and friends sent a cable to His Majesty. while he was still in Europe, at my suggestion. But we received no answer. Now the only alternative left for me was to return to Afghanistan and see what I could do further? I had no more interest to prolong my stay in the Far East. Returning to Japan from China, securing the proper Soviet visa, travelling via Tsuruga I landed at Vladivostok. There I found a fine room in a fine hotel commanding the view of the harbour. Walking along the beach one day, I met a gentleman who kindly greeted me. He was the German Consul General at the port, Dr. Karl Balser. He invited me up in his room and we talked together on things in general. By the first available express train I left for Moscow. It was already snowing, and the ground was frozen, far in the north, as our train went round the Manchurian border. I was told in the train that the Soviet papers were taking great interest in King Amanullah Khan's trip to Europe. Journey was very comfortable, food was good and plenty. In ten days I reached Moscow. It was the longest continuous train trip that I ever made.

In U.S.S.R, I met Afghan, Soviet and Indian friends at Moscow. There was some hitch but finally I got the necessry permit to proceed to Tashkent and continue my journey to Afghanistan. Before leaving Moscow I also got an opportunity to see the Iranian Ambassador who kindly assured me that I could visit Iran. At Tashkent, there was again more delay. Then ex-consul general of Afghanistan, Mr. Tafizullah Khan gave me the information

that there was trouble in the country. When I was still at Tashkent a pregnant Russian lady arrived from Cabul by an aeroplane. Russian women and children were being evacuated! News was such that I could hardly believe. Afghanistan Consulate General confirmed the evil reports. I sold some old things. It was a problem how to live. I found a cheap room in a small hotel. I made up my mind to go to Iran. I got the necessary visa. Through the kindness of the Soviet Foreign Office I could convert some of my roubles into English pounds at the Soviet bank. I came to Ashkabad. Here I visited the famous Bahai Center, attended a meeting and met some old priests. Now by a motor car I left for Meshed, there were no more railways.

I enter Iran. Iran and the Iranian life was not new to me, I had crossed the country from west to east in 1915, but I was never in north. Over the hills and through the valleys our car rolled on. Now and then it needed some repairs. It was crowded with Iranian passengers. I had only bought a seat. In the evening when we reached Meshed, I went straight to the wealthy Afghan merchant's house for whom I had brought an introduction. He kindly gave a room to sleep. But the news from Afghanistan had greatly depressed him. I visited some Bahaies for whom I also had some introduction, but they, finding that I was not a confirmed Bhai, did not take much interest in me. Passing the courtyard of the great holy place I saw the famous mausoleum. My friends advised me not to try to enter it as the priests were yet fanatics. I hired a seat in a post office truck and left for Tehran. In one place Soviet trade agent gave me dinner. In another place our truck stuck deep into mud and we had to pass a night in an Iranian village. People were very kind.

THE WORLD FEDERATION

At Tehran. The first evening, the coach mar

of my carriage, broke the news that King Amanullah Khan had "fled" from Cabul! It was a great saoch. I could not believe it. But soon it was confirmed by the Afghanistan Embassy. Sardar Sultan Ahmad Khan was the ambassador. I know him from Cabul. He took interest in my ideas. It was a consolation to find him here. I stayed at a small foreign style hotel. I visited several editors of the different local dailies. The editor of Sitareh told me that I could do nothing at Tehran unless I secured the official good will. He advised me to visit H. E. Mr. Taimur Tash, the Court Minister. I called at the palace and left my card with the request that I wanted to see His Excellency. Then, I visited the Japanese representative.

Meeting With The Minister. A court attendant, in a gorgeous uniform, brought word to my hotel that I could see H. E. the Court Minister at such and such time. That morning I went to the palace. I was shown into a big spacious room decorated with masterpieces of the Iranian carpets. Other visitors began to arrive. To my astonishment, Mr. Saif Azad whom I knew from Berlin also came in! I was now shown into the Minister's room, it was a small room, the minister was seated, he rose, gave me hand, and asked me to sit down a little higher up. He had heard that I was "red" but still wanted to meet me. As regards the Asiatic Conference at Tehran, he was very definite. He could not allow it. The Europeans would not like it. He had full sympathy with India but Iran could not help her, India must make herself free. The talk was long but finally he asked me, where would I go? I said, I would return to Moscow and see whether I could go East or West?

I Leave Tehran. I immediately called on H.E. Sultan Ahmad Khan, I got my passport renewed. I visited the Soviet Ambassador. He was very kind. He wrote a note to the Sovier Consulate to give me

a transit visa and told me privately that I could get extension to stay at Moscow through the Foreign Office. I had forgotten but he reminded me that he met at Peking in 1923. I saw my old friend Mr. Taqizadeh. He gave me an introduction and asked me to go straight to Sireeb Habibullah, "for future use." The Officer was very friendly and asked me to come once again to run under better circumstances. In a truck I left Tehran for the northern port of Pahlvi. The road was good. The city was fine. I took a boat for Baku, And strange to say, Mr. Saif Azad was again here, as a fellow passenger he was going to Germany.

Tajikistan Univrsity in Central Asia. Last November (1928) I happened to travel together with the minister president of Tajikistan. Comrade Muhidinof. From Moscow to Tashkent we were in the same railway carriage for four days and had lot of leisure to talk over different problems concerning this part of our world. He spoke in high terms of the educational progress which his people were making. He lamented that some old fashioned Russian intellectuals mischievously hindered their fast development. He cited the fact the old engineers of the country wasted millions of roubles on the canal project of Turkomanistan. However, the modern Russia was on their side. Central Soviet has allowed them the permission to invite some American engineers. ..... In Tashkent we stayed together at the same hotel, Regina. He kindly took me to the Tajikistan University. It is a large building in modern style. The double storied spacious boarding house is still under construction. It will be quite up to date in all its epuipments when completed. The director of the University is a very devoted personality to his cause. He is one of the people and wants to do his utmost to bring his brethren to the modern level of education. The chief officer or minister of education for all Tajikistan is an

Indian-Afghan, my old acquaintance. He had just then come to Tashkent by an aeroplane for a couple of days and we refreshed our former recollections. His name is comrade Nisar Mohemmod. If some people can extend their trip to Russia by travelling to the Central Asia they will be fully repaid by the newand interesting facts which they will harvest for themselves.

1929, In Moscow. Only a single night in the express train and I was at the capital of Soviet Russia. I was glad that I was back but the future appeared misty and uncertain, "what next" was troubling my mind. The news from Afghanistan was extremely disappointing. Here, in Moscow, however I found in the person of H. E. General Ghulam Naoi Khan, the ambassador of Afghanistan, a very kind friend. Strange as it may appear, the same Mr. Saif Azad, the Irani patriot, whom I met at the Imperial palace Tehran, and again at the. boat and at Baku, was once more to be seen at the Afghanistan embassy. Now he was playing the role of my friend and supporter. He said something to the ambassador, whispering in his ear, and his excellency became very intimate with me. He gave me some money, as I had none left, it was very timely gift. The embassy recommended to me a Polish family near by where I found a comfortable room, comparatively very cheap. This proved to be my home at Moscow for many months.

Soviet Foreign Office. Mr. Sukermanoff was still there. He was very kind. But inspite of his introduction it was not easy to get extension on my passport from the local police. They would only allow me to stay for two weeks at a time. Each time it was problem to get the necessary permit. Once I got quite excited. I said, what is this, administrative machinery should run smoothly, without friction, without a hitch, when Froeign office orders police must obey and if there is something wrong with the Foreign office it must go! In an agitated

voice I phoned to Mr. Sukermanoff at the Foreign office. He kindly tried to assure me that there was no reason to get annoyed, and he phoned direct to the police officer concerned, and I got the permit once again.

My Routine Work. Every morning, I got up early. After a little wash I regulary studied some Russian language by myself. Then, I wrote a bit World Federation. It was at Tehran, when I was not allowed to organize an Asiatic Conference on the ground that the European would resent it, I conceived the idea of World Federation. Now having nothing else to do I was developing the thought into a plan. At noon, every day, I was going to the Afghanistan Embassy to have my lunch with the ambassador. Then, I remained there to play chess or watch the game of billiards. Late in the afternoon I had some walk. In the evening I did not go out. I was reading or writing at home. Some time, I visited my Indian friendsand received their visits.

Bird's eye view of time. When you mount a tower and look over a town you see big buildings, parks and pinnacles, and as you look back in the past you see events after events raising their heads. Such a bird's eye view of this period I propose to take: Ministers of Afghanistan arrive from European countries. A consultation is held. I am also invited to give my views. I propose that I go to Badakhshan, organize a revolutionary army of the people which may march on Cabul of Bache Saqav! The objection is raised that if once the people taste the spirit of revolution no Afghanistan government could control them...H.E. General Ghulam Nabi presents me an expensive fur coat. He gives several such presents to several more companions. I remain at Moscow. He proceeds to Mazarisharief in Afghanistan with a large following. Soviets give him arms, ammunition and money...One morning, Mr. Mhd. Shafiq comes to my room with a

Russian paper. "Look this." He says in Hindustanee, He complains bitterly that the Soviet press has called Mr. Bhagat Singh with names! They think, this, "brave comrade" has spoiled the cause of revolution! I ask him to be patient. Later the press changes its tone .... This Mr. Tagore! I can see that he has a great regard for me. He is the nephew of the famous Dr. Tagore. I meet him at his university ..... Mr. Maghrab comes..... I go to Prof. Mukerji... I visit one of my old volunteers of my Tibetan mission at his school boarding house where men of different countries live together.... At the residence of my old friend, Dr. Majorv on Niedermayer, together with Afghanistan friends, I have dinner.... "Hallo, you" I meet my old friend Mr. M. B. Veechich shopping in a store. He is now a secretary at the Italian embassy... One afternoon come Prof. Dharmanand Kasambi.... More than once I enjoy the quiet atmosphere of the room of Mr. Mohemmod Ali at the Hotel Lux.... I visit some time vegetarian resraurant... I visit too Russian Church... That visit to Yasnaya Polyana, the seat of the great Count, Tolstoy, stands out as a land mark of this period. "The people" of Lahore, India, dated the 3rd October 1929, carried my letter from Yasnaya Polyana, written on May 9. It describes in detail my "pilgrimage to Tolstoy's abode"... It was very sad to receive one day, on the Moscow railway station, our defeated General Ghulam Nabi Khan. Musalman of Afghanistan resented Soviet's help to the General. They fought against him. He thought it fit to retreat.... Mr. Dharm Chand Saravgi of Calcutta reaches Moscow. He meets me. He takes my film photo and informs me that Babu Shiva Prasad Gupta will soon be in Europe....

Anti Imperialism Conference. It was to be held at Paris. France, somehow, did not allow it at the eleventh hour. Finally it was held at Frankfurt in Germany. I hurried to attend it. There was

some delay in getting the necessary visa. On its last day I arrived. I stayed at the same hotel where Babu Shiva Prasad Guptaji was staying. He came up to my room, took me down to breakfast. What a pleasure it was to meet him after years! Some people were putting obstacles in my way. He insisted that I must speak at the Conference. I smoke. At night there was a big dinner and dance. The president of the Independent Labour Party and several labour leaders of London were there. I met them.

World federation is born. This body born in Braj, India, conceived the idea of World Federation, at Tehran, Iran. The plan was thought out and written down at Moscow in Soviet Russia. But it needed yet a midwife, this was found in the person of our Shriman Shivaji of Kashi! He kindly supplied the necessary money. World Federation was born in September 1929 at Berlin, Germany!

Shiva column. Starting this story in 1915 at Kabul, I have related in these 26 short chapters my doings up to Autumn 1929, Since 1929 up to this day, our Circular has been circulating my news and my view. Now if God so wills it and I can continue this quiet work, un-hindered by any extraordinary circumstances, I mean to start from our next number a short story of my early life, bringing it up to 1913!*

AN AFGHAN ECONOMIC MISSION TO U.S.A.

Trip to Cabul, Afghanistan. I left Berlin in November. I went via Moscow to Tashkent by railway train. From the Central Asian metropolis I flew in a Russian aeroplane of German make. On the 20th December I landed at Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan. I stayed as a guest of the Afghanistan government for exactly three months. It was surprising though pleasing that after the late wars and turmoils every thing was

* See note on last page.

in order in the Capital. In fact in the numerous markets and streets of Cabul one could hardly notice any trace of the robberies and blood sheds which were prepetrated in these very surroundings during the regime of Bache Saqao.

I met the assistant foreign minister,the foreign minister, the war minister and the Prime minister. I was also received by H. M. The King Nadir Khan. All these personalities expressed their determination to over haul the whole administration and bring true peace to the people.

I was specially touched with the feeling of gratitude which existed in many quarters for the great services that H. M. King Amanullah Khan tried to render to his nation. As time flows on further the people in Afghanistan will carry out with greater enthusiasm all the reforms which Amanullah Khan tried to introduce.

The present government of Afghanistan kindly gave me the necessary travelling expenses and asked me to proceed to the United States. The government wants to attract the American capital to central Asia!

No country on earth can be safer today to live in and invest money than Afghanistan. There during all those bloody struggles of nine months when most unscrupulous robbers were controlling the capital and when thousands were killed in cold blood not one foreigner was ever injured. The German doctor who freely moved through out the disturbances had often been in great demand by the opposite parties of combatants. And the German director of the German company again reopened his office as if no break had come. Such is Afghanistan.

Mission To America. I am on my way to the new world. I have to approach some capitalists of that region and persuade them to investigate the

conditions of business in Afghanistan. My work will be considered successful, as the Afghan King himself declared, if only a couple of American financiers could travel to Afghanistan at my request and find out for themselves opportunities of sound and secure investment. So that, so far as the economic propaganda of Afghanistan is concerned it is a very simple matter.

However, my duty as a servant of mankind specially at this juncture when three hundred million human beings in India are fighting for freedom is not so easy. Here, the whole British imperial apparatus will try to hinder me at every step. And the worst is, since the cunning enemy does not come out openly, one never knows before hand what kind of ambush I might find at a corner where it is least suspected. Our human brethren in America not directly interested in such a small question as that of one individual traveller remain either indifferent or are cunningly misled by the enemy agents. We however place full trust in the consciousness of goodness of the American people and hope that all the best types which the nation has evolved will lend their helping hand to make my mission as successful as possible.

I want that meetings are arranged for me and I am given greatest facilies to expound my principles before the largest number of people. At this moment I might speak a little more about India and Afghanistan however the mission of my life is much more larger. My mind conceives our world as one single unit and for me this unit itself is a part of our univierse. I try to expand our minds. In expansion of mind I see the remedy of the most of our present social ills.

H. M King Nadir Khan granted me an interview. During the course of conversation he declared that just as I was a well wisher of Afghanistan

and India he was a well wisher of Afghanistan and India. Considering the danger of blood shed and complications on the Indo-Afghan frontier the King added that it would be advisable for British to please and satisfy the Indian.— The account of this interview has already appeared in the Daily Akali of Amritsar.

H. E. Mohemmod Aziz Khan, minister of Afghanistan at Moscow, emphatically declared that Afghanistan could never take any one side. His country must necessarily remain on most friendly terms with all its neighbours. He also expressed a hope that India would surely receive greater freedom at an early date. He believed that the Soviets wanted always to see Afghanistan, Persia and Turkey indepedent, free and progressive.

I am specially thankful to the minister for the kind reception and the tasty dinners that I had at the Afghan Embassy during my stay at Moscow.

Moscow foreign office. On the day of departure from the capital of Soviet Russia the director of the Central Asian department Mr. Sukermanof gave a little private tea to me and told me at length the views of the Soviet government on the many different topics which I had touched in my memoranda. We might again return to this subject. Here we would only give one opinion of Comrade Sukermanof. He expressed his belief that they in Russia were yet to learn a great deal from the experiences of the Eastern people and specially from Indian revolution. I pointed out that it was give and take in this world. Different groups have to inter change ideas as they must barter articles of daily necessities.

In Berlin, Germany one can live quite comfortably for ten shillings per day in a nice boarding house. But if some one was to rent a room by month he can get a very fine room for sixty or eighty

shillings. The small cosy boarding house of Frau Schichtmeyer 78 Coethestrasse Charlottenburg which I have often stayed has rooms from fifty shillings per month. A good meal in a vegetarian restaurant in Berlin should not exceed two shillings. The Indian restaurants of 179 Uhland strasse and 64 Schluter strasse give still cheaper meals on week days. On Sundays and festivals they have special food and special rates.

Details of expenses and time required on the journey from India to Europe via Afghanistan and Soviet Russia. If one does not hire a whole car but simply takes a single ticket in one of the numerous automobiles or busses plying between Peshawar and Cabul he can do that portion of journey in two pounds sterling only. On the way he shall have to pass one night resting in some way side inn. They do not run their cars in darkness. But if they were to continue their journey late in the evening they could easily reach Cabul on the same day.

From Cabul to the Russian frontier one can now fly in very comfortable aeroplane of Junker make owned by the Soviet or Afghanistan. The time required on this trip is between two hours and two hours and a half. The cost of an air ticket is Sixteen pound and ten shillings.

If does not mind a little extra expense he should better fly further from Tirmiz, the Russian frontier town to Tashkent. This portion of the journey requires from three hours and a half to four hours. It cost eleven pounds sterling. But it is of course a little cheaper by train specially if one travels third class. The time required on train will be a little over two days, cost about four pounds (half the way second class where second is available).

From Tashkent to Moscow one can travel first class in very comfortable Wagon de Lit type car. It takes full four days to reach the Russian capital but

the cost is only seven pounds in first class. One can have his meals in the restaurant wagon invariably attached to express train.

From Moscow to Berlin it does not take full two days. The time required on this journey is only about forty hours. A second class ticket with a sleeping berth up to the Russian frontier cost about seven pounds.

The expense mentioned above do not include food or hotel charges. In a hotel at Cabul, Afghanistan, one can have his room and board for five shillings per day. But if one was to put up in a native inn and eat the native food one need not spend more than two shillings for lodging and three meals a day. In Russia, roughly speaking one can say that food expenses will run to ten shillings per day. Rooms are still dearer. One might be required to spend fifteen shillings for ordinary rooms. One can also get lodging in some places for ten shillings or a little less per day. These charges are for a casual traveller. However for people who know Russia well and stay there a long time life becomes much cheaper comparatively.

Rome — New York — Detroit. I went off. Our train moved steadily forward. I slept as best as I could in the non-sleeping compartment. I bought no sleeper. In the morning we reached Munchen the capital of Bavaria. From now on, as we ascended the Tyrol valley scenery heightened in beauty and splendour. The lovely valley, with its green lawns, sparkling streams and bunches of cozy villas however soon faded away in memory as our electrically run train began to climb up the steep shoulders of majestic heights and unfolded the grandeur of heavens and their comrades

We slipped through the Fascist frontier of Italy without any untoward accident. In fact, I was astonished at the kindly reception, inspite

of the fact that I was coming via Moscow and Berlin. This night however passed without any rest. We all had to sit up erect in our narrow seats. It was, therefore, a matter of thanks giving when I could find a room at a hotel close by.

The same evening I could meet **H. M. King Amanulla** in his unpretentious home. His Majesty came to the waiting room and took me to the reception chamber. It was a pathetic scene. Here was the illustrious man who for ten long years ruled as King and guided as leader the people of Afghanistan, no however he was living as an exile in a foreign land. It was plain, his every look and his every move revealed that the enemies of the oppressed peoples have been harassing this innocent personage for his only fault that he defied the monsters of our society.

He insisted that I take an upper seat. In those days when he was the ruler of his land I did thankfully accept such a token of kindness but now it was impossible. We sat side by side and had a long chat.

On one another day, H. E. Sardar Abdul Hussain Khan, **minister of Afghanistan** at Rome kindly gave me a delicious Italian dinner and took me out in his car to the lovely seaside resort not far from Rome.

I must pass on quickly. Neither the space of our tiny paper† nor perhaps the patience of the modern readers allow me the pleasure to describe all the four interviews which I had with King Amanullah or to speak of the kind visit of his excellency the minister to my temporary residence. For lack of our space and the time of our friends I have also to deny myself the pleasure of speaking at length about a great traveller whose acquaintance I made at Rome. She is Madam Edvige Toeplitz

† See note on the last page.

She has been to Little Tibet via India and the Pamir via Soviet Russia. Without any formality she called at my hotel and granted me an opportunity to know her personally.

From Naples. I took the steamship "Saturnia" of the Italian "Cosulich" line. In the dining hall of this boat I was given a small table near the gate, at which my only companion was a Negro gentleman, some motor driver of a rich lady. I must confess that I did not like this 'racial' discrimination. My objection was not that I sat with the Negro brother. I found in him a nice companion who quickly appreciated my ideas of world freedom and human equality, disliked the fact that we two were set aside from other fellow passengers. I did not however condescend to lay any complaint before those petty minded, moral pigmies servants of this Italian company on the boat.

We arrived **at New York** in the evening of the 26th of May. The citizens of the States were allowed to land the same night. In the morning of the 27th we passed through the immigration examination. Officials of this department have been, somehow, exceptionally kind towards me. In 1925, they told me, hinting about my anti-British propaganda that I was free to do what I liked. In 1927, when I had very little cash to show at landing they politely remarked that I must soon get more money. This time, they kindly gave me the address where I can easily extend the limit of my stay in this country beyond six months. I publicly express thanks to these human brethren who have shown special consideration for me.

I had hardly registered my name at my old hotel, the Times Square, when I received a telephone call from my friend Mr. Salinra Nath Ghose of the Indian Congress Bureau. He invited me to immediately visit him. We took our lunch together and

had a long talk at his office. In the evening I dined with Mr. B. K. Roy at the Ceylon India Inn and heard stories of the Indian activities in the city.

Famous speaker and writer **Mr. Syud Hossain** kindly called at my hotel twice. But each time he preferred to choose the middle night hours to have a quiet conversation on troubled Indian politics.

I spoke at nine different meetings during seventeen days of my stay at New York. On Friday the 6th of June, meeting arranged by Mr. Ghose was specially set apart for me to tell the audience the story of my recent tour to the Indian frontier (Cabul, Afghanistan) and back and to express my views on the burning problems in that part of our world. In the evening of Sunday the 8th of June I was main speaker at the church of Rev. Bolden, 105 West 130th Street. At two Irish meetings and at the Gravie Club I was given opportunities to give air to my opinions at the present situation in India, Afghanistan and the world. At the kind suggestion of Swami Bodhananda of the Vedanta society I forced myself on the Hindusthan association at the International House. I was an univited guest at their dining table but I was glad to see that I was not unwelcome. I enjoyed the meal and at the end gave a very short talk at the request of the sympathetic president Mr. Bose. At the sparsely filled auditorium of the Rand school I spoke on the progressive elements of our society and the necessity of their cooperation in the interest of freedom of the oppressed groups such as India. I was, however, more glad to make acquaintance here of some socialist leaders.

Our India friends as usual, are very hospitable. They burden their guest with dinner engagement and burden his stomach as well. Mr. Abdul Ghafur, Afghan, Mr. Dilawar Khan Pathan, Mr. Biswas, Mr. Kirani and Mr. Mudgal, Indian editor

of the Negro World all kindly invited me to dinners or lunches. Dr. Bisey, the illustrious Indian scientist took special trouble to take me out to his country home for a regular Indian meal. His home with Indian hostess and children had complete Indian air to the last finish. We are thankful to all our friends not only for bread and butter but for granting opportunities to establish personal contact.

I was on the point of passing by coolly the warm afternoon tea given by my old friends Colonel and Lady Edwin Emerson of New York. They kindly always entertain me at my every visit to this country. I do not however care to pay them in their own coin. I store their kindness and value their constant friendship.

As I was coming from New York toward Detroit, my astonishment knew no bound when I saw my Chinese friend, Professor Fu of Peping standing before me in the same railway carriage. He led me to another wagon where I met Generals Liu and Lee and their secretary Mr. Chen. They kindly kept me as their guest at the Niagara Falls for one night.

In the evening of the 14th of June I arrived **at Detroit**. Quite a number of Indian friends had kindly come to the railway station to welcome me. They had also invited some news-paper reporters to take photographs and interviews from me. My friends took me to a big hotel where I got a fine room at 28th story. At night we had a fine Indian dinner cooked and organized by an American family. Here they kindly formed a special reception committee composed of the outstanding members of the different Indian parties to arrange my program. I was glad to see this practical cooperation of all the Indian without exception.

Doctor Nur M. Malik took most prominent part in arranging meetings for me and in introducing

me to several American families and groups. At my implicit request to stay in an Indian or Afghan home I was brought from that expensive hotel to the residence of some Afghan brethren at 5107 Brush street. I felt here quite at home.

On Sunday the 15th I had the pleasure of meeting Bengali brethren at an Indian restaurant. I spoke to them on the critical situation in India and expressed my hope that all of us, wherever we might be, would do our utmost to carry out our duty at this juncture to the land of our birth.

On Saturday the 21st, there was a mass meeting of all the Indians at the Tuller Hotel. I told my friends that the immediate object of my visit to this country is to make **economic propaganda for Afghanistan**. However no Indian and no friend of humanity can at present forget the cause of three hundred and odd millions of human beings who are fighting without arms the British lion. I said that though according to my present plans I must stay long in this country, yet if it was necessary I would proceed to an Indian frontier and fight the battles on actual field! I dropped the suggestion that volunteers can proceed at their own individual responsibility and serve **Haji of Turangzai** or such warriors who have been goaded to desperation by constant harassing movement of the British militarists on the northwest frontier of India. I stated that so far I knew our tribal friends were most sympathetic toward the Indian freedom movement.

At the end of the meeting, quite unexpectedly, Mr. Nawabkhan, a veteran worker stood up and brought out a proposal that a purse should be presented to me. I explained that I had still some money left given to me by the Afghan government. However, his resolution was seconded and when put to vote unanimously passed. Immediately about two hundred and fifty dollars were promised or

collected cash toward my travelling expenses. Complete list of subscribers and a short account of some of the expenses incurred are given at the end.

Next day, on Sunday the 22nd there was a general mixed meeting of Americans and Indians. **My theme was:** Destroy the British empire, let India be free, Afghanistan to Egypt should be saved from British danger and the tiny England together with Canada can be brought into the fold of the United State! I suggested that Ireland can form a part of the European coalition.

Dinners and lunches were too numerous to count them up here. I did not like the idea that we should be fed at a time when our brethren are being killed at home. However, as one country man remarked these meetings themselves were in the honor of those dead and injured. We constantly exchanged views on the best plan to serve India in her hour of trial.

Mr. Syud Hossain was invited in the meantime by the United India League. On Saturday the 28th and Sundry the 29 th June, we together attended and expressed our views. On these occasions' however I was playing a secondary role. I could not possibly try to rob the main speaker of his time and space. Let us all do our best without interfering with one another is my principle. I need hardly say that Mr. Syud Hossain is a beautiful speaker and has full command of the English language.

CHICAGO TO CALIFORNIA

Onward march to Chicago and California. We published our paper for the month of July at Chicago but we left off our story at Detroit. We take up the thread where we broke it and continue our needle work farther. The departure had no dazzle about it. My Afghan brethren and Mr. Karam Chand brought me to the railway station. Quietly I departed. The country about the University City

of Ann Arbor was picturesque. Low hills, lawns and pools of water were inviting the eyes to stay awhile, while the heartless train dashed ahead tearing every link between the sight and the alluring objects seen. Towards the end of our journey, along the shores of the lake of Michigan, there appeared another beauty of Nature. Hand of man had further enhanced the attraction of the spot. However, nothing could stop us. Like an arrow our train moving towards our goal brought me in the evening to Chicage. The journey occupied not quite seven hours. At the station, I found Mrs. Thompson waiting for me. She kindly took me to the Grand Hotel, 5044 So. Parkway. It is situated in the so-called colored section of the city. Here most of the buildings together with that hotel are owned by our Negro brethren. I got a room for twelve dollars a week. It had a bath room with of course hot and cold running water.

I stayed full eight days at Chicago. I had come there specially to speak for the Negro community. I spoke at three different societies. Mr. Ephrim, Mr. White and Mr. Wilson invited me to express my ideas in their meetings. The first mentioned gentleman took me to two great Negro churches and also gave me an opportunity to visit the offices of the two leading Negro papers, the Whip and the Defender.

I believe, our readers will like to know something of **my views** which I was presenting to the Negro brethren. I asked them to work on a line which will facilitate their object of racial equality. I assured them that their object had an all world significance. The idea of superiority of a certain successful group which is responsible for their misery is nothing new to our human race. In fact it is a social sickness which reappears in our midst at certain intervals under certain circumstances. We in India have seen its worst phases. I asked them

not to be bitter against their adopted country or any section of its people. They should kindly gird up their loins to fight evil throughout our world wherever it is and try to make our human race free and happy. I suggested that they should acquire some land in the vicinity of their city and build on it community farm and community factories manufacturing all the immediate necessities of life. I said that they must work, produce and make themselves economically independent. However, the ideal must not be just to satiate the material wants of their bodies. They should try to develop the best instincts of Man and utilize all their best achievements for the welfare of our human race. We stand for a World Federation wherein every individual and group lives free and happy working always to better our society.

My Indian friends, as soon as they could come in contact with me, showered their deep rooted hospitality in more than one way. Mr. Shukle, Dr. King, Mrs. Singh and a batch of young students who gathered to meet me at the residence of Mr. Maitra, kindly gave me dinners. I enjoyed these opportunities to exchange our views.

I was sorry that I could not find more time to meet my friends. For four days out of eight I had to be very busy in writing, publishing and dispatching the July number of the World Federation.

At midnight on the 10th, just after attending and speaking at my last meeting of Chicago I boarded a train for California. My Indian friends Dr. King and Mr. Shukl saw me off.

I need not bother our readers to roam about with me through every plain and plateau which I passed on this journey. It was uneventful save for a storm which had preceded us and destroyed the track to the extent that we were obliged to travel by a detour of one hundred and fifty miles. The first day

was hot and trying however as our train ascended the table land it became cool and refreshing. We saw that at one station in the detour elevation of the place was over nine thousand feet. We had not however yet any grand mountain scenery. It came when we began to come down the California valleys and glens.

At Sacramento, on the 13th of July as I got off the train I found a number of my Indian and Afghan country men waiting to receive me. The Afghans took me out to a first class hotel of the town. They had reserved a room for me. I spoke with them for half an hour or more and then took their leave to proceed to the Sikh temple at Stockton. The full cabinet, president, secretary and the priest of the temple had kindly come to take me. My Afghan brothers brought me in their car to the Sikh brothers. They drove me in their car to Stockton. At the night service I paid my respect to the memory of those great Sikh teachers who energetically tried in their times to bring about union between the Hindus and Musalmans.

Next day the priest brought me in the car of the temple to the headquarters of the **Ghadar Party** at 5 Wood Street, San Francisco. It is a historical institution, the central figure of the Indian freedom movement on the Pacific Coast of America. I have now full eight years of direct connection with this office. It was first in 1922 when I stayed here for a night on my way to Japan. I came here again in 1925 and revisited it in 1927. I felt therefore naturally at home in the old surroundings.

On Friday the 18th Mr. Preetam Singh took me out in his car to Stockton. The same evening I spoke there at a meeting arranged by Mr. Beckwith, editor of the Forum. My topic was India and Mr. Ghandhi. I tried to trace the development of the Indian freedom movement during last forty five

years. I told my audience that judging by its constant progress we can affirm that it is bound to succeed. I further tried to explain the role of Mahatma Ghandi in the National Awakening of India. I admired his principle of truth however I added that in case he did not succeed in his holy mission of freeing India by spiritual means drastic measures will have to be adopted by the people to liberate themselves. On Sunday afternoon I returned to San Francisco.

On Tuesday the 22nd I went out to a place, "Wright" to meet **Herr von Hentig**. He had kindly invited me to his country home. He came to the railway station and took me up to his hill nest in a wood. It was a great pleasure to see the old colleague. We had travelled together from Germany to Cabul in year 1915, in that famous Indo-Turco—German Mission. He is now the German Consul General for California with his headquarters at San Francisco. However, I went to meet him as an old friend. I spent three days with him. He took me out still further in his car to one another famous beauty spot of picturesque California. His kindly wife took special care to make me feel at home. I am thankful for them. I returned to San Francisco on the 25th of July. I close this story here. In the next number I may be in a position to present an account of the different meetings which my friends are kindly arranging for me.

My Activities. I have been a little busy during this month. My friends provided for me opportunities to air my views. They also kindly gave lunches and dinners to oil the stomach! On the **31st of July** was arranged a delicious Chinese dinner by Mrs. Emerson at a Chinese restaurant. More than forty friends sat at the table. Professor Hinkley and Dr. Gale of the California University were among the guests. Mr.

Godaram opened the meeting by an introduction of myself and at the end I spoke on my mission to America. An Arab lady sang some oriental songs.

On the **1st of August**. I accompanied my Ghadar friends to Fersno. I got an opportunity to meet many Indian brethren and exchange views. There was no public meeting.

On the **6th of August** I attended a weekly dinner of Mrs. Emerson and spoke on my philosophy of life.

On the **7th of August** Mrs. Wilson gave me a great treat. An unexpectedly large gathering collected to hear me. I should say that Mrs. Wilson's summons brought them all there for me. I spoke about Afghanistan and the present situation in India.

On the **8th of August** I spoke in Hindusthani at the Ghadar meeting at Marysville. In the evening of the 7th Mr. P. S. Dhalival drove me in his car to the Sikh Temple at Stockton. Next day early morning Mr. Kehr Singh, the priest, brought me in the car of the temple to Marysville. It was rather a funny experience that in this little town we had difficulty in finding a room. Mr. Varyam Singh entertained the Indian gathering by looping the loop in an aeroplane and by jumping to earth with a parachute.

Next day, Mr. Manrow took for me a room at the biggest hotel in Marysville, the Californian Hotel. He paid for it $4.50. On the **10th of August** another large meeting of our Indian brethren was held. It was to sympathise with the Congress movement in India. It was mainly got up by Mr. Nagi-naram, Mr. L. B. Manrow and Mr. Jiwan Singh. I gave an out-line of the Congress history to the audience present. I admired the great achievements of the congress organization in India. However,

I explained that in case the present non-violent method did not bring freedom to the Indian nation she is bound to become desperate and snatch independence by all means possible.

The same evening I returned to San Francisco to read proof of the World Federation. I sat at it up to 2 a.m. At 9 a.m. I took train for Sacramento. I did not speak of those three busy days which I spent in writing the material for the paper. Our readers can themselves calculate the time I must devote every month for preparing the monthly sheet and dispatching it.

At Sacramento, I could meet through the local Congress officials the representatives of the American press. Here, I also take this opportunity to express my hearty thanks to the American newspapers which have shown during my present trip special interest in my humble doings. The 'World' of New York brought out my interview together with my photograph. The 'Free Press' of Detroit gave prominence to my views and the news of my arrival in that city was brought out by all the important papers which published at the same time my photograph. Here in California the 'Sacramento Bee', 'Fresno Republican' and San Jose 'Mercury Herald' have given large spaces to print my story. The San Francisco 'Examiner' and 'Chronicle' have also published the news of my speeches.

On the **12th of August,** I visited the International House at Berkely. I was delighted to make acquaintance of Dr. Blaisedell, the director in charge. He himself kindly showed me around the artistic building, home of over four hundred students. It is built by the Rockefeller foundation fund. It is a sister institution of the International House of New York.

On the 14th. I was once again the guest of

"honour" and speaker at the studio of Mrs. Emerson. My topic was chosen for me by my hostess. It was: "Women of Japan, China, Russia, Afghanistan and India." I told my friends that living as a monk I am not the right person to judge on women. They however, appreciated my talk. It was perhaps due to the kindly nature of womanhood that the ladies present did not find fault with my obsolete knowledge of their kind.

On the 15th. I rushed to Lincoln via Sacramento to speak at the Luncheon of the local Rotary Club. The meeting was full of enthusiasm. The humorous side of the American society was in full display. Here was strictly a Man-Meeting of Businessmen. I explained that the development of business was brought about in the interest of society. Certain natural selfish instinct propelled men to move and supply the needs of society in the different localities. Let us understand the laws of Nature and fulfil our duty in our places. We should work to destroy all the causes of social discomforts and troubles.

On the 17th I spoke at the Hindu Temple of Mr. Mandel. The audience was very small. However the brotherly love of the Hindu priest prompted me to speak at length on the laws of Nature as I understand them.

On the 19th Professor Rogers, president of the Montesuma School for Boys, very kindly took me out in his car to San Jose. He had arranged with his friends that I speak at the lunch-meeting of the Knights of the 'round table'. We sat however at a rectangular table, The spirit of the friends present was admirable but in the democratic America the frequent use of the word 'knight' appeared out of place. I spoke on the possibilities of business connections between America and Afghanistan. I also laid stress on the immense opportunities of multiplying trade with Independent

India. I said that in free India the standard of living of three hundred million human beings will immediately rise and their buying capacity will immediately increase many times. The same evening I attended a theosophical meeting at San Francisco. It was in the home of Mr. Offer. I expressed my views on the origin of religions.

Dr. Helen Parker Criswell kindly invited me to the Western Women's Club, 609 Sutter Street. She is the director in charge of the institution. It is a large building over ten stories high. It is elaborately planned and artistically decorated. The director herself showed me round the departments under her charge and gave me a chance to exchange ideas with her.

On the 22nd I attended the Luncheon of the Common Wealth Club as a guest of its secretary. The attendance was very large. The meeting was very impressive.

In the night of the 23rd I left for Fresno. The whole night I passed sitting. **On the 24th** I lectured for the Ghadar Party at their meeting. I was sorry to see that some speakers unnecessarily brought in controversial subjects. It was however encouraging that the audience warmly supported the proposal of starting a flying school for Indians. Mr. Varyamsingh who had also that day given some fine specimens of his thrilling sport promised to devote his life to teach flying to the Indian brethren.

On the 25th. I spoke at the Y. M. C. A. of Fresno. The meeting was kindly arranged by Mr. Jagdish Singh. The secretary of the Y.M.C.A. took friendly interest. But the audience was small. And the spirit around was not quite Christian.

On the 27th I had to speak at two different meetings at San Francisco. At noon, I was the speaker of the weekly lunch meeting of the Public Spirit Club. Attendance was limited but several

intellectuals and men of position were present. Mr. Rolph, Mayor of San Francisco, who is elected this year for the post of governorship of California during the preliminary election is a member of this club. In the evening I was a guest once again at the Mexican dinner of Mrs. Emerson. Dr. Von Hentig, my old colleague and the present German Consul General, was also present. We spoke about our experiences in that Indo-Turco-German mission of 1915-16 which went to Afghanistan to persuade that country to declare war against the British and help India to get rid of the foreign yoke. The meeting was very jolly. Sympathy ruled. We are thankful to Mrs. Emerson for granting such interesting opportunities to enjoy and serve humanity at the same time. I explained that the Indians who cooperated with Germany, did so on complete assurance that the Germans had no imperialist designs on India and that their only interest in helping the Indian freedom movement was to better their trade relations with independent India.

On the evening of the 28th I took a river boat for Sacramento. I was astonished to find on this ship every comfort of a sea going steamer. And every thing was neat and clean. Early in the morning **on the 29th of August** I landed at my destination. The Afghans had kindly arranged a meeting today. The attendance was meagre. But I was glad to talk at length with the Afghan brethren present. The same evening I proceeded to the Sikh Temple. Stockton and took up my quarters there to prepare and publish this number of the World Federation. Mr. Charan Singh Parmar has kindly arranged a printer for the job. The Gurdwara cabinet keeps me as their guest. All the time that I remain at the Ghadar Ashram. I am always a guest of the Ghadar Party. I of course do not take sides with any one special group. I meet, mix and cooperate with all my human brethren who are in any way working to

better the lot of man on this planet by removing injustice and by creating love in our human society.

Dear Friends ! You want to hear the story of my activities in this part of our world. I shall gladly relate my tale, though I fear it might not prove an interesting reading.

It was on the *Second of September* that I delivered my first speech of this period of my current account. I am going to tell you the details of my unwritten diary for the last month. I ran up to Napa at an invitation of Mr. Beard, who had kindly introduced me to the Rotary Club of that little, but picturesque town. Small towns of the United States are invariably settings of gems in the plains, deserts or beautiful mountains. The seashore resorts, as a rule, are beads of pearls! It was a luncheon meeting of the Rotarians of the town of Napa where I sat at the table to take our mid-day meal with seventy or more members of the party. American humorous jokes were well served during the meal hour. There was also some stimulating music. At the end I spoke on the possibilities of trade between America and Afghanistan. I could not, of course, leave off the burning question of the day—the freedom movement of India. I tried to explain to the business men present that the business depression in Europe and America is the natural result of the unrest in nearly half of the population of our world—eight hundred millions of India and China. If this huge population will have complete independence to manage its own affairs the standard of life will immediately rise in those lands. The result will be additional business and not the depression * * * From Stockton I was called one evening to attend a meeting at *Locke Ford*. Thakur Gambhir Singh asked his employer to get me to speak at their local Farm Bureau. Young Mr. Thorp brought his car and drove me to

the place of the meeting. Young children together with old farmers of this large village had gathered to hear the speaker of the evening. I was not the main speaker. However, they kindly gave me sufficient time to explain situation in India and what it meant for America. Mr, Thorp, the manager of the farm of Mr. F. R. Bian, gave me room in his house and in the morning showed me around the well-ordered, extensive farm under his charge. He himself later brought me in his car to Stockton.

On the Sixteenth of September there was a small but impressive meeting of a few Theosophists in the home of Mr. Offer. I was kindly invited to express my views on religion. I presented my theory on the origin and object of our human race.

On the Nineteenth I, together with a couple of friends, drove up to the Montezuma mountain school of President Rogers. This is the most beautifully situated school that I have ever seen. It is perched on wooded hills commanding fine panorama. I spoke at the students' general meeting. The audience was very sympathetic. Later we had lunch together in the common mess room. In the evening I was again a guest of Mr. Rogers and spoke for a couple of minutes at the annual meeting of the esperanto group. I am highly thankful to Mr. Rogers for his kindly interest in my views. He was also instrumental in arranging that meeting at Napa through Mr. Beard.

On the Twenty-first I went to an Indian farm of Mr. Abdul Ghafur. It is one of the important meeting grounds of our Afghan brethren. I decorated the wall with an Afghan flag and made a display of a number of photo cards showing the attitude of the past and present Afghan rulers towards me. The letter of the Mahatama Gandhi written to me had also its exalted place. In the evening we continued

to talk on the present situation in Afghanistan and India. The Afghan hospitality was in evidence at the dinner table. The regular meeting of the friends of India and Afghanistan was held on *the twenty-second*. I spoke at length on the necessity of energetic activity at this juncture. I personally offered my services to work for Afghanistan, India and humanity from a centre at Washington, D. C. I was glad to see that my talk was enthusiastically accepted by the brethren present. Next day Mr. Ghafur Abdull kindly drove me to Sacramento whence I returned by train to San Francísco.

I am living more or less permanently as a guest of the *Ghadar party* at 5 Wood street. I have my room there and partake of the hospitality of this political organization working in the interest of India.

On the Twenty-fourth was another interesting experience of the school life in this çountry. Through Mr. Brij Bagai I was introduced to the Junior College of San Mateo. I was given an opportunity to speak at the Students' assembly. I can not say that I enjoyed my own talk. But in any case I did really enjoy the occasion. Tender, sympathetic hearts were responding to my thoughts on the most unhappy situation in India, where unarmed, innocent women and children are ruthlessly butchered by the iron hand of the English! Later I had a quiet lunch with Mr. Bagai, his brother and a couple of their friends.

On the Twenty-sixth was a very fashionable meeting in one of the most fashionable hotels of the city. Rev. Reeds spoke at the Hotel Fairmont on "Mahatama Gandhi, the Great." Mrs. Dobbins presided at the meeting. I was also given an opportunity to air my views. Later in the night at the house of Mrs. Dobbins, generous refreshments were served.

On the Twenty-seventh of September at the Palace Hotel, one of the largest in the city, the Women's Press Club kindly made me their "honor" guest at their weekly luncheon. I was greatly impressed with the kindly expressions which were showered on me by the old in body and young in spirit, Mrs. Nelson, the chairman of the meeting. Mrs. Davoust, the organizer, put up a very interesting program for the afternoon. Mrs. Alldag of Mexico, showed some fine scenes of her country on the screen.

On the Twenty-eighth I was taken to two different Church meetings, where in each case I was allowed to say "just a word."

On the Twenty-ninth of September was the last meeting of this month. Invited by Mr. Lashleyr, the president, I spoke at the Cosmos Club of the Negro brethren. The meeting was held at the international centre of Mrs. Wilson, a non-negro lady. Her place is open to all nationalities and for all kinds of groups. The gathering was spectroscopic. All the hues of the spectrum were represented. I spoke on the unity of our human race. I however emphasized on the point that no unity is possible so long as injustice is tolerated in our society. To bring about unity we must establish justice and create universal love. We shall have to change our thoughts and the conditions of life to bring love and justice in to their full play. When they find unhindered circulation in our world, peace and happiness will automatically follow.

I must not omit to mention in this connection that there were held besides these formal meetings several private dinners. At such occasions one has to talk a great deal more than at formal lecture engagements. Here, all through the meals and after the meals are over one is expected to continuously express one's views. I had the good fortune of having such dinner meetings at the Vedanta Society and at

the homes of Mrs. Gupta and Mrs, Bagai. The dinner given by the Indian Students of Berkeley comes also under this category. The inquisitive atmosphere of the young students' mind made me deliver a continuous speech in a sitting posture for over one hour. This students' boarding house was built and is kept up by the Sikh temple of Stockton. During the month of September I passed one week at the Sikh Gurdwara as their guest. I had to remain there to prepare and publish the last number of the World Federation. This number is being published at San Francisco.

Muslim brethren resident of San Francisco and Mr. Godaram also gave dinners. Mrs. Dobbins and Mr Rafi of Persia extended the courtesy of afternoon tea. Mrs. Southered arranged an after dinner meeting at her home. At all these occasions I tried to explain my theories and plans about the reconstruction of our society.

October Account. On the very first day of this month I had the splendid opportunity to meet a very selected gathering of the German community of San Francisco. The meeting was arranged in the **German club.** I spoke on the freedom movement of India. I naturally touched on the German official help to the Indian revolutionary movement during the Great War.

My visit to the farm of Mr. Abdul Ghafur Khan near **Max-well** did not bear the fruit which I expected from it. We could not start a campaign to collect funds for the office at Washington D. C. As a result of this experience I left the idea altogether. I got, however, a chance to speak to a few brethren once again. I appealed to them to prove themselves to be good Indians and good human beings.

The meeting at the **mothers' club** of Y.M.C.A. **was very** successsful. Our talk circled round

Mahatama Gandhi. Ladies sympathetically heard my opinions. Only one or two unpatriotic women in an un-American strain took the British imperial side.

The discussion at the **Open Forum** of Sanfrancisco was very lively. I spoke here on the Natural society of mankind. They severely cross examined me. In answer to queries I held series of little talks. I was glad to see that many appreciated my view point.

It was on the 14th October that I sat down to an afternoon tea with the members of the **Women's International League** at Sir Francis Drake Hotel. I was asked to speak on India. I asked them to show some real activity in the cause of the welfare of three hundred and twenty million of human beings. They went to war against Germany because a few men a nd women were drowned in the torpedoed ships. But now the British are massacring thousands in cold blood. Should America remain quiet? No! They should at least break off diplomatic relations with the British empire.

Rosicrucian club meeting was grand. I felt myself inspired by the friendly feeling of the audience. I talked and talked on the problem of India and the World. There was no set topic. I must thank the "American born Hindu" Mr. Baldwin for giving me this treat. In the evening he also kindly arranged a dinner.

This same evening I also spoke before the executive committee of the **Ghadar Party**. I could see that some of the friends had full sympathy with my views. However, they declined to extend any material help to my plans.

On the 20th was held the most important lunch meeting. It was in the Chamber of Commerce building. The **Foreign trade club** arranged it.

I was asked to speak on the possibilities of trade between America and Afghanistan. The account of this event appeared in the Examiner and the Chronicle two most influencial dailies of Sanfrancisco.

Next day I ran up to **Modesto** to express my views on the Indian freedom movement. I was invited by the local **Rotary club**. It was also a lunch meeting. The hall was crowded. A very friendly atmosphere prevailed all around.

Mr. Mandel of the **Hindu Temple** arranged for me another opportunity to serve humanity. He took me as his guest to Oakland. He turned over his entire meeting to me. I presented my World Plan. I was impressed by the quiet good will of the audience.

Mr. Lashley of the **Cosmos Club** called another meeting for me on the 24th—October at the studio of Mrs. Wilson. Once again I hammered on the necessity of brotherly and sisterly love among all the peoples of our world. I added, however, that no love is possible so long as injustice is tolerated.

26th—of October closes my account of activities in California. On this day I attended two meetings. In both of them I was the main speaker. In the afternoon the Negroes kindly monopolised me. I delivered my sermon at the Sunday meeting of the **U.N.I.A. Division** of Oakland. In the evening they gave a fine dinner. From there I rushed to an American meeting. I arrived twenty minutes late. Audience was waiting for me. As I entered the hall, my kindly hostess, Mrs. Southard whispered to me that I was to speak on the Religion of Love. I poured out thoughts as they came to me at the spur of the moment. I was glad to make here the acquaintance of **Mr. Charles Keeler.** He is the soul of this group. Next day he invited me to an after-noon tea at his home. He is a personal friend of the famous Mrs. Naidu, nightingale of India.

ANOTHER SHORT VISIT TO JAPAN

On the 30th—of October, I boarded the N. Y. K. Steamer Taiyo Maru on my way to Japan. The secretary of the Ghadar Party, Mr. Joga Singh, Mr. Teja Singh Azad, Mr. Godaram, Messrs. Chandra, Mr. Dalip Singh Mastana, Mr. Ishar Singh Namberdar and a few more friends together with Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Gupta and Mrs. Southard kindly came to the wharf **to see me off.**

I decided rather suddenly to leave by this boat. On this very day, Mrs. Dobbins had kindly arranged a farewell party for me. On the 4th of November the **American Legion** were kindly to hear me at their Luncheon meeting. Both of these engagements I regretfully cancelled. I did not like the plan of some of my friends to appeal to the public in the great Gurdwara festival on the 6th of November. I had already heard the discouraging decisions of the Ghadar and the Gurdwara executive committees. Now to approach the general public, I thought, should place me in opposition to some of our Indian workers in California. We need all our available energy to fight the British imperialism. We must not engage ourselves in any tug of war game. I decided I must leave now. I am thankful, however, to all our comrades inside the committees of the different groups and in the general Indian public in America who showed to me every friendly consideration during all my stay of over three months.

November Diary. On the boat, *S. S. Taiyo Maru* of the N. Y. K. Line, from the 30th of October to the 5th of November I had hardly any exciting experience. The ship went every hour farther and farther from the coast of America and brought us in the same proportion nearer to our would be world capital of Honolulu. At regular hours we had our meals. At regular intervals we took exercise, played chess or read some book, less to learn more to kill time. Now and then the

dancing waves will entice my thought and entrap it in their curly ripples. The naughty playful whim will next dive in to the deep and shaking off the snare will float in the air. Just before arriving at the first stage of our voyage, I completed fifty five letters and post cards of greetings and farewell. I posted them all at Honolulu. In this city, I together with two Indian fellow passengers called at the two Indian stores: 1. Bombay Bazar and 2. East Indian Store. Mr. Teerthdas of the first mentioned place gave us very fine lunch while Mr. Watumall of the second business house took me to Mr. Alexander Hume Ford and Miss Elezabeth Green. These two personalities are doing a great deal to promote Pan Pacific Union. Meeting with them proved a delicious dinner for soul, Miss Green kindly promised to publish my article on "Honolulu as the World Capital" in her magazine, the Pacific Affairs. Mr. Watumull further took me to his home and gave me a chance of meeting once again Mrs. Watumull and their children. In the afternoon he brought me in his car to the steamer. The boat left. The beautiful oil painting of nature drawn on the canvass of azure sea and blue sky was disappearing from our sight in a cloud of dream. With open eyes I slept over the past visions of the Hawaii Island. The green hills and luxuriant forest disappeared from thought to give place to the routine of a sea voyage.

There was only one break in our smooth run. **A heavy storm** came and surrounded us. Our boat was tossed on the waves. Terrific wind swept across the decks. A thick mixture of rain and darkness fell from sky. Night added its horrors. Our boat lost full one hundred miles in speed in twenty four hours. The waves breaking occasionally on the lower deck amused us

in the day light. But the fact that the storm in the night had broken all the life boats on the wind side and damaged the radio reminded us of the seriousness of the situation. Flowing time carried us across the troubled dream. Now came time to rejoice. The boat crew showed us a Japanese play.

On Sunday the 16th November Yokohama was reached. My Indian and Japanese friends took me straight to the residence of Mr. Rash Behari Bose. Here, arrived some old friends. I was very glad to meet once again Mr. Bose, Prof. Ohkawa, Prof. Nakatani and Dr. Tanabe. I also made acquaintance of another Mr. Bose. He is a student in this country and doing some business at the same time.

In company of Mr. Bose I paid a visit to the Honourable Mr. Toyama and continued to receive visits of many friends. But for one week I was rather busy in publishing and mailing the World Federation for the month of November. I feel specially obliged to Mr. Hakogi who found a printer for the work.

I must not leave out to mention that on the same evening of the day that I arrived in Japan some Chinese students had arranged a meeting to formulate a program of certain Asiatic Society. I accompanied Mr. Bose to the gathering. Kindness of my friends made me, an uninvited person, their guest of honour. At the end of a very elaborate Chinese dinner photograph was taken. Dr. Sun Yet Sen and Mahatama Gandhi's photographs were held over the group. Mr. Hwang was the chief host.

It was **on the 25th** that I visited the Koagakuji-Ku or the school for the regeneration of Asia founded by Mr. Mitsukawa and his friends. Here, we had dinner and I gave a little talk to the students.

This evening it was finally decided to establish a branch of the World Federation in this school.

The only other public meeting during this month was held **on the 29th** at the city of Nagano. A railway Journey of over seven hours took me from Tokyo to that place. The mountain scenery on the way was picturesque. But time does not allow to linger on the soild high waves of earth. I must hurry to the meeting. Mr. Kataoka accompanied as an interpreter. I spoke on the "Japan's duty to Asia and the world from Indian stand point". The hall was full and the audience was sympathetic. In the evening the dinner meeting was another treat. Here, along with a delicious dinner I could exchange ideas with the members of this progressive society. They did not only pay the railway expenses but also kept us as their guests in a fine Japanese hotel. Before bringing us to the station they kindly took us to the famous Budhist temple of this city and entertained us in a beautifully situated tea house.

During the month of November I made several new acquaintances. I met Mr. Miyazaki, a leader of a proletarian party. I visited Generals Chen and Cheng. I saw many Chinese students. Two or three Indian merchants of Yokohama also kindly received me. However the truly busy season of engagements starts from the lst of December. I cannot relate that story here. In the next number† I shall speak of the grand welcome given to me on the 4th instant. There in I shall, also, God willing, give an account of several lecture meetings.

Our host. Without any formality I took up my abode at the residence of Shriman Rash Behari-Bose. I am more than his guest. During my stay at Tokyo I am a member of his family. I do not only get my meal and have my bed room but I also entertain my guests in his house. The nomad office of

† See note on the last page.

the World Federation while sojourning in the capital of Japan occupied a corner of this double storied building, situated in its own garden, built by Mr. Soma for the son of Mr. Bose and now the residence of our host !

December Diary. The last month of the last year proved a very busy season. The 1st of December opened with a number of engagements. The most striking part of the day's menu was a dinner at the Soviet Embassy of Tokyo. The first secretary kindly invited Mr. Rash Behari Bose and myself to a sumptuous dinner table. Our topic was political chess board of the world. Another day brought a mechanical-world revelation. I was invited to the printing machine factory of Mr. Hamada. He is a Japanese inventor of country-wide reputation Here I learned that Japan is not only imitating the modern science but is also contributing its quota to the advancing world knowledge. The proprietor himself kindly showed me round his workshop. In the evening he gave a full Japanese dinner in an aristocratic restaurant.

The evening of the 4th became the red letter day of my present visit to Japan. A ceremonial reception was kindly given this day by my Japanese friends. Mr. Kuzu was the chief organiser but Mr. Bose, as a Japanese citizen, was also on the reception committee. Group photograph was taken, fine dinner was served and full of feeling speeches were delivered. I thanked my hosts for their friendly regard. Afghanistan, Indian, Asian, and World Federation questions were touched in my talk. To general satisfaction was passed by the representative gathering representing different sections of the Japanese society, sympathising with the Indian fighters in their war of liberty.

The Chinese general Chen whom I had visited in the Imperial Hotel kindly came to see Mr. Bose

and myself at our residence. I went to Mr. Miyasaki's home and met several Chinese gentlemen. His home is the meeting ground of many liberal minded persons. The meeting of the International Dodge Club at the home of Mrs. Omori was very interesting. The speaker of the evening was a Bahai preacher. She spoke on Persia. On account of my knowledge of that part of the world I was also asked to say a few words. I chose to speak on religion. I enjoyed the International atmosphere and the hospitality of our hostess but I expressed my regret at the scanty audience. It is an international problem why such meetings are not better attended.

A swift, short but not unimportant visit could kindly be arranged to the Takushoku University. It is a colonial institution preparing students for colonial career. I was asked to speak to a group of students in their large gymnastic hall. I explained my views on the future of the colonial system. I believe that the idea of the colonial possessions must disappear from our society as individual slavery had to go. However, currents of humanity will continue to flow without their savage floods. People must move to uninhabited tracts and mixing with other small or large groups must continue to breed new nations or new phases of life.

Another interesting meeting was a mid day lunch of the Daito Bunca College students. It is an institution for the development of Eastern Culture. used to be its president Now Mr. Kinoshita M. P. Late Count Oki kindly played the part of the chief host. I expressed my hearty thanks for their continued interest in my humble ideas. I recalled the generous hospitality of the late Count. I asked my friends to be true to the principles of renunciation and service, the watch words of all the ancient culture of the East.

On the 7th December, afternoon, the World Federation branch was formally opened at the school

of Mr. Mitsukawa. I delivered a speech explaining my plan of the World Federation movement. A group photograph was taken with the flag of the World Federation on the wall.

I was fortunate enough to renew my acquaintance of Hon Mr. Tokonami. He is a great champion of the oppressed nations of Asia and Africa. He is a leading figure of the Seiyukai Party, the second largest party of the Japanese parliament.

Mr. O. I' orikiri kindly brought me to the Nippon club, one of the finest building of the kind in Tokyo, Japan. Baron Sakatani together with his friends heard the industrial case of Afghanistan from my lips,

On the 9th there were three engagements. I took lunch with Mr M. Ogawa at Yokohama. He is an export-import merchant specially interested in porcelain articles. In the afternoon I spoke at the Chinese Y. M. C. A. Tokyo, on the World Federation and in the evening there was a large mass meeting. Here I also expressed my views on the unity of our human race, however, I made it quite clear that no unity is possible so long as such injustices prevail in society as the groupal slavery in India. Mr. M. Nakano, vice minister of communication, took photograph together with me on the platform.

On the morning of the 10 th I left Tokyo. Many kind friends kindly came to see me off. The same evening I arrived at Kobe. Here, Indian brethren received me at the Railway station. I drove to the residence of Mr. Futehally and took up my quarters there. Mr. and Mrs. Futehally are liberal hosts.

I remained ten days at Kobe. During this time I spoke at several meetings. One of them was a mass gathering specially organised by the Kobe Sihmbun at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. One another was a

small dinner meeting arranged by Mr. Okami of the Kobe chamber of commerce. Once I went to Osaka to receive a kindly offering, in the form of a reception dinner, at the hands of some of my old friends, members of Kokoku Doshi Khai. Mr. T. Nakatani, whom our readers know is one of the most active member of the party.

The Japan branch of the Indian National Congress kindly gave me a tea party. I spoke just a few words on the present situation of India and our duty at this juncture. After the party a debate was scheduled on Independent India versus India under the British. However not one Indian was found in the gathering to speak in favour of the British rule. Most moderate element of the Indian society positively declared that the time had long past to open mouth for the British rule! Mrs. Ali as the president of the branch was in the chair.

Next, Indian social society kindly gave me tea. It was, however, a special meeting to hear me at length. I emphasised on the Hindu--Mohemmodon unity. In fact, we have no basic quarrel. It is merely on the surface. The British and their agents stage it to justify tbeir anti-freedom tactics. In Indian States ruled by the Hindu or Muslim princes we never experience any Hindu Muslim tension.

In the **Indian club**, we all gathered strong to mourn the untimely death of the youngest son of Mahatama Gandhi. He died in a British Jail, hunger striking for sixty days. I drew the attention of the audience to the scenes behind the curtain. We should imagine all that hardship which this young soldier must have suffered before embarking finally to fast and die. Every day he must have been receiving not only extremely bad uneatable food but now and then he must have been given poisonous substances working havoc on the nerves of this Young patiot I appealed to my brethren to cooperate with the Nat-

ional movement at home by boycotting the British goods themselves and by instituting a propaganda among the Japanese to boycott British business. The spirit of the meeting was wonderful. All expressed deep sorrow and hearty sympathy with the bereaved family. Resolutions were passed unanimously asking the Indian nation to fight on the holy war with redoubled energy.

I must not omit to mention that one of the ten or twelve multi-millionaires of Japan Mr. Ruhara was kind enough to receive me in his palatial residence not far from Kobe. My old friend Mr. Hakogi introduced me to him. It was an education of its kind to peep in to the life of this business king. His political opinions, his philosophy of patriotism and his belief in individual powers were all so many pages from a new interesting book. I did not, however, hesitate to hammer on my doctrne of renunciation and service of mankind.

In the night of the 20th December Mr. Murata took me back to Tokyo on our way to the far off Hachinohe in the northern porvince of Aomori. Some people of that city invited me at their expense to deliver a couple of lectures there. We reached Tokyo in the morning. I was introduced to Mr. Fiji M. P. I paid a visit to Mr. Bose at his residence but I passed the day in the home of one of the organisers of this trip. In the night I started in a party of four to our northern destination.

In the afternoon of the 22nd we arrived at Hachinohe. Our friends very enthusiastically received us. We visited the grave of Mr. Yanagawa who had accompanied me to Shahghai in 1927. He unfortunately died young. His people had specially asked me to come all this long distance. His old father is the principal of the city school and his one relation is the mayor of the municipal area. In the afternoon there was a short meeting at the house

of Mr. Yanagawa. In the evening there was a more formal gathering at the hotel where they kept us as guests. Mr. Horikiri was kindly interpreting for me. Next day, on the 23rd they arranged a large meeting in a large Budhist temple. At all these occasions I expressed my sorrow at the death of late Mr. Yanagawa and asked the friends to do their duty in their places in the great flow of life. Energetic Japanese, having made great national progress, should now utilise their energy for upbuilding of Asia and remodelling of our world. Local news papers took special interest in my visit to their city. They advertised the meetings and brought out reports of my talk. All this warm welcome kept us a little warm but the climate of the place was cold enough to freeze the water pools for ice skating. It is much colder here than in the south.

On the 24th morning, we arrived back at Tokyo. At the residence of Mr. Bose, young Mr. Kuhara, the only son of the business monarch came to visit me. He is a very promising youth. I wish that he could be useful to human society. In the rfternoon Mr. Murata kindly took me to Mr. N. Tateishi, a director in the commerce department of the government. In the evening I paid a visit to the home of Prof. Ohkawa and in the night quietly left for Kobe.

In the morning of the 25th I paid on my way a flying visit to the Cheonin Temple of Kyoto. At the lunch time I arrived at Kobe and sat together with Mr. and Mrs. Futehally to partake their hospitality. Those few days that I passed with them I felt quite at home and I am therefore naturally very thankful for them. Now when I have begun to thank my Indian friends I must also express my gratitude to Mr. Anand Mohan Sahay who was never tired to do every thing to make my visit to Kobe as successful as possible. One another gentleman who has prevented me to reveal his name showed his kindness in

terms of gold. He called me in his office and unsolicited handed me an envelope with fifty yen for the work of this paper.* He hails from Sindh, so much I could mention to the honour of this part of India.

NATURE UNITES CHINA & INDIA

I left quietly on the 26th of December at 10-25 A. M. from the Sannomiya station of Kobe. Mr. Futehally and Mr. Sahay saw me off. I began rolling on my forward march toward China. I cannot take time of my readers by describing this long journey. At times it becomes a happy dream of a quiet sleep. At night I had to take boat to cross the sea channel between Japan and Korea. In the morning I boarded a train to cross this land and pass on to Manchuria. At noon on the 28th I reached Mukden. I went straight to an Indian merchant whose address I had.

I was two nights at the Manchurian capital. Mr. Kishan Chand did not allow me to feel that I was in the course of a long travel. He arranged sleeping accommodation for me and gave me fine Indian meals. I made here also the acquaintance of two other Indian concerns and their coworkers. To my astonishment they contributed without a request on my part, one hundred Chinese dollars for the expenses of this paper.† Mr. Fasal Ahad, one of them, is a citizen of Afghanistan.

I left Mukden on the 30th and arrived at Peiping on the 31st Since there was no sleeping accommodation in the second class I could not sleep in the night. A little cold that I got in the Siberian cold weather of Manchuria made me still more uncomfortable. However, when I found Mr. Hwang Kung Su on the platform waiting for me I breathed a sigh

* Paper -- World Federation. † See note on the last page

of relief. I fetched my mail from the American Express Co. and took up my quarters in the residence of Mr. Hwang. I was glad that I found here a warm room.

I must add just one paragraph to this diary. I have omitted several accounts of kind expressions of brotherly love of my friends but in hononr of Buddhism I should relate that Rev. Kawaguchi of Tibetan fame showed his friendly feelings by bringing a basket of fruits and Rev. Kobayashi, high priest of the Gokurakuji, Kobe, gave a fine dinner in a special Japanese restaurant.

Our Diary for January. The month has flowed more or less quietly. The first of January found us at Peiping, staying quietly in the Pan-Asia office of Mr. Hwang Kung Su, 70 Pa Tiao Hutung. We cared little for the new year. We set to work. We remained very busy for two weeks in preparing and publishing the three different editions of the World Federation. Another four days we had to spend in despatching our heavy burden. During this time I could secure two opportunities to express my views in two different meetings. ONE MIDDLE SCHOOL kindly asked me to lecture to their students. I spoke on the World Federation. I related my plan of a world capital with five parliaments and a world cabinet. To accomplish our object I recommended immediate establishment of the World Federation Units and the World Federation Offices.

The Chinese Budhist Temple of Peiping also kindly invited me to speak to their monks. I asked them to turn the Budhist monastries into the World Federation Units. It is the only method, I said, to make Budhism once again the active religion of our society. I have no doubt that the renunciation and service of Budhism can facilitate the reshaping of our world. In fact, I believe that without this phase of Budhism no permanent peace can be established.

I have not only to thank Mr. HWANG for keeping me as his guest for three weeks I must thank him as well for kindly translating my articles for the Chinese edition of our World Federation. He also found for me printers. My old friend Mr.T. FUSE of the Nippon Dempo kindly translated my articles for the Japanese edition of our paper. I must thank him here. I also thank Mr.Yang who wrote the translation on the paper of the stone press. Mr. HOO RULIN and Mr. WANG are my old friends. They gave me dinner to show their continued interest in my ideas. I was also very glad to make acquaintance of the "LIVING-BUDHA" of Peiping. MESSERS. PINNYA MAL the silk merchants of the old capital had had a sad event in their family. A partner of the firm died just a couple of days before my arrival. Another partner was lying ill in a hospital. We heartily sympathise with them. They are our old friends. Their manager Mr. Tilloomul at Mukden Joined with Mr. Kishan Chand of the Doulatram Firm to present us their offering mentioned in our last issue.† Mr. CHARAN SINGH a member of the Ghadar Party of Sanfrancisco, kindly visited me and gave a simple Indian dinner in his simple home.

On the 20th of January, I left for Nanking. At Tientsin I changed into the through Mukden Pukow express. The train was comfortable with sleeping accommodation and a restaurant wagon. Mr. Hwang Khung Su came to Nanking by the same train.

On the morning of the 22nd I arrived at Pukow. I crossed the river with the connecting ferry and reached Nanking on the other side. I together with Mr. Hwang drove to the headquarter of the Eastern Oppressed Peoples Association. For lack of room in the bureau we took rooms in an adjoining hotel. On the day that we arrived in the city it was warm

† See note on the last page.

but later it became very cold. We changed again our quarters to a warmer house.

Mr. Hwang Shou Mei. A young gentleman, who had worked hard at Tokyo to introduce me to his Chinese friends there arrived at Nanking on the 25th. He immediately began to introduce me to his friends at the Central capital of China. Mr. Tao and Mr. Ni friend of young Hwang, kindly gave dinner and brought me together with several other friends including the viceminister of Justice, Mr. Tsai Ying Chow.

On the 26th was celebrated the INDEPENDENCE DAY OF INDIA. Ten thousand hand bills were distributed through out the city by the workers of the Eastern Oppressed Peoples Association. The text was written by me and translated into Chinese by Mr. Sie. In the afternoon a small meeting was arranged at the office of the E. O. P. A. I was supposed to be in the chair inspite of my flat refusal to accept the honour. Enthusiastic speeches were delivered. The members of the Koumintang expressed hearty sympathy with the freedom movement of India. I said that the Koumintang and the Indian National Congress should work hand in hand for the salvation of China, India, Asia and the world. Mr. Hwang Shou Mei went to Shanghai to celebr ate the Independence day with Indian friends there. On his return he further introduced me to some very important Koumintang workers.

General Shi Ching Yang was kind enough to promise his full support to help me to proceed to Tibet. He is an important member of the Tibetan Mongolian Committee. Mr. Hwang Kung Su kindly took me to MARSHAL MA FU SHIANG. and MR HU HAN MING. The last mentioned gentleman is one of the five most leading figures in the government. He was very polite. As a revolutionary leader he had of course no out of date show of rulers.

He lives in a small house. He receives visitors freely. He talked specially on the injurious effects of silver depression. He said, we must work together, China and India, that our wealth is not taken away by certain foreigners and only paper money might remain in our hands ! Marshal Ma is the chairman of the Tibetan Mongolian Committee. He is also most influencial Muslim leader of China. He was very kind toward me. I thanked him for all that kindness which his subordinates and relatives showed to me on my way to Tibet in year 1925. He was at that time second in command in the army of Marshal Feng Yu Hsiang. I was very glad to meet some young Tibetan students. They have come to China from Calcutta. They speak Indian language very fluently. I explained to them the present situation of the world and the duty of China, India and Tibet under the present circumstances. I was also happy to meet the representative of H. H. Dalai Lama and some other gentlemen interested in Central Asian problems.

Diary for February. There is no startling story to relate. The month passed off quietly. My visit to Shanghai already recorded in our Indian edition was surely an event of my present visit to China. The meeting arranged by the Indian youth League and my short speech at the Sikh Temple on the 8th of February can not be easily forgotten from my memory. Indian brethren opened their hearts in showing their kind regard for my humble services. I am heartily thankful for all of them. Later bad weather together with my constant sittings to prepare material for our papers† combined to make me ill. I got bad constipation. In a couple of days it developed blind piles which I had had years before. I had to remain in bed for several days.

I had no other meetings to address save those

† Editions of World Federation.

at Shanghai, however I had the good fortune of meeting further several important members of the central government and central Koumintang. I could twice exchange views with MR. CHIN LIFU. He was very sympathetic to the Indian cause of freedom. However as the chief secretary of the central Koumintang he did not want to commit himself to any definite statement. I also met director of the propaganda department. Mr. Liu and Mr. Chen a secretary in the party. The interview with H. E Mr. SUN FU, the only son of Dr. Sun Yet Sen, was very important. His knowledge about the Indian affairs is very extensive and he takes personal interest in the Indian problems. His official post of the minister of railways does not bring him in direct contact with India since up till now there is no connection between the railway systems of that country and China. But in thought and spirit he is very near to India and the Indians. He can count several Indians as his personal friends. He specially mentioned Dr. Taraknath Das whom he had met in the United States. It was a pleasure to make acquaintance of Mr. Feng Ti, head of the political department in the military college, and Mr. Wang Pe Ling, an important member of the central committee. H. E. MP. WANG CHUNG HUI, whom I visited in the Judicial Yuan, is one of the five greatest leaders of the government. According to the constitution of the Koumintang he is higher than the minister of justice. MR. SHAO-YUAN-CHUNG poured out his sympathy in his fluent English. He was acting as the head of the examination Yuan. Now, we are told, he will act as the head of the Legislative Yuan, Mr. Hu Han Ming having resigned his post during this month. I had met Mr. Show Li Chiz before during my last visit to China. I was very glad to renew his acquaintance. He was kied to hear with patience what I had to say about India, Afghanistan, China and Asia. MR. WU-TEH-CHEN cared little

to observe diplomatic reserve. He greeted me heartily and specially approved my plan of cultivating better relations with Tibet. It is in the interest of China, Tibet and the Idinan nation that these neighbours learn to know one another. The Budhistic spirit of renunciation and service which is still practised in Tibet can be utilised for the welfare of Asia and the world. I was very glad to receive this cordial reception from this member of the Central committee. He is equally respected both by Marshal Chiang Kai Shek and Marshal Chang Tso Liang. For arranging these interviews I am specially thankful to MR. TAO AND MR. HWANG SHOU MEI. These two gentlemen, active and loyal members of the Koumintang, took me round and introduced me to the above mentioned personages.

Diary—For one month and a half. I have once again no connected story to relate. Events, worthy of any notice, are too few to weave in to a tale. I, therefore, bring up my account up to the 15th of April. During this period I had only seven occasions to deliver speeches. Three were very small meetings of only a few hearers. In two of these three cases I lectured to a small class of sociology in the Central University, Nanking. The teacher was kind to allow me to monopolize his students on two different days. They knew sufficient English language, I needed no interpreter. They asked me to express my views on the modern racial problems. I tried to prove the unity of humanity and assured my audience that the causes for the racial problems are to be found in ignorance and pride. the third of these small meetings was perhaps an examination of my feelings for Marshal Chiang Kai Shek. I was told that some secret service men of the marshal wanted to hear me. I must have failed in my examination because at the end of my talk there was no enthusiasm in the room. Some how, inspite of my admiration for all those who are working for the

unification of China I cannot beat myself up in to an ecstacy for any personality. And then I never met Marshal Chiang. I do not know him as a man. I wish, however, that he may prove himself more and more useful for China. At the end of the meeting the president of the group was courteous enough to follow us in darkness and see us off at the outside gate.

Another meeting, though large, was not specially arranged for me. It was called by Mr. Hwang Show Mei and Mr. Tao to found their Asiatic culture association at Nanking. I was asked to speak as a guest. I said that the Indian feeling for China can be judged by the sympathetic references to the country in the Indian press. And this they perhaps all knew, I continued that the Indian National Congress vehemently condemned the sending of the Indian troops to Shanghai by the British government.

A middle school, established to commemorate the massacre of the Chinese by the English at Shanghai in 1925, kindly invited me to address the students. The gathering was jolly and enthusiastic. I was also glad to meet them. As thoughts came at the moment I projected them on my sympathetic audience. I. presented four definite plan to bring China and India nearer: 1. Establish Indian language classes in China. 2. Send out Chinese to establish Chinese language classes in Indian schools. 3. Translate and publish Indian news from the Indian newspapers (in English) in the Chinese press. 4. Open the way between China and India through Tibet.

Two grand meetings. Junior and Senior military academies granted me opportunities to address their students of today or officers of tomorrow. On both occasions attendance was very large. In one case it exceeded the one thousand mark and in the second it approached that figure. They all heard very attentively with strict military discipline. Once, I spoke

on the Indian revolutionary development and in the next meeting my subject was; "The role of the Chinese and the Indian revolutions in the progress of the world." I described at length the historical back ground of the rejuvenating movements in these two old hoary countries. The work already accomplished in China should be well-known to my Chinese brethern. As regards India, I could affirm that the people of that country are determined to have complete independence and they shall have it. The fact that they have constantly moved forward during the last forty five years under the guidance of the National Congress proves that they are sure to reach their goal. They are, indeed, now not far from their objective. I must here also thank Col. Chen, General Hui and Mr. Tain who kindly gave me this wonderful opportunity of meeting the future comanders of the Chinese army.

When I saw that my trip to Tibet was not being materialised I left Nanking on the 10th April and arrived Peiping on the 12th. I am now preparing this English and Indian editions of the World Federation.

I hope to return to Afghanistan via Soviet Russia at no distant date. Publication of these papers* might be suspended unless I am in a position to establish a printing press at Cabul.

World Federation in Japan. This is what they do and make me appear Pro-Japan. Mr. Nakatani and the Director of the office of the world Federation Mr. Mitsukawa have brought out a fine pamphlet in the Japanese language with my speech and my photograph in the group inaugurating the World Federation office at Tokyo. Naturally such kindness impresses one's mind and makes one think and act a friend. We feel obliged.

Our Diary. It grows more and more colourless

*See note on last page.

There is hardly any thing to relate of general interest. For full two weeks and more from the 15th of April onward we were busy at Peping, China, in writing out three different editions of the World Federation. The April number in English was brought out. "Hindi-Persian" and "Urdu-Gurmukhi" editions were prepared and despatched. **On the 30th of April** I was invited by a group of young Japanese through Mr. T. Fuse, my old friend, to speak on Afghanistan at the Japanese club of Peiping. I told the audience of its modern history and described at some length the endeavours of H. M. King Amanullah, the late ruler, and of H. M. King Nadir Khan, the present ruler of the country to modernise the land. I reiterated that in this process of progress of Afghanistan, Japan can play an improtant part both in its own interest and in the interest of that central Asian country.

There was only one another small meeting. It was a dinner together with an after-dinner talk. **On the 5th May**, the courtesy was extended to me by a group of Chinese friends at "the club of the returned students from Europe and America." My topic was "world federation."

During my stay at the city of "northern peace" as the name of Peiping signifies I had only one important interview with a Chinese dignitary of the Central government. I renewed my acquaintance of **General Wu Teh Chen** whom I had met at Nanking. He cordially received me. He explained that my visit to Tibet could not be arranged on account of a local war between the Szechuan generals and the Tibetan frontier guards. Be as it may, I feel disappointed at the inability of China to facilitate my trip to that connecting chain of mountains which unites China and India. I must confess, I have doubts that at least some Chinese do not like my heartfelt sympathy for Tibet. Whatever may be their views I see in that land the fountain head of

many great streams which water alike the vast plains of India and China. And the Budhistic atmosphere of that tableland has a certain lure for me.

Mr. V. Fuse was kind enough to give me often the pleasure of his company. **Dr. Muller** inspite of his illness called at my Chinese hotel. I was also glad to make acquaintance of **Mr. S. J. Kao** of the Peiping Y. M. C. A. **Mr. Wirhumul** on behalf of Messrs. Pinyamal kept up the tradition of the firm by inviting me to a dinner and handing me a small purse as an offering to our services of humanity.

In the afternoon of the 8th May, just before my boarding the S, S, Nanrei Maru at Tientsin for Kobe, I had an opportunity to experience a little thrill. Our readers, perhaps, know that I can not enter any British territory. The English consider me a 'rebel' and they can arrest me for my opposition to the British empire. I have, therefore, never entered any British port in all my wanderings of the last sixteen years. However, this time the rickshaw pullers as they were taking me and my luggage from the Chinese city of Tienstin to the Japanese wharf in the French concession suddenly drove me on in to the British municipal area. I realized their mistake or mischief when I was far within the British territory. I saw two British sailors passed by me. I saw the British policemen ahead of me. A fine looking European lady was looking at me from the corner of the street to my left. Another European, yet another, sitting in rickshaws came up to me and went along. I just heard some sound in French meaning 'new'. Moments appeared hours. Am I in a snare ? I tried to observe composure. Then, suddenly I shouted to the rickshaw driver where he was taking me ? I ordered him to go back and asked the luggage and guide rickshaws to follow. I press them to hurry. They slow down their pace. They had left behind the wharf. "Oh ! You mean French and not English." The rickshaw puller

MY SOCIAL CONTACTS IN JAPAN

exclaimed ! "Of course !" I shouted. But this my driver was the same man whom I had told a day earlier that I do not want to go to the British concession. Be as it may, I came back safely and reached my destination. Only some excitement continued. I was asking to myself what all that meant ?

I have not taken first class. There is no second. I am travelling special third. It is economic and quite comfortable. In this class, passage from Tienstin to Kobe costs onIy Y22 or 11 Gold dollars. Some business inducement for the shipping company at Taku and the entanglement of the weavy net of a naughty storm delayed our steamer one day. I reached Kobe on Thursday morning. Mr. Futehally and Rev Kobayashi kindly came to the wharf to receive me. And now I am once again enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Futehally.

My diary for the later part of May. For five days I was guest at Kobe of Mr. Futehally Khan, the most prominent business man and the ardent Indian Nationalist. In the mean time arrived Mrs. Sahay from India. I transferred my residence to Mr. and Mrs. Sahay's new home. I was seven days with them. I need hardly mention that in both the places I was quite comfortable. My kindly hosts took special care to make me feel at home.

During my stay of twelve days at Kobe I got two important opportunities to address two large gatherings. One was a public meeting specially organised by the Oomoto religious group and supported by all the leading press of the city. The attendance was variously estimated between four and five hundred. One visitor thought that it must have been six hundred. In any case the audience was enthusiastic. Mr. Sahay, one Japanese and a Chinese speaker also spoke but mine talk was supposed to be the main topic of the evening.

The second large meeting was held in the English college of Mrs. Furuya at Osaka. The full strength of the institution was in evidence. The hall was crowded by the jolly faces of the girl students. I talked about Afghanistan.

The day that I went to visit Rev. Kobayashi in his large temple of Gokurakuji a small meeting was in progress. It was a Sunday evening congregation. The Rev. priest kindly asked me to speak on the future of Budhism. I explained that Budhism is eternal. It has the same spirit as that of Hinduism, Christianity or Islam. Religion was evolved by the creative force to teach man the laws of life. The same function will be continued to be performed in some form so long as man continues to exist on this planet.

There were quite a number of feasts. Mrs. Furya gave a special Japanese dinner after the lecture at her girls college. The Oomoto society arranged a banquet. The press reporters were specially invited at this occasion. There was also a little speechifying. Mr. Okami of the Kobe Chamber of commerce held a nice evening party of a few selected members of his group. I spoke at length. Mr. Okumura, the secretary of the local Y.M.C.A. kindly translated.

Our Indian friends did not like to remain behind in feeding me as a world wanderer. Mr. Futehally and Mr. Sahay were my hosts. Mr. Narain-das gave a lunch. Mr. Vatvani, Mr. Mehra and Mr. and Mrs. Ali gave sumptuous dinners.

I must also thank Messrs. Khairatiram, Om prakash and Bhagat for kindly despatching the May number. Mr. Futehally sent his men for the job.

On the 26th of May, by 9 o'clock train, I left Kobe. The same evening I arrived at Tokyo. My Indian and the Japanese friends received me at the station. I am now staying at the cozy residence of Shriman Rash Behari Bose 79 Onden, Aoyama

Tokyo. Here I am, as if, in my own house, perhaps, a little more than that. My honourable friend does not only feed my person but also kindly provides mental food. I receive many inspirations from him. Here, I am comfortable in mind and body.

On the 29th of May there was held a huge in door meeting to celebrate the 77th birth day of Hon. Mr. Toyama. I visited it as a visitor. The attendance was about three-thousand.

Maharaja of Jind. He is my brother-in-law. I married his sister. A strange coincidence brought him and me from two different directions in two different steamers at one and the same time to Kobe. We landed in Japan on the morning of the 14th of May. I came from China. He arrived from India. When I heard the news of his visit in the evening I sent him a little note through Mr. Sahay. I expressed my delight at his coming and told him that I would like to meet him if he had no objection. I received no written reply ! Later, I sent him a registered letter asking him to help me to establish a temple at Kyoto for the unity of religons. Still heard nothing. Now my patiece gave way. He was to leave Yokohaama on the 30th. I must now go and see him. Perhaps he does not understand me. Thank Afghanistan and my numerous friends I am not specially in need of money. I simply want him. Today is the 29th. Today I must trace him and see him. Such thoughts took me to Yokohama. I found him staying at the New Grand hotel. He was away just at that time. His secretary, however, received me. The news was discouraging. Maharaja was, perhaps, not prepared to see but the secretary could not say any thing definitely. He personally expressed sympathy with my "self-sacrifice". I assured him that it was no sacrifice. Every one is born for a certain duty and he simply performs it. I am doing my job at my place.

I returned to the hotel at 8 p. m. I went to the secretary's private room. It was now definitely revealed to me that I could only meet Maharaja through the English consul general. It was too much for me. I told them it was absurd. I was at war with the British empire. I did not come to see the Maharaja so and so. I came to see my friend and relative Ranbir Singh. But if he is so much afraid of meeting me I care little. I left the room immediately in disgust. This is the condition of some of the ruling chiefs. They are mentally slaves of the British imperial force. On one hand the secretary informed me that the Maharaja would cry if he saw me. He was really desirous to meet me. And on the other hand comes the curt reply that I must approach the Maharaja through a British agent! I gave them, however, some good thoughts to ponder upon. I told them to inform the Maharaja that if the princes did not behave properly as the leaders of men they shall be swept aside as in Russia and Germany.

For one whole day I felt the pinch of this rebuff! The reaction in my mind was that perhaps the modern movements to set aside all the antiquated rulers were a necessity of the time. My friend Mr. Bose, however, reminded me of many great personalities who still carry on the old noble traditions of the managers of the people. I must not get angry with the princes as a class. King of Afghanista and the emperor of Japan are also greater rulers in their lands But I have to repeat, I believe, that the Indian princes have very little chance to survive long, unless they immediately join the Indian National Congress and energetically work to better the lot of the peasant !

Our Diary of June. I had several important conversations with different influencial people. One rather extraordinary was an interview with Mr. Norishige Yamamasu, a member of the Japanese parliament and special secretary to the Prime minister

Accompanied by Mr. Hakogi and Mr. Kinoshita I called on him at the official residence of the premier. He was however not interested in politics. Our topic was educational. It is his special subject. He was formerly a teacher. He wanted to know how a Japanese expert in educational line could be sent to Afghanistan.

Young Mr. Kuhara, son of the former financial minister received me twice. We spoke about the possibilities of business relations between Japan and central Asia. I had further opportunities to meet my old friends such as Mr. Soma, Prof Ohkawa, Prof. Araki, Mr. Panade, Mr. Nonami, Mr. Hamada and others

I was glad to make acquaintance of Mr. Kishii of the Tokyo Nichi Nichi. He kindly promised me to do his best to help me in my work of propaganda. I highly value to his good will.

I was a guest of Shriman Rash Behari Bose where, as usual, I was living, as if, in my own home. I can not undergo the formality of thanking him. He may not like it and I cannot be satisfied with any wording that I can put up. Silence may better express gratitude.

A very elaborate memorial ceremony was held on the 14th June. It was in honour of three different Indian gentlemen who previously lived in Japan. Their names are Moulana Barkatullah, Prof. Atal and Mr. Vikramratne. The First mentioned person became a world figure. He had worked hard for Indian revolutionary movement in England and America. He was the first professor of the Indian language in Japan. But he acquired fame for his work during the world war and after it. He died in 1927 at Sanfrancisco. Prof. Atal occupied the same chair of the Indian language at the Foreign language school of Tokyo. He was so disgusted with the mean under hand methods of the British

that he thought it fit to find an exit out of this world by the back door of suicide. The last mentioned person was a student in Japan. He passed away young in Ceylon. Mr. Bose organised the memorial service for all these three at the Budhist Temple of Dr. Watanabe Ph. D. The Hon. Mr. Toyama presided. I spoke on the life of Moulana Barkatullah.

On the 16th June I left Tokyo for Yokohama. For two days, I stayed at the fine building of the local Y. M. C.A. Mr. Pouhumul a nationalist Indian merchant kindly made me eat every meal in his residence. He gave me further all his spare time and helped me to buy a few presents for my friends in Afghanistan and on the way.

Quite unexpectedly, I got an opportunity of addressing the Indian community in Yokohama. Pandit Mehta Jaimini of Lahore accompanied by a respectable singer was scheduled to speak in the evening of the 17th at the Indian club. I was also asked to drop in. After the main speaker they kindly invited me to express my ideas. As I was speaking on revolution a severe earthquake began to shake and rock the building, so much so that the lights went off and a couple of ladies and gentlemen showed signs of some excitement. The majority of the audience remained firm in their seats and a resolute soul brought candles. I continued my talk and told them that just as a few miniutes previously no one knew that an earthquake was coming even thus revolutions come all of a sudden. In one outwardly quiet night revolution may break out in the Indian capital. Viceroy may be arrested. Mahatama Gandhi might be proclaimed the president of Independent India, Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru might be appointed the premier, Moulana Abul Kalam Azad might be entrusted with the portfolio of the minister of War and Sardar Kharagsingh might be chosen as the Finance minister. I admit that it is perhaps not the best distribution of

the heavy duties. I used to say previously that Moulana Shoukatali will make a fine War minister but his recent treachery to the National cause made me perhaps think of other names at the spur of the moment. The details however are not important. I simply wanted to show to the Indian brethren the acute nature of the coming times if the British persist in their stiff necked Indian policy.

On the 18th I left for Tsuruga and arrived there the same evening. I went straight to the Soviet Consulate. The man in charge cordially received me but disappointed me by the news that he had heard nothing from his chief, the consul general at Tokyo. He sent me to a hotel where I stayed for two nights.

On the 20th June I left for Valadivostok. The voyage was pleasant. But on the other side another disappointment awaited me. The Soviet officials there also had heard nothing about me. I was promised all possible facilities by Mr. Podolsky, the Consul General at Tokyo. Without special assistance or illegal transaction in foreign currency it was impossible for me to bear the expenses. Soviet rouble officially stands at its high rate. One American dollar is exchanged for less than two roubles. But the prices have run up depreciating the value of the Soviet currency. I preferred to stay on the boat till they could help me to travel with ease to Moscow. On the day of the coming back of the boat the Soviet travelling agency proffered a helping hand but now the Soviet police hindered my passage and sent me back. A week was lost in this shuttling process but the experience gained was an asset. One Mr. Churin, a soviet official travelling in the same boat from Valadivostok to Japan heartily sympathized with me and was sorry that the Soviet machinery did not work more efficiently in helping friends and in opposing the real enemies of society.

I could not also land immediately in Japan. I had no visa from Valadivostok to reenter this country. But my argument that I had been all along under the Japanese flag and I did not land officially on the other side got me permit, after hours of waiting to proceed to Kobe. After midnight I reached that city. Mr. Sahay and Mr. Pranlal kindly received me at the station. I took up my quarter in the happy home of Mr. and Mrs. Sahay. Here as at Tokyo I do not consider myself a guest.

On the 27th of June. I again had a chance of addressing a very similar Indian gathering as at Yokohama. Again I spoke after a lecture of Pandit Mehta. On the 28th there was held a farewell party at the Indian club. I was also invited. I got an opportunity to relate my sad experience of an unsuccessful trip to Valadivostok.

Now to my great astonishment I heard from Mr. Rash Behari Bose that Soviet authorities express regret for my misadventure and assert that the reason that they had to hinder my journey was that the Afghanistan government did not like (at least for the time being) my returning to Cabul !

Shrouded in mystery with uncertain immediate future the month comes to end. However the satisfaction is that I find myself here amidst friends. The Indian community of Kobe literally makes me feel that I am once again in India. Japanese friends I can see, realise that I had sincerely tried to bring Japan and Afghanistan nearer. If any political reasons temporarily create difficulties in the way it is not my fault. And my numerous friends in other parts of the wrold seem to understand my spirit. They can appreciate my every move of sectional unity with a view to federate the world. They have simply over laden me with voluminous correspondence. To do justice to their encouraging

messages I am bringing them out in both the July and August numbers* which are appearing together.

My diary for July. I was at Kobe that the month appeared on the scene. It brought me in the wake of June many opportunities of getting fine dinners. At times I was asking to myself whether I was doing right in thus feeding my body without giving back sufficient labour in return to society? There was held again a big Indian banquet at the Indian club in honour of another Indian gentleman also leaving Kobe for India. It was organised by the firm of Messrs. Omprakash Durgadass. I sparingly partook of the hospitality but a little something from the numerous sumptuous dishes filled me up. No one specially asked me to speak. But I asked the host by whose side I was sitting to allow me to serve society by a talk if not by action. He was very pleased to receive my offer and announced my speech. I explained the laws of nature which deve-loped the business men among us. They think per-haps that they are only working for their own per-sonal benefit but they are fulfilling a need of our life by voluntarily supplying what we daily use. I told them that they must try to observe the discip-line of the Indian National Congress but they can represent their case to Mahatama Gandhi and the Congress that if they were to give up their business of export and import between Japan and India it will mean immediate ruin for them and also a loss to their home land. They can persuade the congress to concentrate its energy on the boycott of the English goods. They can further export to India articles what the country needs most for industrial dovelopment. They can found Indo-Japanese com-panies to build up factories in India. Ofcourse, when the new system of cooperative labour will be adopted by India and Japan these firms and factories which they can now establish shall in peace automa-

* See note on last page.

tically adopt it to the mutual advantage of all the brain and hand workers without throwing any body on the street and without waging any barbarous "class war."

I could speak just a few words in a Congress tea party. My role there was only of a peace maker. I supported the president of the meeting Mr. Futehally and affirmed that it was not right to resign from the India club to express their displeasure against any rule. If they must have the rule immediately changed they can try the "Satyagraha" of Mahatama Gandhi. This method of fight is more suited against friends than against the enemies. In ancient India we find queens adopting this method against their husband kings. They used to lie down on the bare ground and refuse food till their requests were granted. It can be surely tried in some form to force our brethren to adopt rule of public welfare. This suggestion, however, was ruled out by the president who did not think it necessary to utilize such a holy weapon on this trifle.

I do not feel inclined to mention one another banquet at the summer capital of the India club. It was organised by the well known figure of the Indian community Dass Babu The food was very tasty. Locality was very exhilarating. Company was jolly. But it was all enjoyment and no service to humanity. I was neither asked to speak nor did I care to throw some kind of bomb shell in the form of a protest against all that unnecessary expenditure of that evening. We can, I think, simplify our feasts by introducing simple and healthy diet and raise the tone of the gatherings by insisting on useful discourse.

On the 5th of July a very unexpected and sad demise took place. Prof. Bulchand, a famous education specialist of Hydrabad Sindh, died suddenly of heart failure. I had made his acquaintance at Yokohama. I did not know that he had come to

Kobe. This day being Sunday, I went to attend the Sikh religious service at a private chapel in the house of Messrs. W. Assomul. There to my sorrowful astonishment I learned that the whole congregation had gone out to the place of death of the professor. I together with Mr. Sahay, my host, also hurried thither. The unexpected had happened. Professor was no more there. The mortal body alone was lying to be carried away and burnt down! We express our heartfelt sympathy with the bereaved family of the deceased.

On the 8th of this month I got two chances to air my views. At noon I was invited to lunch at Osaka by a very small group of Pan-Asianist. My old friend Mr. Takase is the soul of this society. I spoke at length to the few friends around me on Pan-Asia as a province of the World Federation. Mr. Sahay who kindly accompanied me described the all important situation of India in Asia and the world. In the evening, on the same day I gave a talk at the Kobe Y.M.C.A. I addressed the English Speaking Society on the Indian situation and the world federation. Though Mr. Sahay had kindly introduced me yet they made me say my life story as well. At the end of the meeting a bamboo hand stick with a Japanese artistic design engraved on it was presented to me on behalf of the congregation. I am specially thankful to Mr. Okumura, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for giving me this treat.

It was reserved for the middle of July that a few Indian friends invited all the Indian Community to meet me and hear me. They kindly called it a meeting in my "honour". Here I had full monopoly. I spoke at length about all my doings and my future probable plans. I was very glad to see that full sympathy reigned all around and they, one and all, expressed their good will in solid terms. I feel highly obliged to the Indian community at Kobe for their hearty welcome. They are however so modest

that they would not like that I make any advertisement of their support to the big movement of the world federation. I, therefore refrain myself from adding anything further on the subject. The readers, however, are sure to magnify this topic and declare that it is not only the saints like Mahatama Gandhi who speak of humanity but the Indian business men as well are developing a taste for the service of World Unity based on justice and love. Of course every man who can get of his customary gutter will surely realize that in the well being of all the world is the welfare of every country and every section of our human race. If the whole body is really healthy it means that every part is in good condition.

I must take this opportunity to thank Mr. and Mrs. Sahay. I was their guest during all my stay at Kobe. They kindly further loaded me with food stuff to eat on my voyage to China. Mr. Sahay was good enough to find time to go with me on visits to friends and persuade others to come and meet me. He did all he could to make me happy and useful to the Indian community.

Private feasts were very numerous. Twice, I had the pleasure of partaking the elaborate dinners at Mr. and Mrs. Ali. Twice, Mr. Khairatiram invited me to his luxurious dinner parties. It was also twice that I enjoyed meals at Mr. B. Naraindas. Mr. Doulatram Mehra invited me together with Pandit Jaimini. The banquet of Mr. Koutak proved sweeter for me by a talk which was cordially received from my lips. Mr. Dass, Prof. Jain and Messrs. W. Asoomul were kind enough to extend the courtesy of fine dinners. I am very thankful to all these and such friends who care to show sympathy by giving me the "Daily bread."

WORLD FEDERATION CENTRE IN CHINA

I left Kobe on the 25th July by S. S. Nanre

Maru. The departure was very quiet. Only Mr. and Mrs. Sahay and Mr. Manganmul, secretary of the Congress branch and the secretary of the India Social Society saw me off at the wharf. A couple of friends had kindly come to my residence to bid good bye!

The voyage was not in any way remarkable except for the smoothness of the passage and the flow of time. Sailing through the islands of South Korea was picturesque. We arrived at Tangku, the Chinese port on the 29th. The same evening we got train for Peiping. Now I am staying at the same Chinese hotel where I stayed last time.

Our diary for August is practically nil. We have no story to relate. The first twenty days passed away in publishing our three different editions of the world Federation. Our American or English issue most of our readers might have seen. Our Indian and Persian circular letters were sent only to such readers who know those languages. The last ten days were spent in the house keeping of our new home. Here up to the time of writing these lines I am living quite alone without any aid in the whole building. In the morning I make some cleaning and cook my meal. From 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. I attend to business. In the evenings I eat, read, write and later at about 11 P.M. go to bed. It is not difficult to get servants in China. And they are as a rule cheap, trustworthy and industrious. But I want to keep, if possible, no servants. I am looking around for Buddhist Lamas or Monks of young age who may remain with me as associates. I wish that the system of the house servants may disappear as slavery has been abolished from the civilized communities. I want to introduce the system of associates or house members. As I am living single life I prefer monks but in married families, married couples may be taken as associates. In our model communities of course, there can be no servants in any form. They will be

run on family system, juniors assisting the seniors in all management.

Our Diary. I have little to relate about my personal activities. I am now tied down to one spot. I am no more, at least for the time being, that wandering nomad on the face of earth who knew no rest. Now, at least for a year, I have the fixed plan to remain at this centre and develop the institution of the world federation. I have now entirely merged myself with the work going on here. I try to do what I can. I edit our papers. I teach American (English), Persian and Indian to all such students who care to come to learn them. My English classes are often full of life. Only one student comes to study Persian. And only on two days I had the pleasure to teach Indian. The students, perhaps, do not find it useful to study the eastern languages of far off countries with no direct connection at present. In any case, we continue to show the advantages of knowing one another through one another's tongue.

On our school register the list of students has mounted higher than the mark of one hundred and ten. If they were all coming we would have found it difficult to manage the classes in our small building. If they were all coming we would have been obliged to utilize our meeting hall for the English class. However, the percentage of attendance is still very low.

The Manchurian storm referred to some where else in this number* has been responsible for the disappearance of our students. Schools and colleges have been very busy in the anti-Japanese campaign.

We have been holding regularly our World Federation Club meetings on every Wednesday evening. On Fridays, we come together for Pan Asia Social society. The service of the unity of Religions is held on Sunday mornings. Here again, however

* See note on the last page.

the attendance has been poor. Let us hope that as time rolls on our institution is bound to grow and its every branch will bear fine fruits.

Our Diary of October. The attendance at our language school dwindled. The Manchurian incident and perhaps our own inability to satisfy the requirements of the Chinese students were responsible for the poor attendance. Our Japanese class has only three regular students. We must admire the persistence of the honourary Japanese professor who regularly comes to teach his small class. Once a German friend told us that this persistence which is generally seen among the Japanese has made the Japanese nation great. We want that this persistence is utilized in the interest of humanity. We cannot deny the fact that some individuals and groups have some fine qualities. However, these fine qualities are given to them by Nature. They cannot say, they are their own. If a government appoints a governor he cannot say that his exalted position is his birth right. He cannot misuse his trust. Even so the better qualified individuals or groups are entrusted with these qualities to serve the society. All mankind should be so trained and organized that it would not tolerate any selfish use of any good quality in any individual or group. We are glad that our Japanese professor is utilizing his national good quality in the service of humanity by teaching regularly the Japanese language without expecting any monetary reward !

We were hoping to have here also a German class. Dr. Herbert Mueller had also kindly promised to provide this department. But we regret to say that his too absorbing business made him even resign from the honourary post of the managing director of the World Federation Club. His letter appears in our correspondence columns.†

† See note on the last page.

Our two English or American classes continue their operation. But the number of students in both the classes never exceeded twenty. On some days it fell to seven or eight !

World federation club has lost all its attraction. No European or American cares to visit us since some time. Is there any anti-Asiatic feeling among our European and American brethren of Peiping? They have their own exclusive clubs and meeting places but they refrain to take advantage of this unique platform where East, West, North and South do not exist. Yes, it is sad, they encourage such Chinese and Japanese institutions which foster war spirit ! We shall continue to hammer on truth whether any one cares for us or not. The spirit of Christ is to go alone to the Truth and die for it.

Our Pan-Asia meetings have also not attracted many people. On two occasions we had fair gatherings and fine talks. Once one Mr. Fujisawa, a Japanese gentleman, delivered a lecture. He was at one time a secretary at the office of the League of Nations. His father was formerly a professor of the Imperial university of Tokyo.

The service of the unity of religions has been the greatest failure so far. It is perhaps due to the growing repulsion against religion in our world. We hold, however, that this negligence of the science of religion is due to pure and simple misunderstanding. On one hand the preachers of relgions have made this department of our society apparently useless or seemingly impracticable and on the other side the people do not quite understand the use of religion. We hold that mankind can greatly profit by this science if it is properly utilized. We therefore stand for the unity of religions and we want to utilize all available religious energy in the common interest of our human race.

During this month we could only bring out one other edition of the World Federation besides that of our regular American edition. It was published in Hindi and Persian.

Mr. Hwang Kung Su and Mr. Fuse are trying their best to improve their departments. A certain anti-Japanese feeling born out of the Manchurian incident hampers our evolution because we insist on a friendly cooperation between China and Japan.

Our Diary for November. Like a machine our routine works. There are hardly any excitements within our boundaries of activities save that which the disturbed condition in the Far East provides as a reflection on our daily lives. Regularly we write, attend to our news-papers and their details, regularly we hold meetings, on Wednesdays, of the club of the World Federation, on Fridays of the social society of Pan-Asia and on Sundays, of the Unity of religions and regularly we teach English and Persian. Twice the attendance of the students saw ups and downs. Every little more disturbance in Manchuria or at Tientsin effects our student body. The war in North Manchuria and the break out of fighting at the port of Tientsin reduced the number of students. The Japanese class is not functioning at present due to the lack of seekers of knowledge. Our American or the English class has been very lively of late. The attendance keeps up over twenty.

Our readers may like to hear that the proof of World Federation tor November was kindly looked through by an American friend who asked us not to mention his name but added significantly that we might call him an Anglo-saxon! A certain racial consciousness over the broad Americanism! We hope however that our worthy comrade will soon prove himself an ardent World Federationist. He has all the qualities which can make a man a fanatic

supporter of any great movement which circumstances might bring to him.

Another valuable addition to our circle of friends is a Chinese young worker and student by the name of Mr. Thang. His enthusiasm has made it possible to have our Sunday meetings well attended. Last Sunday we ragularly installed the "Granth Sahib", the holy book of the Sikhs, presented to us by the Kobe branch of Messrs. W. Asso Mull and company, one of the largest Indian concern in Japan. The chief manager of Messrs. Pinyamull, Mr. Verhoo mull kindly came to perform the Sikh service. Our Budhist Lama read the Budhist scriptures. Mr Thang prayed according to Christianity. Another student spoke on the Chinese Budhism. I rounded the service by speaking of the unity of all the religions and their services to humanity. Mr. Fuse continues to conduct efficiently the Pan-Asia meetings and Mr. Hwang Kung Su comes now and then when he finds time to inspect the world Federation language school. We must thank all our friends whose cooperation alone makes it possible to run these institutions.

Further development. This month will see some kind of weaving or knitting machine installed on our premises and a small barber's shop opened. We shall ourselves run these new departments. We hold fast to the principle that we must try to serve society with our brains as well as our hands. Our teaching and editing work is our brain contribution. Now the hair cutting, shaving and preparing a part of our daily necessities will be our share of service by hands.

Our diary for December. In the rosary of life we have counted another thirty one beads. A month of thirty one days has slipped by. There has been no grand parade, not one monstrous meeting nor any mammoth demonstration to write about in bold types

to excite the interest of our kind readers. The fire vomiting news from Manchuria have always found a cold douche in this city of northern Peace. Our school did not reflect during this month any of the shadows which the disturbance in the North East is casting over China. We had a very smooth run. Students increased. A larger number of students visited our institution. We had to make three classes in our American language department. Japanese class could not recover from the shock it sustained during the month of November. But it could continue its existence. Our Japanese professor Mr. Chen regularly comes to take his class. For last few days there was only one student. It did not however discourage the teacher. We are thankful to him for this free service of humanity. We are sorry to say that we could not introduce the weaving class as we had planned. We did a couple of hair cuttings but the lack of clients did not help it to grow into a living institution. I confess that my inexperience in the craft is solely responsible for this check in this direction. Our meetings have been lively of late due to the presence of our students. Out siders and the elders of our movement did not regularly visit our World Federation Club and the Pan-Asia social society. Sunday service of the Unity of Religions has found a great advocate in the person of Mr. I. J. Levin. He has introduced a new attraction for the poor and needy to hear the word of God. He kindly gives five or ten cents to every old or weak person who cares to come to our Sunday service. Our hall is packed up by such men and women and there remains hardly any room for our students and other visitors. We give in some other place a few details about Mr. Levin and publish his "will" and "Declaration of life" which speak volumes of his spirit.* We are sure, our readers will be glad to see him amidst us. We find that his association

*See note on last page.

with our World Federation is capable of bearing great fruits.

Aj. The Daily paper, of Benares, India, is now regularly received. It was coming via Japan for a couple of weeks. It has now come direct to our Peiping address. The issue of the 29th October, just received, contains our long biagrophical letter. A previous communication addressed to the same Paper seems to have been lost. But we are thankful to all concerned that after a long break direct communication could be established with India. We are sure that the fair opinions of our international friends have a great deal to do to unlock the window in the British four walls of that country. We are also thankful to those fair minded persons in the Indian postal service who cared to listen to the world opinion.

Diary. By way of the report of our activity we can only say that our time is spent in bringing out the English or American edition of the World Federation and its Indian—prototype, in attending to our correspondence and in teaching to young students English or American language free of charge. On Sundays are held meetings of the unity of Religions and on Wednesdays World Federation Club holds its sessions. They were three special meetings when once the Living Budha of Kokonor, next The Chief abbot of the Chinese Temple and again some more great Lamas graced our institution. On two occasions I was invited to speak outside of our four walls. Once the national defence association with a membership list of many renowned names gave me an opportunity to express my views. At another time a private middle school invited me to lecture to their students.

Diary for April. Mostly it is just the repetition of the last few months. Regularly we hold World Federation Club meetings on every Wednesday even-

ing and on Sundays in the morning the service of the Unity of Religions is performed. The rest of the week days see our American or English classes from 6 P. M. to 8-30 P. M. The attendance has gone over forty. It may also be interesting to learn that over five hundred students have recorded so far their names and addresses on our register of admission. As we charge no admission or tuition fees many visiting students lightly subscribe their names. The system of paying a couple of cents to every beggar who cares to drop in on Sunday was introduced by Mr. Levin. Our friend has left the city but before his departure he handed at our office twenty five dollars to keep up this distribution. We get every Sunday a large gathering of men, women and children who come in search of material bread. We also take this opportunity to administer to them a large dose of spiritual nectar. Our Christian priest Mr. Thang and the Budhist priest, Yang Lama pray according to their respective religions. Our Indian friends, the managers of Messrs Lekhoomul Pinvamul kindly read the Granth Sahib. I simply rehearse the chief prayers of Hinduism, Budhism, Christianity, Islam and Sikhism in the order mentioned. I also give a little talk now and then. My chief advice to the poor is that they learn to live together. They may rent their own house. Collect money by begging. Utilize their spare time in spinning, weaving or manufacturing their necessities. They should also try to educate their younger generation and improve their own spiritual knowledge. Something uncommon during this month were two invitations for me to speak at two different schools. The Muslim Normal school asked me to lecture to their students. I spoke on the part played by the Islamic culture in the development of our human society. The Tibetan- Mongolian school asked me to speak on the anniversary of the famous Changezkhan. It was a little difficult task. My theory about the work of Changez and

Napoleon cannot be appreciated by the egoistic nationalists. But I care little for the wrong prejudiced opinions. I try to speak the truth in the common interest of all mankind. I hold that in the interest of humanity human currents must flow from people to people. But it was a tragedy that bloodshed was made a necessary condition in the working of this natural law. We must now so educate the masses that the human rivers may peacefully flow without creating any destruction. We shall take extraordinary precaution that the Robber-type will not be able to organize large following in the name of race or nation. All power must go to the just, honest and enlightened!

Diary for the month of May. The routine work of the evening free school, Wednesday club meeting of the World Federation and the Sunday service of the unity of religions has lost its attraction to our old readers. But we are glad to provide some treat in the form of a little news about my lectures in a couple of institutions.

I could not report in our last issue.† On the 30th of April I was invited by my new friend Mr. Chen Yuan Siang to speak to his English class and some visitors at the Republic University. They asked me to choose some literary subject. I spoke, therefore, on the back ground of thought. I tried to show the different species and their breeding capacities as they live on in our thought world. The law of birth, growth and death governing the animals and plants also applies to our ideas. A doctor in this field is very much hampered by the influence of the already existing notions in his mind. However our task is to differentiate between the useful and harmful thoughts and to multiply all such ideas which establish Justice and promote love

† See note on the last page

in mankind. Justice creates peace and love produces happiness in our society.

On Monday the 9th May I had the pleasure to address the student body of the "Yuen" University. I was asked to speak on "the past and present of India and the future of China and India". After touching a little the ancient mythology I described the present situation in the country. I rounded up my talk with the hope that China and India will both occupy honourable places in the World Federation.

On Thursday the 12th May I was invited to speak again on the above mentioned subject at the Mongolian school.

On Monday the 23rd May was held an open air meeting in the grounds of Hung Ta high school. I was given the freedom to speak on any subject that I liked. I explained my plan of the World Salvation. Cooperation of the Chinese, Russian and the Indian revolutions, with the set purpose to liberate humanity and promote the World Federation was my theme.

I must take this opportunity to thank Prof. Liu Shin Tung whose recommendation gave me the opportunities to reach the educational world of Peiping. Mr. Chen Yuan Siang has to be heartily thanked for interpreting for me on four different occasions during the last two months. Mr. S. T. Chang, the Dean of the Yuen University, together with his colleagues gave a sumptuous dinner after the meeting at their institution described above. They were also kind enough to show me round their technical school under the charge of Mr. Liu Chuin Chuan. I am naturally thankful to these new friends. I also feel obliged to Mr. Cheng Chang Young, the Dean of Hung Ta, Mr. Ming K. Chao, M. A. and Mr. Chen Chia Liu M. A. Litt D.. the last mentioned two gentlemen kindly interpreted my two speeches.

For the first time since my present arrival in China I got some opportunities to reach the general public. Formerly in China and many times in Japan and America I had had numerous occasions to air my views in public meetings. I am glad to see that history is repeating itself in the little span of my life. I shall be happier if these talks can bear some fruits. We stand for nothing less than the World Federation based on Universal understanding, Love, Justice, Renunciation and Service.

Phing Min College. It was on the 4th of June I was invited to speak at this institution. President Ma, vice-president Mr. Feng kindly received me. Prof. Fu was kind enough to interpret my talk. I spoke specially on the necessity of forming a Koumintang-Communist and Congress(Indian) party. But I rambled of course on a wide circle. My acquaintance with this college is one of the oldest in China. In 1923 when I first visited Peking I got an opportunity to address the students of this institution. It it was through my friend Mr. Wang. The secretary of the college insisted that I must visit a Chinese Theatre with him. In the evening I was his guest at a Theatre. This was the first time that I ever went to a Theatre at Peiping. I am very thankful to my friend but I must say that the theatres need revolutionary change to help our society to get out of the mire. I did not care to stay to the finish.

Students' strike. I got first hand experience of this juvenile wave of unrest. I was invited by Dr. Sha to speak at the Women's Art College. But when I arrived I found that the lecture hall was forcibly taken possession of by the rebellious girl students. The incident had nothing to do with me. They were holding a protest meeting against the appointment of a certain president of their university. They were enraged against their educational ministry! The strike had spread to all the government colleges.

Local police had some exciting time. I again repeat that the present system of education is extremely faulty. We must provide land and factories to our students and teachers. They should develop in to contented but progressive communities.

29th June. The July number* was already given to the press. Money account was practically closed. It was too late to indulge in any new enterprise during the month of June. But we could not resist the temptation. We could not say good-bye to our students without some kind of fitting ceremony. At the spur of the moment we decided to enlarge our last Wednesday meeting into a formal farewell gathering. Soon the telephone wires were conveying our invitations. "Hallo ! Is Mr. ..... at home.....Please do come tomorrow. We are holding our special closing meeting....." Inspite of the inclement weather several friends turned up. We took tea together, did some little justice to cakes and fruits. We came down to the hall where students had gathered. Another round of tea and biscuits passed on. Prof. Liu Shin Tung delivered a fine speech. Prof. Ch'en Yuan Siang followed and presented his message to the students. Now also arrived the English interpreter to Marshal Wu Pei Fu. On account of some engagement Mr. Shen Shi, a private secretary to H.E. Marshal Chang Shueh Liang had to take leave. I, in my broken Chinese, spoke and spoke to our students. Mr. Wang and Professor Fu arrived too late to take an active part in our meeting. It was late at night when we parted. "Is it only for the summer vacation or for good? We were asking ourselves. Future of the institution was shrouded in uncertainty. The stormy weather and the pall of night were in keeping with the state of our minds !

Dinners. I did not bring out a glaring notice

*World Federation.

of the sumptuous dinner, given some time ago, by Prof. Fu Pei Ching nor did I care to mention a family feast of Mr. Shen offered about the same time. But not to thank here for the kind invitations of Mr. Wang and Prof. Liu will be a little unjust. They specially arranged farewell parties. Prof. Ch'en got tegether at his home all his English students of the Mongolian school. And Mr. Shen once again treated me with a special vegetarian meal. I am naturally thankful to all our friends who thus indirectly express their sympathy to India, Asia and humanity. To be kind to me is to be kind to my cause.

Trip to Nanking. When I had every reason to believe that I was going to Japan to try to collect funds from our Indian brethren for our institution at Peiping, came in a very friendly invitation from General Shih Tsing Yang, chairman of the Mongolian and Tibetan Committee at Nanking. He wanted to consult me on the Tibetan question. Our readers know that our Indian brethren in America collected ten thousand gold dollars for my trip to Tibet in 1925. I led the Indian mission. I met some very influencial men in that country. I arrived at some conclusions which are now proved by recent developments. The old school of China did not take my views seriously. The new school did not care for that mountainous land. Now the Tibetans are reported as attacking Szechuan and Western Kansu! The world should know that inspite of the League of Nations, the World court and the treaties of No-War the English imperialism has been trying all along through Tibet what the Japanese imperialism is now hoping to achieve through Manchu Kuo. I must take advantage of this opportunity and try to bring these facts to the notice of the responsible men in the country. I hurried to the seat of the Central authority in China. I was glad to find that my old friend

Mr. Shih Ying was the Lord Mayor of Nanking. He kindly invited me to stay with him. I came to him and found myself quite at home.

General Shih Ching Yang. As soon as I arrived at Nanking I paid him a visit. I was glad that without an interpreter we could exchange complementary greetings. Next day was appointed to have a more formal talk through an interpreter. I expounded the necessity of better relations between China and Tibet. I asserted that if Tibet could be brought in one line with the Revolutionary China and National India she will prove the connecting link between the Far East and South Asia. I was asked how I proposed to bring it about ? Did I need Chinese troops to achieve my object ? I definitely said "No". I explained that in case the Chinese troops will try to enter Tibet the present regime in that country will be obliged to seek military aid of Britain. And in case the British troops can occupy Tibet as its saviours it will be impossible to oust them unless there is a revolution in India. The only method, I continued, to solve the problem of Tibet is to win over the Tibetans by presuasion to cooperate with China aud India.

Mr. Wang Ching Wei. It was certainly the crowning event of my trip to Nanking and in fact of my present sojourn in China. He received me without formality and as a friend. I can not suppress the fact that in his friendly gestures I could see some reflections of Mr. Lenin H. M. King Amanullah Khan. I cannot say that Mr. Wang Ching Wei, the legal executive head of the Republic of All-China has any thing in common with H.M.King Nadri Khan, our present ruler of Afghanistan. King Nadir wants to follow the traditional precepts of liberal monarchs. Mr. Wang is a revolutionary leader. I spoke to him, through an interpreter, on three distinct topics. 1. The Tibetan question. 2. The necessity of forming Koumintang, Communist and Con-

gress (Indian) Party. 3. World Federation Institute at Peiping. Mr. Wang was courteous enough to see me off up to the outer door where my car was waiting.

Vegetarian dinner. The Chairman of the Tibetan Mongolian Committee, General Shih Ching Yang, took the trouble to call on me at the residence of the Lord mayor and invite me to a dinner. I naturally profusely thanked him for his kindness but dared to point out that I prefered vegetables to meat. He gladly agreed to let me have a vegetarian dinner. In a modern fashionable restaurant ten participants sat around a well served table. I was not glad to see that some of the pure vegetarian dishes were not liked by some of the guests. However, I had complete satisfaction with the fine dinnnr. As a duty to the occasion I began to explain the difference between Christ-Budha type and the type of a Napoleon or a robber. This proved another bitter pill to some of my hearers. I thanked again General Shih for the very fine dinner and took his leave.

Mr. Shih Ying, the Lord mayor of Nanking. with whom I stayed for six days is a unique personality. He insists on simplicity and honesty in life. He very much liked my plan of the World Federation. He said that our two planks of renunication and service should be universally adopted. But as an honest man himself he did not mince words in condemming our partiality to communism. "Communists are cruel," He exclaimed. I dared to correct that cruelty can be found in men of the different walks of life. I reiterated that let us condemn cruelty without ascribing it to any particular group. Inspite of some little differences on minor points we agreed on main issues. I felt in his company as if I was with an old friend. In a way, we were also friends. I stayed with him at Shanghai in 1927 for about eight or nine days. But that was not sufficient

to make us so familiar. It was due mainly to his frank, freeand unpresumptuous nature. I cannot sufficiently thank himfor his kindness and therefore Ishall forsake the formality of expressing the usualthanks.

Disappointment. It was terrible. After those three bright flashes the darkness became darker. The home comfort of the residence of the Lord mayor, the banquet of General Shih and the crowning interview with Mr. Wang Ching Wie did not help the object of my trip to Nanking. The Tibetan plan was abandoned. Now I began to realise that there was surely some thing wrong with my conception of the Tibetan affair. My point of view did not agree with the official ideas of China. I remembered now how once a high official of the Soviet government opposed my ideal of freedom in case of the Central Asian peoples. I thought of that controversy which rages hot around the Burmese question in India. There are some individuals in India who think of Burma as an Indian property. I stand for the freedom of every people if they so desire. Of course, for better protection and the unity of humanity. I recommend further coalition of the neighbouring groups. For instance I shall be glad if all the different groups of the Golden district comprising of the present day China, Japan, Manchuria, Korea, Mongolia and Tibet form a coalition on equal footing. I equally recommend the like coalition in ancient Aryan. In the countries of Indo-China I shall like to see another coalition with Siam as its centre. On the same lines I welcome Soviet coalition and want to see developed Nordic, Latin and Arab coalitions. But I do not appreciate military control of any group by any other group. We stand for a World coalition based on mutual understanding. Ofcourse, people who stick hard to their little property idea and consider countries and nations as so many assets cannot easily accept our point of view. I had to return to Peiping a more broken hearted

man. The folly of my fellow human beings shattered my hopes and dreams. They insisted on paying just the bare travelling expenses. With some reluctance I accepted the amount.

I acknowledge the defeat. When the Japanese army forced its way into Manchuria I was thunder struck. I was stunned with the turn of events. Every since that I started my propaganda in the Far East I advised my Japenese brethren to move south and colonise the uninhabited islands in the South Sea. I strongly recommended closer friendship between China and Japan. But now all these hopes and desires were badlv shaken. I felt more sorry for Japan which appeared to me in imminent danger of total destruction. The Shanghai incident brought another bomb shell or a series of bombardments. "Now comes war! Another great world war is our door!" I thought. But so far the Japanese military is entirely successful in their main plan. It does not appear unlikely that they encroach further on Northern China. Where will it lead to? I have to admit that I have sustained a severe defeat in my program in the Far East. Japanese have every right to think that I have been pro-Chinese. And the Chinese to my astonishment believe that I have not opposed the Japanese. They say that my statements against the robber instinct can be equally applied to the Japanese as well as Chinese robbers! Inspite of our temporary set back I do not mean to give up my struggle for the welfare of the Far East Asia and the World.

MY COMRADES HELP ME

My trip to Japan. I am going to try to get the Japanese visa and proceed to Japan. I shall not be disappointed if I meet with obstacles in my way. I am fully prepared for complete refusal to enter the

land or meet hindrances in the country of the Rising Sun. I am not against the peoples of Japan. I love their many great qualities. I am a great admirer of the natural beauties of the landscape of Japan. But I confees that I do not agree with the aggressive clement wherever it is. And the aggressive clement in Japan has every right to thwart the way of a peace lover.

By Way of Diary. Our readers have already read, in our August number,† of our trip to Nanking. We returned from that seat of the Central authority in China on the 25th July. A part of these twin editions we had written at Nanking the rest was completed by the end of that month. This number† is called September edition but it is apearing together with the August issue. There is no new story to add. However, we can tell to our readers the account of our trip to the Western Hills which we undertook in the beginning of July. Mr.Vehrloomul kindly brought me the word that Mr. Painter, a Parsee gentleman from India was kind enough to place his villa at my disposal for a couple of days rest. I together with one student started to the "hills". The first part of the journey was done in the street car. At the city gate we got in to rickshaws. Man pulled cars compete here successfully with auto vehicles. As we drove along a stream bed it was a beautiful picture of lotus flowers. It took us over one hour and a half to reach the vicinity of the hills. It was a surprise to me to find that the retreat of our Indian friend is a very beautiful and comfortable house fully equipped with all the necessary conveniences. The Y. M. C. A. has built here a summer resort. One thing deserves special attention about this Christian headquarters. It is situated on the premises of a famous Budhist Temple. It is a practical union of the two great religions of Peace. One whole day I spent in writing my Indian

† See note on last page.

paper. On the third day our Indian friends of Messrs. P. Lekhoomal kindly brought a motor car and showed me round all the famous sites of this famous spot. Budhist temples on the lower slopes of the hills, a number of fine hotels, the most conspicuous Jade Pagoda with its adjoining spring of sparkling water and the Summer Palace, the central diadem of the Western hills were all visited and enjoyed to the utmost capacity. The museum in the palace and its vast lake refreshed mind and body at the end of the trip. In the evening we came back to Peiping.

I must go. Such was the condition. Our readers know. Purse was getting nearly empty.There appeared no sign of an early shower which could replenish out thirsty treasury. Relucantly we made up our mind to leave Peiping. We did not know whether our departure was temporary or for good ! Must we undo the work of one full year ? We asked ourselves. Was it just theway of this ever changing world ? We queried. But there was no time to waste on musings. We had to decide before actual bankruptcy. Without any further ado I boarded the train on the 21st. of August.Our friends Mr.Vchrloomul and Mr. Mulchand of Messeres P. Lekhoomul and our coworker Yang Lama were the only there persons who saw me off at the Peiping Railway station. I left by an earlier train. The Japanese tourist bureau asked me by telephone to do so. The steamer was leaving the very day instead next as previously announced. Our friends knew that I was to take a later train, Quietly I started I on my journey. In about four hours our train landed me at the port of Tangku. It is just a few more miles down stream than Tientsin. These days, for lack of water perhaps, boats have adopted Tangku as their terminus. It was very convenient to find the steamer waiting near the railway station. No rickshaw or carriage was necessary. Two porters brought my

luggage to the boat. The same afternoon we found ourselves sailing softly on the breast of the deep. Days and nights finished their rounds. Earth and Heaven played their roles. Shantung promontory and the Korean islands presented their show. Once, only once, sea some how got angry. It was, of course, no pleasure to be tossed about by the enraged waves. The third day brought us to Moji and in full four days plus a couple of hours, we stood still by the wharf in the haven of Kobe.

My many Indian friends had kindly come to take me off. But the water police authorities would not let me in. They found fault with my certificate. My pass-port was too old. The Japanese consulate at Peiping instead of giving me regular visa on my pass-port had kindly made out a special landing permit. I was under the impression that it was a better document than any foreign paper for the Japanese immigration officials but to my dismay it was rejected by the port inspectors. I was asked to remain in the boat that night. My friend disappointed went to their respective homes. That uncertain atmosphere coupled with the heat tried their best to agitate my mind. The electric light was switched off. But still I could not sleep. I could hear the snore of the fast sleeping police officer occupying a berth in the cabin. He was to watch me but now I was watching him. Little mosquitoes began to tell their tales and demanded my attention. Now and then they will sweep down whizzing near my ears. Now and then they will take a bite on my naked feet. But sleep sweet sleep brought to end this disturbing anecdote. Next morning, I got up early to refresh myself with a bath in the river of the cool breeze. In due time. police officer asked me to take breakfast. I thankfully declined to take any meal. Now arrived Mr. Sharma, librarian of the Congress reading room at Kobe, with a basket of Indian breakfast. But I must wait and see. If

I must return on this very boat without landing I must preserve every spare Indian morsel for the desert of the sea.

There was not much time left. The boat was to leave at 10 A.M. for Osaka. I was spinning my program of the future. Returning to Peiping, I thought, I must take the Mongolian route. Through Outer Mongolia to Siberia and thence via Moscow to Afghansstan will be the safest and quickest line of march under the present circumstanҫes. Just in time, however, twenty minutes to 10 came in a police officer with the news that I better procecd police station. We went. There also arrived Mr. Anand Mohan Sahay the life and soul of the Congress movement in Japan. He had tried for my sake all the ins and outs of the police law to get for me the necessary permit of landing. In the night he had visited what officers he could find still working at their desks and early this morning he had spoken with a high official. At last, it was decided to set me free in Japan at the special guaranfee of Mr. Sahay. He signed the prescribed guarantee form and took me away with him. I was now a free man! We visited the firm of Mr. B. Naraindas. The proprietor in charge, Mr. Ramani is the secretary of the Indian National Congress Branch for Japan. We took a light breakfast and hurried to see Mr. Ahmad Futehally, the president of the Congress branch. Visiting some more friends we come to the home of Mr. Sahay. It was a genuine pleasure to meet once again Mr. Sahay and their children. During this year one more baby, a girl, is added to the family.

I stayed for full nine days at Kobe, not counting that one night in the boat on the wharf. Every day I was receiving visits and paying back. The secretary of the congress gave a tasty lunch and Mrs. Ali fed us with a sumptuous dinner. Mr. Sahay

thought it right that I pay a visit to the chief of the foreign section whose intervention had helped me to land. I must confess that I was surprised to find him a kindly gentleman. He went so far as to approve my plan of the World Federation but he thought it was not practical under the present circumstances. I was glad, however, that he patiently heard my views on the existing quarrel in our human society. I explained at length that the trouble was created by the robber type, existing in different groups. We must bring out and place at the helm of our affairs the Buddha or Christ type. Mohemmod, Krishna or Nanak, have all tried to create an all-world peaceful community. Mr. Okami of the Chamber of Commerce was kind enough to invite me and Mr. Sahay to a rich lunch in one of the most fashionable restaurants of the city.

The crowning event of the present sojourn at Kobe was the meeting of the Indian Community at the Indian Club. It was really warm with love or I might say it was cooling on a warm evening. I explained to my friends the sum total my work at Peiping, Ceina. It was mostly in their hands whether I was to continue it or leave it half finished and direct my steps toward Afghanistan, the last refuge of a wandering bird like me. I was very glad to notice the prevailing enthusiasm of my Indian brethern. I could see that I was not serving the cause of any lifeless dead stone. Many palpitating hearts were responding to my call! It was decided to form a committee and to start a collection of the necessary funds for the continuation of my work at Peiping. And in case the amount could not be sufficient to defray one year's expenses a purse should be presented to me which could take me back to Afghanistan. One day more, I especially stayed to partake of the Punjabi dinner at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Khairatiram.

In the early morning of the 4th September.

I took the special third class express for Tokyo. Mrs. Sahay had kindly given me sufficient Indian meal to take my lunch and to spare. I had no economic trouble to think about. I was enjoying to my full capacity the living movie of the beautiful Japanese landscape. Green grass dark green forests and the majestic Fuji yama were all the shifting objects on the screen. Tiny, little, lovely children playing in front of the card board houses provided the scene of butterflies. Mr. Jin, our honorary Japanese professor, joined me at Yokohama. At Tokyo, I found waiting on the platform nearly all the Indian community headed by Shriman Rash Behari Boseji It was quite a surprise. I drove with Mr. Bose to his lovely villa. On our way we did not fail to pay a flying visit to Mr. Soma, the father-in-law of my friend.

Next day we paid a visit to The hon. Mr. Tonama the well known leader of the Ronins. I told him that he was one of those great Japanese who saved the country from the fate of foreign slavery. He did a service to humanity by safe guarding liberty in a section of our society. I considered him more than a Japanese leader. He is a leader of our world. He cannot be accused of any aggression. On another day Mr. Sohan Singh took me to Mr. R. Miyazaki. He is one of the liberal leaders. He is well connected with several Chinese political stars. On the day of my visit I met in his house two secretaries of the Chinese legation. I explained my plan of the World Federation and prayed for their cooperation in our great cause.

I was very glad to find H.E. Ismail Nebil the former Turkish minister at Cabul occupying the chair of Turkish *Charge de affairs* at Tokyo. I was also glad to make acquaintance of Mr. Jamal Kazimbeg the first secretary of the Turkish embassy. It was also pleasure to meet Mr. Galkovitch, the first secretary.

Mr. Rinks, Military *attache* and the Consul general at the Soviet embassy. H. E. Mr. Nebil and Mr. Jamalbeg kindly came to take lunch with Mr. Bose where I was staying. Mr. Galkovitch was kind enough to visit me at the residence of Mr. Bose. There were no meetings, no interviews in the press. My views on the Manchurian question were not pleasing to the Japanese public. I hold that I am a true friend of the Japanese people but when I strike the tune of alarm it does not suit with the plans of the ruling caste. The managing board of the magazine of "Who is Who" through the advocacy of my friend Mr. Muneo Tanabe was the only Japanese society which cared to extend the hospitality of a dinner. I was asked to speak. I again hammered on my patented ideas. Mr. Bose and Mr. Yang a secretary of the Chinese legation spoke in Japanese. After the dinner there was some more brisk discussion. Next day on the 11th, just after one week of my arrival, I left Tokyo. Again the Indian community strongly came out to send me off. Four Japanese gentlemen also cared to grace the occassion.

Another sojourn of six nights at Kobe was rather a busy time. Specially towards the end I had to take consecutive meals outside. with friends. The heavy lunch of Messers Pranlal Kevalram, dinners of Mr. Futehally and Mr. Yusuf and an early breakfast of Mr. Khetani on the day of departure were more tightly packed up than any tin of assorted fruits. The Congress Committee was kind enough to invite me to speak on Indian situation in their spacious new hall. I drew their attention to the unexpected international developments. I had no doubt that the experiment of India was as great if not greater as the revolutions of China and Russia. India also expects to bring about a world revolution. It is indeed a revolution of human feelings. Mahatma Gandhi is out to revolutionize the human heart !

Rather too quickly the day arrived when I must leave Japan. I have now to make arrangement for my second year stay at Peiping. The school has to be reopened. The meetings have to be restarted. I must hurry up. I together with Mr. Sahay drove to the wharf about ten o'clock. It was yet early. There was still no one else on the pier. By and by our friends began to arrive. The secretary of the Congress committee. young Mr. Futehally, the son of the psesident, Mr. Pranlal, the treasurer together with Mr. Manganlal, Mr. Deshpande, Mr. Melwani, Mr. Okami and last but not the least Rev. Kobayashi, my oldest Japanese friend at Kobe kindly gathered around. Reverend took the trouble to bring a basket of fruits, Mr. Futehally presented a boquet of flowers and Mrs. Sahay in her family spirit loaded me with cooked and uncooked food material.

It was no pleassure to bid good bye to our friends in Japan. It was still more touching to see that band of comrades raising hands or hats now and then as our steamer was steaming out to sea. Long I watched, long they remained standing still. At last a turn of the boat separated our visible connection.

Again that charming inland sea of Japan was the arena of our gliding boat. The spectators of the game, however, were the most lovely actors of the play. We watched and watched the passing beautiful hills clad in their flowing green gowns. At Moji, the police did not fail to cross examine me. I gave them my World Federation and asked them to find my views therein. The sea beyond the last port of Japan proved irritated and nervous but the next three days were smooth and quiet. Again we were on the shores of vast China. Here greatness supplies grandeur. At Tientsin our Indian friends provided repast. Evening of the 21st saw me at Peiping, the City of Peace.

Japanese Steamers. It is a pleasure to record that the pursers of the Hokurei Maru and the Nanrei Maru, the boats of the K. Y. K.,. which took me across the sea on both ways paid special attention to me. Inspite of the fact that I was travelling third class special the commander of the first mentioned boat condescended to kindly come to me and ask for my signature on the printed cards of the boat. Mr. Suzuki, the purser also treated me once with a Japanese dinner. I thank these individuals and the company for showing this consideration to a lone traveller.

Marshal Feng Yu Shiang. Readers of newspapers who know anything about China certainly have heard a great deal about this personality. He is some time called a Christian General. He is considered by another group as red Bolshewiek. We believe him to be a good patriot with a broad horizon of thought. We know him personally since 1925. Now that he took up his abode not far from Peiping we made a special trip to Kalgan to visit him. Train got an hour late. It took nine hours to reach our destination. Two officers of the Marshal were waiting for me at the railway station. They kindly showed me the way to an adjoining hotel. It is owned and managed by Muslim gentlemen. Next morning I was conducted to the residence of the Marshal. I found him standing outside of his room. He asked me to enter the parlour and take the uppermost seat, an interpreter sitting between us. After a few friendly remarks our conversation plunged into politics. Another turn brought me to religious topic. He insisted and accompanied me to the outer gate. I met him once again before leaving Kalgan. His most conspicuous declaration was the fact that without a world revolution World Federation could not be realized. No one can deny that the establishment of the World Federation itself will be the greatest revolutionary change in our present day

struggling society but the problem is how to bring about that change, with rod or through persuasion? I believe in that great Indian philosophy which asserts that in training smile and frown or love and anger both are needed.

Midnight Christian Service. It was our great occasion. We paid our homage to the memory of the historical Christ. Mr. Thang conducted the Christian Service. Yang Lama read the Budhist Bible. I prayed according to the different religions. I also explained that the Universal Christ is common to all the creeds. Rev, E. E. Aiken, as a representative of the Union Church spoke at the meeting. Mr. Wang supported our idea of the Unity of Religions. We were not many in the hall but we had the consciousness of common company of all the well wishers of humanity all over the world. After a little tea with cakes we closed the meeting at about 1-30 A. M. 25th December.

Those two meetings. They were fine. We were glad to get those two opportunities to address the chosen personnel of Y. M. C. A. at Peiping. Once I addressed the guiding lights, secretaries and managers, in a small meeting of a dozen of people and next I could speak to two scores or more of the students' upper circle. All the leading universities were representated. But my proposal of cooperation between China and Japan with a view to develop the Golden district in the province of Pan-Asia of the World Federation fell flat on the rough ground devastated by the war conditions. I am however highly thankful to Mr. Tsai and to his comrades for arranging those meetings.

SOME MORE MEETINGS IN JAPAN

Indian meeting. The Indian Congress committee of Japan kindly called a general meeting of

the Indian community to hear my talk on the present situation in China. I told them plainly that if the English empire will help China openly, as they are doing secretly at present we shall also come out openly to oppose the English imperialism in the Far East. We shall go to the extent to organize a black shirt volunteer corps of the World Federation for the Province of Pan-Asia. Our object will be to help Japan in her fight against the oppressors of India. We will not mind to march across Tibet and fight the English in India. However our object wll not be to create any Fascist India but to develop ancient Aryan in the province of Asia. We solve the economic ills by the introduction of cooperative system and the social units.

Annual meeting. Indian silk association held a grand banquet. I was also invited as a guest on the occasion. The Indian delicacies were rich enough to remember long that evening but the most delicious treat was provided by their request to address the gathering. I chose to speak on the magnificent past of the Parsi and Sindhi communities and their services for India and humanity. I brought in also my favourite subject of Hindu-Muslim unity.

Public meeting. It was at Kobe Y. M. C. A. Again the Indian congress committee had the credit of organizing a meeting to spread our message in a wider field. Mr. Oka, chief editor of one of the most influential dailies of that port supported our cause. Mr. Okumura, secretary of Y. M. C. A. took the trouble to interpret my speech. Mr. Sahay, the president of the Congress branch also spoke. His lecture was enthusiastically received by the audience. We are naturally very thankful to all our friends.

Dinners. They were too numerous for my short stay at Kobe. They were literally crammed up. Mr. Ramani of Messrs Naraindas and secretary of the congress and Mr. Yusuf, another great persona-

lity of the congress movement in Japan gave me banquets. Mr. Futehally, Mr. Kapur, Mr. Pranlal and Mrs. Sahay more than once, fed me with highly elaborate Indian dishes ! After my plain and simple diet for six months at Peiping this luxury proved telling on my health. Stomach trouble brought on a little fever one day, however, it could not make me ungrateful to my kind friends for their substantial demonstration of good will.

Japanese Police. I used to say that every thing is fine in Japan but the Japanese police is something dreadful. This impression was the result of that unfortuntate deportation from Osaka in 1926. It was simply due to technical procedure. Police believed me perhaps to be harmless but the fact that my passport was stolen and I entered the country without a proper document made them too strict to follow the letter of the man made laws. But this time Mr. Izumi, chief of the water police of Kobe, obliterated my sad impressions by his loving kindness. He cared to give me dinner, visit us at the home of Mr. Sahay and took us in his car to a Buddhist Temple. It was just in keeping with the proverbial polite manners of the Japanese people.

Mr. A. M. Sahay. He and his worthy wife take great pain to make me at home whenever I visit Kobe. I was practically staying with them, though this time I also had the pleasure of enjoying certain percentage of the hospitality of Mr. Ramani. I was much more obliged to Mr. Sahay for his help in arranging meetings and in taking me to our friends. He also kindly brought out my declaration in his paper, the voice of India. Of course, we are colleagues and we owe a certain duty to each other to support our mutual cause. I need not therefore thank him. I admire his zeal and courage in the pursuit of his service to India and humanity. Our readers, interested in India, should get his paper. His address is P. B. 312 Kobe, Japan.

Shriman Rash Behari Bose. His home is our home at Tokyo. This natural leader of men, together with his Indian party, and friends were waiting for me at the Tokyo railway station. It was a great pleasure to meet them once again. I drove with Mr. Bose direct to his cozy residence where I am still staying. After the publication of this belated number† I shall be guided by his valuable advice. His last messages played no small role in my decision to come over here.

Turkish Embassy. As a citizen of Afghanistan I have some claim on their attention. They are authorized to look after the intersts of my adopted country. I visited them on the next day of my arrival at the capital of the Red Sun. It was only an informal call but the traditional hospitality of the Chivalrous Turkish people detained me for a Turkish dinner. It gave me an opportunity of meeting her excellency. She represents the modern spirit of the rising of the liberated Harem ladies.

Gandhi Society. Mr. Yasaburo Shimonaka is the moving figure of this newly formed society at Tokyo. He was kind enough to invite me on behalf of his association to a dinner. I was also asked to give a little talk. I explained the position of Mahatma Gandhi in the great evolution of an All World Culture. Once again I had the pleasure of attending their regular banquet. The guest of honour of that evening was a Japanese gentleman who enlightened us on his experiences of his recent visit to India. But I was astonished to find myself placed opposite to Mr. Shimonaka, thus occupying the place of the chief guest of the evening according to the Oriental etiquette. In the general discussion I did not care to take any part as all what I could say was already very ably put forth by our honourable friend Mr. Rash Behari Bose.

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† See note on last page.

The great Asiatic League. The soul of this movement is General Matsui. And we may call Mr. Nakatani, our old friend, the active hand of the association. They were also kind enough to invite me to their banquet. H. E. The *Charge de Affairs* of Turkey was also present. His witty remark that placed as he was between two revolutionaries, meaning Mr. Bose and myself, he found his position difficult, brought on a fit of laughter in the assembly. But the fact that the Turkish government of today which he honourably represents is itself a revolutionary government made us feel a little proud in his company.

Our visit to Manchukuo. We are planning a tour to this newly created country. We were bitterly against the Manchurian incident. We were never favourably inclined to Manchukuo. But we must see for ourselves what it is like and what they really want to do in this part of our world ! Our criterion is only one. The sympathy or antipathy for the world federation ideal explains to us the psychological development of an individual or a group. If some one is well inclined to the principle of the uniy of humanity he or she is surely highly developed personality. But all those who cannot understand the necessity of the federation in our world are faulty in some way or other. It is not unlikely that some most barbarous instinct rules their minds. If the State of Manchukuo will give us facilities to plant there in permanently the flag of World Federation we would unhesitatingly approve its existence but in case the ground will prove sterile for our movement we shall shake off the dust from our feet and walk away !

Yokohama Indians. It was rather by chance that I reached Yokohama on a day when they were holding a farewell party for a departing Indian merchant. I was also invited to take part in the feast. It proved to be a grand affair. The whole Indian colony was

gathered strong. Dinner continued for about three hours. I was kindly asked to speak. I drew their attention to the serious situation in the world politics and requested them to prepare themselves for all eventualities. If war must come, India should make a desperate effort to break her chains. It will be a golden opportunity when the task masters have their hands full. For that treat I have to thank the Indian community and their worthy leaders.

Dr. Walser's Home. After kindly giving me a fine vegetarian dinner Mr. Paul Cate took me to that home of peace. There that evening they were holding a discussion on the best methods of improving the existing relations between Japan and the United States of America. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Eby were the chief speakers on the subject. I was very glad to hear the different views. Some Japanese students ably pleaded to bring about change in the immigration laws of America. In the end Dr. Walser kindly invited me to speak for a few minutes on India. I expressed my views that the laws of Nature are having their course in that country as they always have every where else. Nature works to make humanity happy. Through human faults cases of oppression develop but Nature again helps society to secure justice. Nature is helping Indians to regain their lost rights.

Mr. G. Nagaoka. He hails from Manchukuo. He personally called on us. He told me that he represents a powerful society which is working for conciliation among the Japanese; Manchus, Chinese Mongolians and the Russians of the newly created State. He assured me that the president of the Society is Mr. Henry Pu Yi himself. He was kind enough to extend an invitation to me on behalf of his association to visit Manchukuo. I am very thankful for the kind idea. I myself want to go to the new country. But I have not yet decided on

neans and methods as regard to my proposed visit.

I VISIT MANCHU KUO

Our trip to Manchu Kuo. It was on the 31st of May. We boarded the Baikal. Maru at Kobe. Our Indian friends came out to bid God-speed. The members of the congress committee with their active president were most conspicuous. Photoes were taken. Profuse greetings were exchanged. Some Japanese friends, friends of our companions, took warm leave. Our voyage proved unusually calm, comfortable and void of any special attraction. On the morning of the 3rd June, we reached Dairen. Now started our busy life. At the very out set we were bitterly bombarded by the Newspapers' reporters. Our party of four including Mr. Nair, Yang Lama and Mr. Nagao was led to a big hotel. The president and some members of the"Federation Society," our hosts, had kindly come down from Shinking to meet us. They also stayed at the same hotel. Our large party lent its weight to our mission.We moved about as if in procession. After another interview with some newspapers' representatives we went in body to take our first ceremonial dinner at theYamato Hotel on the beach. H. E. Mr. Bao, the first envoy of Manchu Kuo to Japan was our chief host.

I will not tarry to describe the beautiful spot or its ideal climate at this season. I shall not also start singing praises of the well laid out, clean, neat and modern city of Dairen. I am not writing an introduction to the would be travellers. I only mean to give a glimpse of my activity. The large number of engagements does not also allow me to do justice to crowded program.

Meetings followed meetings. Dinners and banquets were carefully sandwitched between the loaves of our heavy program. One thing, however, became clear at the very start, I failed to satisfy

the expectations of some of our Japanese friends. The afternoon reception at the South Manchurian railway club was very poorly attended. Successful company, lord of all it surveys, together with its well paid agents could not pardon me for my faith in the cooperative system. I was too true to my whims. I dared to denounce the profit seeking enterprises. But my declaration of the principle of regional self-government proved pleasing to the most conservative Manchu Kuo public. My friend, Mr. Nair, in his fluent Japanese could better please the Japanese audiences by repeating their own pet beliefs. I had the self imposed duty to warn them against pit falls. Truth is not always sweet. But all the honest and foresighted Japanese were kind enough to appreciate my sincere thoughts. The public meeting of the Japanese people at the Dairen was a great success. Audience was very laage and we were all warmly received.

In forty eight hours at Dairen we had two more meetings. One was at a military school of the Budhist Faith. And the other was at the Chinese school of Dairen. Both carried their own lessons. Fine sentiments of the holy Budhism do refine militarism itself to a certain extent. And all the material advantages given in the form of a modern city do not blunt the national passions. Our Budhist brethren of the military school kindly received our message of World-salvation. But the Chinese audience of the beautiful Dairen, made by Japan, expressed its protest at the present situatson between China and Japan. The showed themselves uneasy and individuals left when our friend was speaking in beautiful Japanese, which was being translated into Chinese.

At Shinking. On our way to the "New Capital" we received ovation at Mukden. And as soon as we arrived at Shinking a large meeting formed itself. They were all newspaper reporters. Inspite of the late hour they examined and cross examined us.

During the next two days were held a mass meeting at a Chinese theatre, lectures at a Japanese girl school and a public meeting of purely Japanese audience. We also had the honour of visiting the prime minister, foreign minister and General Koiso of tha Japanese army. On the evening of the 7th a banquet was given to us by the society of Reconciliation or Federation. H. E. The Foreign Minister played the part of the chief host.

At Kirin. On the 8th we proceeded to this provincial capital. There again meetings and lectures followed. Chinese heard us at a school. Japanese came to meet us at a club. The acting governor arranged an official lunch party. The city is situated on the bank of Sungary. Low green hills decorate the neighbourhood. It has beautiful climate. Historically it is renowned as the original seat of the Manchu dynasty.

At Harbin. On the 9th June we returned to Shinking. Next day early morning we left for Harbin. A little over five hours brought us to our destination. Here at the station our Indian and Afghan brethren gave a warm welcome. Omnipresent Federation society took us to a Japanese first class hotel. Again reporters attacked us. It was a speciality of the town that Russian came in strength. In the evening a Radio broadcast was arranged. Our old friend Haji Abdus Subhan Khan gave us a fine dinner. Next day Mr. Krishnchand of Messrs. Doulat Ram gave us a rich lunch. In the evening was held a Japanese meeting.

Our Muslim brethren. Chinese Musalmans of Harbin demonstrated their good will by a parade and an enthusiastic reception. They, women, children and old, all came in a procession. Large green flags, with white crescent and star, flew over their heads. Pendants waved over their shoulders. They crowded into the dance hall of the hotel. I spoke to them in Chinese. I was glad that I could make

myself understood without an interpreter and they appreciated my talk. I asked them to consider the causes of the rise and fall of the political power of Islam. I asked them to follow the principle of justice as observed by Khalif Omar. Through strict justice they can make Islam serve once again our common society.

Again at Shinking. We returned to the capital to have the honour of an interview with the Ruler of Manchukuo, Mr. Henry Pu Yi His majesty as he is called by his officials, was very friendly towards us. I could speak with him in Chinese. He expressed his admiration for Mahatma Gandhi. He was kind enough to say : "I hope India will soon be free." Inspite of the official fad to call the Chinese in Manchu Kuo "Manchu Kuo language" and the people "Manchu Kuons" the chief executive couldnot hide his love and regard for pure and simple Chinese. He was very glad to hear that I had lived at "Peking," as he called Peiping, for one year and a half. He took delight in speaking Pekinese! I presented to him the glad watch given to me by H. M. King Amanullah Khan and asked him to kindly read my book of the Religion of Love. He can read and write English.

Our long interview with General Koiso on the 14th June did not bear fruits which we expected. He couldnot agree to our plan of forming a World Federation volunteer corps for the freedom of Asia. He thought that the Japanese army should realize all the freedom necessary! We cannot pass here any remark. Let us do all what we can to build up a World-State with well organized provinces of Asia, Europe, Africa and North and South Americas. Regional self government, cooperative system and scientific breeding will solve all the ills of our present day society.

At Mukden. On our way to this city we stopped for a night at the "Four level Roads." In

this small town a very big public meeting was held. The audience was very enthusiastic about the freedom of Asia. There are numerous young Japanese who will like to act of their own accord to build up an "Asiatic army"! On the 15th June when we reached Mukden we were astonished to hear band playing and numerous people gathered to receive important visitor. We began to ask who can that be? Perhaps there in the first class or in some special carriage some high official was riding? We felt over whelmed when it was whispered that all the hub-bub was for us! We had refused to travel first class. We were in an ordinary second class. But still the government was bent up on showing the unusual honour for the guests of a public society. The Chinese military had sent the band, Students had come out in great strength. As we walked out reporters began to shoot us with their cameras. We were driven to the best hotel in the city, infact, the most modern in the whole country. In its grand reception hall, immediately a welcome party started. Lord mayor and influencial Japanese advisers were present. All kinds of questions were put to us. I failed to play the "Prince" which they expected. I still spoke from the throne, from the most honourable seat assigned to me, on the necessity of the co-operative-system!

It was foolish, some might assert. I lost an opportunity, others might affirm. But I am glad that I remained true to my principles. It is true I seek cooperation in every quarter. However, I insist on my own terms. I honestly believe that my terms are in their best interest who today misunderstand me. There were surely some men who appreciated my ideas. They helped us to fulfil our program Japanese reporters came for a long interview. Next day we spoke to theJapanese students at two different schools. A very large Japanese public meeting heard our talk. Here again Mr. Nair did his duty well.

He could reach the public direct. On the 17th was the Chinese day. Today Chinese Commander received us and took photograph in company. Chinese police and military officers heard us. It was a great gathering. Still another was a large meeting of the Chinese students. But the third meeting of the day which was organized for the Chinese public was not so enthusiastically supported. Lord mayor kindly spoke for us. I used some of my Chinese. On the 18th we were to receive Chinese reporters. But only two came. We were led to the sports. It was a huge gathering. We were then taken round to see the sights. In the evening an elaborate farewell banquet was given. The educational head for the province was in the chair. I expressed my hearty thanks for all the favour shown to us. And I said that since Japan had given her honourable word to make Manchu Kuo entirely independent Japanese army in the country should be placed under the ruler of the land. Japanese who, care to remain in Manchu Kuo, must make it their home. To settle questions common to Japan and Manchu Kuo a new institution can be created in a neutral place say at Dairen. Here representatives of the two lands can sit together and work for common welfare. In course of time representatives of China, Mongolia and Tibet can join such an institution and create a common administration for the Golden District in the provice of Pan Asia of the World Federation. The same evening we left. At the railway station again the Chinese military band struck its notes of warm sympathy.

At Antung. Early on the morning of the 19th we reached this frontier town. Immediately started a long interview with the press representatives. In the afternoon the Chinese chamber of commerce heard us. It must have appeared very funny to some of them to hear the necessity of ad rastic change in the business principles. The gambling system must go. Human energy must be utilized for

human comfort. Later there were two meetings one after the other. First was a discussion and next came a large public meeting of purely Japanese speaking people. A secretary of the Chief Executive who came with us all the way reiterated in his Chinese language which was translated in to Japanese that the program of Manchu Kuo entirely agreed with our World Federation ! I can never forget it. But I wish that these precious words are literally translated in to action !

WORLD FEDERATION MOVEMENT IN JAPAN

Back to Japan. Fast, punctual and comfortable railway lines brought us back to Kobe. Mr. Sahay kindly took me to his home. I was glad to have some rest. No meeting could be arranged in a hurry and I would not stay long. I was glad, however, to see our Indian brethren rejoicing at an Indian concert given by the Indian ladies club. On Sunday the 25th June I reached Tokyo. Several friends kindly came to the station. Just a night I passed in the cosy home of Mr. Rash Behari Bose. The next day I took a room in an apartment house at Shibuya.

Thanks to all the friends. I shall not mention their names. Their kindly memory is inscribed on the leaves of my mind. Not one, not two, not ten, twenty, indeed very numerous friends showered their kind words on us. In numerous ways they extended their courtesy I am naturally highly obliged to all of them who facilitated my trip to Manchu Kuo. I have been pleased to see the new experiment in the process. It is not yet complete. I hope that all our true friends will do their utmost to utilize the human energy in Manchu Kuo for the welfare of humanity. Our problem is, not to allow the aggressive and blind tendencies to extend slavery

in society. Bondage has to be removed from every walk of life. Japan herself has not been able to make all her people happy. In England, inspite of the British empire, over a million Englishmen, as good as George the Vth himself, have to live on charity. In Soviet Russia for the sake of heavy industry they ask people to wait patiently and suffer. We need some such change in all the world that we immediately bring peace and happiness in our human society.

Summer College. Mr. K. Nakamura M, P., a well known figure among the American visitors, has kindly asked us to speak at his Summer College on "World Federation." We are very thankful for this opportunity to spread our message. Our American friends visiting Japan can receive from his institution many valuable informations. His address is : The Sankaido Building at Tameike, Akasaka, Tokyo, Japan.

Radio Broadcast. I was very glad to get that opportunity. Our friend Mr. Nishimura, one of the two secretaries of the World Federation club, arranged it. I spoke on the Radio. I read two chapters from my book "The Natural society of mankind." Mr. Nishimura kindly translated my talk into Japanese language. They assured me that it was fine. They also kindly presented an offering. We are thankful.

Summer College Lectures. Twice at Tokyo and next at Karuizawa I delivered lectures at the Oriental Culture Summer College. Mr. Kaju Nakamura, M. P., the president, had kindly invited me. I spoke on World Federarion, Indian culture and the party of goodness. The president writes : "I greatly appreciate your worthy lecture you delivered the other day at the fourth session. Because of my unexpected departure for Manchu Kuo I have taken the liberty of expressing my thanks

to you through this letter....The office is preparing for presenting you something as token of your earnest efforts. Hoping to see you again in near future." We are naturally highly obliged for this consideration.

Discussion meeting. Mr. R. Miyazaki kindly called a discussion meeting at the Thursday club. They cross examined me about my plans. I explained at length what could be done to establish justice in our society. It was a pleasure to me to meet a number of liberals and proletarian leaders.

Fuji Banquet. Not at the Moun Fuji but in the heart of Tokyo at the Imperial Hotel, the Managers of the Fuji magazine, sister of the Daily paper "Hochi," arranged a big affair. It was an Asiatic international. Non-political, cultural conversations were held. Different opinions of the different Asiatic nations were freely expressed. I was made to play the role of the representative of Afghanistan public. Elaborate banquet was sandwitched in the long discussions of the evening. Towards midnight we let the curtain fall on this drama.

Persian Legation. It was an honour and pleasure to receive the invitation to lunch at the persian Legation. H. E. The minister is a fine old gentleman with a kind heart. I was glad to hear from him that he liked my plan of the District of Aryan in the province of Asia of World Federation. Persians do not call their country Persia. They call Iran. It is only the corruption of the old name Aryan. We want to reestablish that name for all that historic land which was the cradle of the Human culture. Our Aryan extends from Persia to Asam.

Two Dinner Meetings. I was not the bride groom at these parties. I was just a guest. One was given to some delegate going to the Pan Pacific Conference in Canada and the other was given in honour of Mr. Murobushi who has just published a book in

which our name and account also appear. I was, however, asked to speak at both. I hammered on my ideas of World Federation.

Three Dinners. Father-in-law of Mr. K. B. Sinha kindly gave us a feast at one of the most luxurious restaurants. Mr. Rash Behari Bose was kind enough to invite me once for an Indian lunch. Mr. Sadhani, an Indian merchants of broad views, cared to treat us with a home banquet. Gratitude made me mention these three occasions. But we do not always put in black andwhite such entertainments.

A Sudden Meeting. Prof. Fujisawa telephoned and we simply ran to his institution. There they control thought and train teachers. We frankly put forward our views. We were practically trying to guide their ideas into some new Channels. We do not know whether we left any useful impression on their minds. But we were glad to get this chance to cross their portal and bring our message to this brain cell.

W. F. Club. World Federatian Club holds meeting every Thursday evening at 6 P. M. Present address is: Avenue Luncheon, Ginza. Meetings are open to the public. Visitors pay for their dinner. It is very cheap. They charge fifty cents per cover. Messrs. Cate, Sinha and Nishimura are managing the club. Mr. Maruyama—well known Christan Worker—is the president.

Our New Residence. I am now staying at the Cho, hotel, 67, Tansu-machi, Akasaka, Tokyo. Telephone: Akasaka (48) 1941. Our office is on the ground floor, Room 21. Our post address, however, remains the same: Post Box F. 120 Tokoy, Japan. Letters from foreign countries must be sent to our Post Box.

Siamese Students. We were glad to invite to tea some Siamese students. They appear very pro-

mising. We wish them good luck. We told them we sympathize with their new regime.

Indian Prince. We made an appointment and went to see him. One Captain Barren was present during the interview. He hinted at the start that the prince being away from India for a long time prefers to speak in English. I presented our pamphlets and World Federation. I complained to him that H. H. Maharaja, of Jind, my brother-in—law, did not see me when he came to Japan. His secretary asked me to come through the British Consul General! Prince remarked that "these secretaries do not understand. They do not think. They are incapble of thinking". Captain Barren interrupted: "On account of your this reform work, you see, he might have thought that the viceroy might not like your meeting his highess." In another connection Prince insisted that "we are quite free, only in case of emergency viceroy can just advise us". He is Prince Jit Singh, a son of Maharaja of Kapurthala. In better company Prince can surely disprove the loyalist theories of his father. We wish him a life of service of humanity.

The First Secretary. It was a great pleasure to me to invite Mr. Mirza Ahmad Khan Ardeshir, the First Secretary of the Persian Legation to a simple Indian Lunch at Nakamuraya, Shinjuku. This is the only Japanese restaurant in Tokyo which provides Indian curry and rice.

Japan Times. This semi official paper, published daily at Tokyo, brought out my article: "King with spade" in its August 12th, Saturday's issue. I spoke there in about an incident at Cabul, the Capital of Afghanistan. His majesty King Nadir Khan actually took a spade to work at the construction of a new military academy. It is the democratic spirit of lalam, we explained. We also gave some details about H. E. Sardar Habibullah Khan Tarzi, the newly appointed minister to the Imperial court of Japan. He is a relative of the famous Sardar

Mahmud Tarzi, the father-in-law of King Amanullah Khan.

Pan-Asiatic meeting. Undeterred by all opposition and harsh criticism Mr. Juntaro Imazato, the first organizer of the Asiatic conference at Nagasaki and a former member of the Japanese parliament, takes up now and then his flute to sing the songs of the Asiatic unity. Recently he called a large dinner meeting. I was one of his chief guests. He was showing round my past activity in news-paper cuttings. He had also there that photograph and articles which described my deportation from Japan in 1926. I was delighted by this treat. I spoke about the place of Asia in World Federation.

Just a talk. On the evening of the 28th August I was invited to speak at the monthly meeting of Ichi-nin Ichi-wa society at the Marunouchi Hotel. Inspite of a little fever and influenza I kept my engagement. According to the fixed schedule I spoke for half an hour on the present-day India and World Federation. A brief translation was given at the end by Mr. Hamano of the Nippon Dempo. He was chiefly instrumental for getting me this invitation.

A great Institution. You can never know what it is unless you see it. I had heard its name but I thought it may be just a cottage kept lighted by some ardent soul. When I actually arrived under its shadow, doubt crossed my mind. I thought, I had surely made a mistake. This grand white building, situated in a lovely park on a top of a hill can not be the object of my search. It is some government museum. Hesitatingly I walked up the steps leading to the massive brass door. It was thrown open. I was led by Mr. Harada, the secretary, to the founder of this institution. He is Mr. K. Okura, a paper manufacturer but a man of the philanthropist type. I felt happy in his company. I saw a fine collection of books. I spoke to the middle

class students who had come here for a summer course. I was glad to be present at their common mess of simple but healthy food. The question arises, why many more wealthy men do not follow this example ? Budha could convert many princes to give up their all add work for the society. Address: Okura Seishin Bunka Kenkyusho, Institute for spiritual culture, Yokohama, Japan.

Berliner Tribune. That daily of Berlin has made me a bed fellow of that most inhuman person, the "Morning Post" of London. Why must we be coupled with that reactionary ? Strange things are these ! In a tiny little note our Berlin contemporary admiringly quotes the Morning Post and World Federation in favour of Herr Hitler, the German Chancellor. English news papers follow a definite impers policy. Some may condemn while some will favour you, so that, you may still be in doubt and hesitate to form a definite opinion. In India millions are misguided by this mischievous propaganda. In our case, we are thankful to that land which cooperated with us for the freedom of India during the great war. The former German governments reduced Germany to the level of colonies. Herr Hitler means to break those chains, this we admire. But we do not think it necessary that Germany must go against the Jews and the communists. The Jews and the communists should be made to cooperare in the great salvation movement of Germany.

Japan Chronicle of Kobe. subsidised by the English Imperial agencies, published several letters from the 26th July to 19th August attacking me as an anit English agaiator. I reaffirm, I an not an enemy of the English nation. I stand .for the destruction of the English Empire.

World Federation Social Reception. I had been inviting some friends to tea on every Friday. But it was some thing special on Friday the 25th August It was not my private affair. In the name of the

world Federation, a Social Reception was held. It was in the form of an after dinner tea. The dining room of the Cho' Hotel was specially reserved for the occasion. All the chairs available were fully occupied. We are very thankful to all our friends.

World Federation Club. It continues to hold as usual its weekly meetings on every Thursday at Avenue Luncheon, Ginza. Time is from 6 to 9 p. m. Charges for dinner fifty cents only. Messrs. Sinha and Nishimure are secretaries.

Unity of Religions. In a small meeting I spoke on the unity of religions. Mr. Harada of the Okura Institute and Prof. Hamada had kindly arranged for my lecture. I appreciated the good will of my audiences. At the end of the discourse they kindly gave me a banquet. I am very thankful for this courtesy.

Asia Club. Mr. Hirashima, Prof. Kobayashi and Mr. Goramaru of the Manchu Kuo Federation Society called a dinner meeting. My name and the name of our friend Mr. M.A. Nair were also added to the list of hosts. I was, however, treated as the chief guest. Mr. Rash Behari Bose and Mr. Chaman Lal were also present. There were serveral other kind friends Mr. Geo. S. Murata deserves special mention. Interpretation from English to Japanese and *vice versa* was all done by this single gentleman. A group photograph was also taken. It was, in the end, decided to organise an Asia Club to promote the welfare of Asia. The presence of two important members of the Manchu Kuo legation gave an official weight to the movement. We hope that the Asia Club will strive to develop itself in to a pillar of the World Federation Club.

Kingly way. Our occasional cooperation with the Manchu Kuo authorities or their friends demands an explanation. We must make our stand clear vis-a-vis their doctrine of the "Kingly way". This

view-point is nothing new to a man well versed with the Indian history and philosophy. In India they often speak of a model government as "Ram-Raj" meaning an administration run on the lines of King Rama, supposed to have lived ten thousand years ago! We cannot object to any system of government if it is honestly run on some high principle of the service of humanity. We did not make Manchu Kuo. It came to exist on occount of special circumstances prevailing in the Far East. Now they in power affirm that they mean to evolve a model government in this part of our world. We have no reason to condemn their fine intentions. Ofcourse, if these wishes will not be interpreted into action, time will destroy all their frail work as it always does in all such cases where the people are not satisfied. In case, however, they will live and work for the masses they will surely be able to develop a powerful state. The ideal of the ancient Kings was to serve the people. They did not insist on any personal worship. The worship comes much later in a degenerated dynasty. Founders of all the ruling families were heroes who suffered with their people and saved them from some calamity. We are glad that there are men around the Chief Executive who openly declare that they stand for our World Federation. It is a very good sign. Our plan unites Japan, Korea, Manchu Kuo, Mongolia, Tibet and all China into one Golden District of the province of Asia. Cooperative system and the social units solve economic problems and the scientific breeding merges nations and races into one loving human brotherhood or sisterhood. If a State will strive to follow our program it will be the best guarantee of peace in our human society.

A book on our correspondence. Rev. Jan Maliarlk of Czechoslovakia has published a book on our correspondence with him. It is in German language. It contains in its first and the larger part

his own ideas on world unity. Then follows our correspondence of 1929. He has also given in English some quotations from the first issues of World Federation. It reveals a deep interest in our work. We record our gratitude with pleasure.

Two Meetings. The English speaking society of the Imperial University and a group of students under the leadership of Professor Amagawa af the Waseda University gave me two opportunities to explain my views at length. I am naturally very grateful.

World Federation Ciub. I must confess, I thought, it was tottering. It had not held meetings during my absence from Tokyo. Some friends were expressing doubt about its success. However, just before that I left Tokyo it could be placed once again on a sound foundation. Mr. D. Maruyama, the great Christian worker, promised to act as the president of the club for next six months, at least. Messrs. Sinha and Nishimura agreed to continue as secretaries. In this meeting, our friend, Mr. Rash-Behari Bose had also kindly come. He also promised to visit the club now and then. Messrs. Hamano and Fuse and Dr. Sakai, as well as, Messrs. Vel and Singh have shown interest in this club. Now it cannot disappear at an early date. It must live for some time, even if it cannot make any progress!

Indian Meeting. I was at Kobe. Indian Congress committee of Japan kindly called a special Indian community meeting to hear my views on the Asiatic army movement. A few hours notice could not bring a large crowd but the chosen few who heard the news and came were highly enthusiastic. We hope that the ideas sown in hurry will surely bear fruits at leisure. Next morning I left Kobe, sailing direct for Dairen.

Silence. There are friends who are kind but would not like to see their names advertised through our columns. We must respect their wishes and

hold silence. We cannot also mention their friendly offerings again following their suggestions. But it does not mean that we are in any way less thankful. Our heart palpitates quicker at this warm cooperation. We do not mind to have silent friends so long as they speak in deeds !

MANCHU KUO TO SIAM

Another trip to Manchu Kuo. It was not the triumphal march like the one I had there during the summer of the last year. Our principles betrayed us. We refused to change our creed. We couldnot be bribed by the show of pomp. Our slogan of the cooperative system terrified the prime minister to the extent that he did not dare to receive me. We had quite an arguement last year. He insisted on individual gain and loss, we showed him with all respect the necessity of common welfare. His tradition was also observed by the rich military commander, General Yu ofMukden. We could not meet him either. The worshipers of the 'kingly way' had become a little suspicious of my sayings? But we still could witness several bright stars on the dark skies of Manchu Kuo. General Koiso, the Japanese Commander, could better understand me this time. H. E. Mr. Ting, the minister of communication, was all kindness from head to feet. His education at the most liberal university of Waseda at Tokyo has made him a friend of the progressive thought. Though we do not appreciate the clog like companies in the economic life of our age yet Mr. Sogo, a director of the South Manchurian Railway, and some of his friends did not hesitate to express material sympathy with our work. At Dairen we stayed in the home of Mr. S. Ohkawa who is working to organize a grand Asiatic Conference. At Mukden it was a great pleasure to meet Mr. Imazato, one of the volunteers of the Asiatic

Army. His friends, mostly Chinese, gave a great banquet. Kyovakai, half heartedly, arranged a discussion meeting. Mr. Chang Ko, a secretary at the Court, took every personal interest in my visit. I cannot leave off to mention the Indian brethren of Manchu Kuo. The Indian firms expressed their sympathy in dinner parties. And Mr. A. M. Nair, our young energetic volunteer, accompanied me all along on the whole trip in that country.

Mukden to Peiping. Trains are running and they are quite comfortable. But one has still to change at Shanghaikwan and pass through custom examination. We hear that soon through trains will be running on this line.

Y. M. C. A. Peiping. It was Sunday the 10th December 1933 that we arrived at the city of "Northern Peace". We were very glad to find a room at the Y. M C. A. It was still more pleasing to find that on the same day started a great religious campaign at this institution. For five days, every afternoon, lecturers of the different religions propounded their creeds to crowded audiences. It is practical unity of religions. We congratulate the workers of this religious harmony. We tried it long ago in India. It was in 1914. But, then, there was great prejudice by a large number of people. Raja Jai Pirthvi Bahadur Singh, who has just returned to India, means to realize it in India as well. He is now a devoted follower of the Fellowship of Faiths. We wish him all success.

Asiatic Conference and We. On the 10th, 11th and 12th of February a great Asiatic Conference was held at Dairen. We also attended it, We do not agree with some of the details. We did not like that the Japanese language was adopted as the only official language of the meeting. We insisted in the committee that at least Chinese should be included. But it was on the whole a great success. Widely different Japanese organisations enthusiastically took part. Our move-

ment of the Asiatic Army as a part of World Army was approved by the conference. We could also get some important volunteers. These are the signs of the time. No oppressed nation or group of today need be disheartened. Freedom must come. It is the birth right of humanity.

These two months have seen us shunting up and down! We left Peiping in the beginning of January. We came to Tsinan, the provincial capital of Shantung. There we stayed a week. We met our old friend Mr. Yen, visited several news-papers offices, found Y. M. C. A. managers, as usual, very kind and made some new acquaintances. After a flying visit to Tainan we arrived at Nanking. There we stayed for full twelve days. Our very pleasant recollection of these days was a meeting with the Lord Mayor of the City. We met as old friends, talking vaguely on passing phantoms of the ever changing Time! I met some more old friends and here also came across some new fellow passengers in life. One thing became clear to me that the official class was a little shy, especially the high lights were dim towards me. They had not yet formulated a policy towards our movement of the Asiatic army as a part of World Army.

At Shanghai it was a surprise to meet so many Indian brethren in a general meeting at the Sikh Temple. I spoke for fifty minutes. Now I received an urgent invitation to attend the Pan Asiatic meeting at Dairen. On my way thither I made a short stop at Tsingtao. I was very glad to speak at three different crowded meetings of the Japanese public. Lunches and dinners were also sandwiched between them.

At Dairen I stayed on after the conference at the house of Mr. S. Ohkawa. It was a pleasure to find friends and volunteers at two more meetings, arranged for our cause.

From Dairen I am now proceeding direct to Canton. Today is the 28th February. We are in the port of Amoy. This morning I was on the shore. It is a fine city. It is very unlike other Chinese towns. Buildings are tall, neat and of solid construction. Something very peculiar is the varandah which runs along the street on both sides, in front of the shops. This provides a shaded walk. Today in the rainy weather it proved very useful. We are expected to reach Canton the day after tomorrow. But it will be in the next month. Our present diary deals with only two months of this new year.

After the preliminary preparations of about ten days I started on the recruiting campaign on the 20th October 1933. First I did Japan in just 20 days. Mr. Nishimura was my companion on this tour. Again I started on this longer trip of Manchukuo and China. Three months are already passed by. By the 1st of March our Army movement can be called four months and some ten days old. It is a very short time for the gigantic plan and program.

During about one hundred days we have secured over three hundred friends and volunteers of the Asiatic Army of World Federation. We must confess that some of these names do not count for anything. They simply put down their names at our mere request. But on the other hand many more are ardent supporters and followers. Some of them carry several hundred honest souls on their backs. It is a force of high quality.

We are not creating a force to command power for the sake of some selfish end. Our force is being created because there already exists evil force in power. We mean to bring true peace based on perfect justice and universal love in every locality and in all the world.

Besides our touring bureau, we have already

three recruiting centres. Their addresses are :

(1) Mr. Riuske Miyasaki, Director, 3630 Mejiro Machi, 3 chome, Toshimaku, Tokyo.

(2) Mr. Siuzo Ohkawa, high recruiting officer, 75, Kirishima Cho, Dairen.

(3) The golden District Society, care of Mr. Daisuke Takeshita, 19, Chu Fu Road, Tsingtao, China.

Our Army director, Mr. J. Imasate, former member of the Japanese parliament took very prominent part in the Asiatic conference at Dairen. Famous Mr. S. Nakano, our prominent director, is very busy in Japan.

It is yet early to give any definite news from our friends in Europe and America. But we surely believe that they will do their part in the development of World Army to realize World State.

The Story of Canton. Our last number,† World Cooperative, was printed and published at Canton. I was still sending it out when one fine morning, to be more definite on the 20th of March, some police officers came in to inspect my pass-port. They saw it and did not find any fault. They returned and I continued packing our circular. Some one that noon, I remember, told me in the dining-room, rather excitedly, that it was Manchuria and not Manchu-Kuo. In the afternoon as usual I posted one hundred or a little over of the packets of our paper which I could prepare that day.

Next day, came the storm. I was taken to the central police station. I was unofficially accused of pro-Japanese activity. Officially they objected to my publication. I was ordered to leave immediately. But as I would not go to Hongkong by that day's afternoon steamer they put me under arrest waiting for deportation. They did not, however, take me

† See note on the last page

to a prison, they found a room for me in the police hospital ! I was very closely guarded. Day and night I was watched by a fully armed soldier. They seemed to fear my escape !

On the 25th of March, 1934, I was loaded on a Chinese cargo boat and exported as goods. There were no passenger cabins. But a kindly carpenter rented his own cabin to me. The crew were my fine companions. Unsoiled by riches, happy as innocent babes, they played with time when they were off duty. I joined them when I had leisure from my daily reading and writing.

At Hongkong, I passed through an ordeal. I had prepared my mind for the worst. I was ready for the arrest by the English authorities of the port. But to my great surprise and satisfaction the English official, Mr. Meadows, who came to examine my pass-port was polite as a gentleman. I told him that there was no secret and nothing to hide, I was one of those who wanted to see India free, infact the world free. I gave him several of my publications. He thanked me for them and took away my passport to show it to the higher authorities. To tell the truth, I was still not so sure of the future. When a rough Chinese policeman came and spoke something about my luggage—"3" pieces, I thought they wanted to take down my things and carry me along.

It was in the afternoon that Mr. Meadows returned and brought back my pass port. I said : "You have indirectly taught to day a lesson to the Cantonese government. I went to Canton to serve the people but the Cantonese government deported me. While you had every reason to give me trouble but you have been kind to me". He replied : "Cantonese government did not understand you—(got) some suspicion".....So that agents of the English empire can understand me. They have also no suspicion. But the leaders of the Chinese

people cannot appreciate my work in the interest of China, Asia and the world ! I must confess, I had to admit to myself that here was one reason why England could build up an empire and China was in the present pitiable position. The same thing I have seen, I must add, in case of Japan and Afghanistan. These lands produce people who can better value honesty, sincerity and truth. While our Indian brethren torn into religions, sects, provinces and that abominable çaste system cast away their own children through some kind of blind suspicion. I hasten to declare further that I still would not like to hand over the weak to the powerful for any kind of exploitation I should for the principle that all the good qualities of humanity should be utilized for the common welfare of all mankind.

At Shanghai, I saw another whirl-wind. I was caught in it. I was again taken to the police station. I was interned in a Chinese hotel. But now the Japanese press moved. Japanese friends took up my cause, because I was accused by Canton of being a Japanese agent ! Next day I was made quite free. My friends brought me to the Chinese Y.M.C.A. in the French concession. Now followed sumptuous dinners. A grand meeting was called at the Japanese Club. I addressed. The audience was sympathetic. Dr. Sakamoto, an America returned scholar, translated my talk. He helped me in more than one ways. I am very thankful. I am also equally thankful to our other Japanese and Indian friends. General Wu Thie Chen, mayor of Shanghai, too, did not fail to express personally his sympathy to me.

Army news items. We are very glad to announce that our plan of a World army has been well received by our readers in America and Europe. Only one gentleman objected to the word "army." He could not realize that we work to humanize all the walks of life. We hope to create new sense for the old barbarous terms. For instance we use the

word murder for murdering evil in us !...At Shanghai many Japanese joined our Golden Corps of the Asiatic army as a part of world army.. ...But one thing is deplorable that the financial side of this project has grown much worse than the account of our circular.† We were very much concerned when the minus account of our paper mounted over one hundred. But the army account shows minus over eight hundred. I do not know what the people expect of me. I give my time and energy. I place myself, at times, in very hazardous positions. And still they expect me to part with my little Afghanistan money. I do not appeal. I have seen appeals bring nothing. Facts, however, I must disclose. As I stopped giving money account one Chinese friend thought that we had received some big sum for the work of the Asiatic army. To explode that myth I have just mentioned the real situation...The total number of the friends and volunteers approaches four hundred.

Two meetings. Jimu Kai, a society named after the first emperor of Japan, and the Thursday club of a class of intellectuals gave me opportunities to describe my experiences in China. The first mentioned meeting was also attended by H. E. Mr. Ting the minister of Manchu-Tikuo. The audience was large and though I was only one of the several guests for whom the courtesy of "welcome" was offered yet some how they preferred to make me the chief guest of the evening. I am naturally very thankful to the organisers, specially Mr. Kanauchi.

World Federation Club. During my absence from Tokyo, Mr Vel kindly called some meetings to keep the name alive. Now we had the first regular gathering after some months. Mr. D. Maruyama, the president. Mr. Nishimura, the secretary, two of the directors of the army besides myself, and several other friends were present. The topic of

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*World Federation.

discussion was, the position of China in the Golden District of World Federation. Can we hope to receive news from some like clubs abroad ?

My trip to Siam. It is now no more proposal or just a pious intention. I am actually sailing or more correctly steaming toward that country—Siam! These lines are being written on board the steamer, "Kohso Maru" of the O. S. K. Line. I am more than satisfied with my surroundings. I am happy on the boat, gliding smoothly on the glassy surface of the calm majestic ocean, proceeding towards the goal. I am the only passenger but the ship officers at the dining table make good companions. My time is fully occupied with the hunting expedition in the thought world.

A few days before it was problem to find means for this trip. Our Japanese friends did not come forward to help me to get the necessary fund. Afghanistan also some how did not care to fill my empty pockets. But God cannot leave the people in lurch, who work for Him or for His creation. Our Indian friends at Kobe saw my plight and found it fit to make up my travelling expenses. Only a few of them put their shoulders together and I got more than I needed. It was not considered necessary to make a general appeal.

There are men who roam about as some government agents. There are men who tarvel as salesmen. Some people are supported by some organized religious missions. While some people have some strong political party backing. My case is a little peculiar in this respect. I work as a servant of mankind, obeying the command of the Great Creator. I am surely clothed, at times, as the lily of valley but I also have to suffer, at times, by the gusts of wind sweeping down the mountain side. Not long ago I was arrested at Canton and deported from that city. My only crime was that I was considered to be too "pro-Japanese." Our Japanese friends helped me morally

and I am thankful but they never cared to help me materially. Such life I lead in the service of humanity.

Now I am going to Siam. In ten days we should be there. Ours is a cargo boat going a little slow. But we go straight to Bangkok. If no accident happens we should reach safely our destination. What awaits met there, is a problem?

I mean to serve Siam and the Siamese people in our common interest. I hope to establish a permanent office at Bangkok for the Golden-Aryan District in the Province of Asia of World Federation. Shall I be able to do it? I do not know. But I know I am doing right thing. My endeavour is correct and honest. It matters little if I am again misunderstood as at Canton. If I have done my best light, I have done my duty.

This circular† cannot give you an account of Siam. Our next number† alone can bring to you a picture of that romantic country.

My Program for Siam. We mean that this independent country, the only independent country in this part of our world, should take up the work of developing the Golden-Aryan district of the province of Asia of World Federation. Our Siamese brethren should help us to establish a permanent bureau to spread in Siam, Burma, Anam, Combodia, Malaya and the islands the spirit of unity of these lands. The Buddhist monastries and temples should be converted into Modern Viharas or places of material as well as a spiritual production. Schools and colleges should be immediately transformed into our type of institutions where students and teachers produce their necessities. In army where students and teachers produce their necessities. In army and navy, as well, the principle of production should be introduced, Without any undue pressure people should be taught to produce the necessities with

† See note on the last page.

pleasure. Only the other day we were glad to read that the empress of Japan was talking personal interest in rearing silk worms and that the court ladies were weaving in the palace some fine silk. We mean to introduce this spirit in all the walks of life. Siam can surely do what Japan has done or India is doing. Mahatma Gandhi, also, introduces spinning and weaving in every home.

We further propose to import men and women from Japan. They must not however be allowed to remain as Japanese. They must marry with the women and men of this country. It is no favour to Japan. We recommend this plan to the different parts of our world with a view to better adjust the pressure of population. For instance, we say that the Arabian district in North Africa should in the same way import men and women from Italy and Germany or the Turkish people of Turkey and Central Asia should take in a large number of Russians to increase and improve local population. The whole plan should be conducted without any favour or partiality.

Chinese and Indians, now living in Siam, should also thoroughly mix up with Siamese. The present day Siamese themselves are the children of the older colonists from India and China. The curse in India is that the immigrants coming to that vast land held themselves aloof under some false caste notions. Japanese openly write in their books and are proud of the fact that they are a mixed breed of Mongolians, Chinese and Malayans. The English also call themselves Anglo-Saxons because they are a mixed breed of the Germans and the aborigines of England. Wisdom demands that in a body no clogs should be allowed to develop. Most unfortunate conditions may develop in the United States of North America if all the whites and all the blacks do not intermingle in one loving brotherhood. On one general

principle of humanity we mean to shuffle the inhabitants of our world.

We are very glad that Siam is entirely a Buddhist country. There is hardly any difference of opinion on the fact that Budhism represents the highest culture that mankind has yet evolved. But Siam shall have to take into consideration that in Java and Malaya are Musalmans and in Philippines the majority of people are Christians. Siam in the interest of common unity should adopt our principle of the unity of religions. It will indirectly mean to spread the spirit of true Buddhism into the lands now supposed to be non-Buddhistic.

NOTE: This program for Siam can be adapted for the use of every district in all the five provinces of our World State. What is important herein is the spirit and not the details. The spirit of Federation alone can create that harmony which we so badly need today in our struggling society. Our readers are requested to write articles on our plan in their local press.

More things about Siam. Our last number, World Family, was prepared on the boat sailing towards Siam. I had hoped to publish it at Bangkok. But the unforeseen developments in that city did not only hinder the publication but also forced me out of the land!

I went highly elated. Was I not going to the Budhist Kingdom? Why, must I not be greatly pleased at the prospect of bringing my message of regeneration to this land of Budha? An old fact of my life and a new fancy of one night at Dairen were adding colourful pictures to my imagination. It was in 1902, when I was only 16 years old, I got the idea that I was the Budha. I wrote letters to the rulers of Shan States, gathered at the Delhi Durbar, asking them to come and receive my message. Nothing came out of it. And my youthful wild life made me forgot all about my high claim. But of course

it was some lingering Budhist ideal which prompted me in 1908 to give up all my property. The second fancy was an actual dream, I saw at Dairen during one night in the month of February this year. I hope, my unbelieving readers will not take it for a lie. My friends can witness that I scrupulously follow truth. I saw that I was received by the King and Queen of Siam in a subterranean room. The King clearly asked me to " go to Siam and found a permanent office." Another incident of this story was that I had difficulty in coming out of this underground chamber.....I was surely encouraged by this dream. I decided that I must visit Siam once, in any case. I remembered that dream of the Dalai Lama which I had, before going to Tibet. Inspite of that dream, wherein Dalai Lama asked me to come, I couldnot reach Lahassa. Was this dream to fail me once again? I naturally asked myself. Now perforce returning from Siam should I consider that dream a mere deception ? I must say No! I feel my trip to Siam has not been in vain, just as my trip to Tibet can not be called a failure.

It was in the afternoon of the 25th June, our O. S. K. Boat, S. S. Kosomaru, steamed up the river towards Bangkok. Dense forest of the tropical green trees refreshed our sight, houses and temples along the river gave evidence of the Budhist culture. Heavy down pour of torrential rain gave a good bathing. It was dark when we anchored in the mid stream before the city of Bangkok. The immigration and the customs easily passed me. Our two Indian brethren, a Musalman and a Sikh, had come up to the ship to take me down. On the shore a large number of Indian friends had kindly gathered. They welcomed me with loud acclamations and wreaths of fine flowers. Their car took me to the Rajdhani Hotel. I was astonished to find this

Hotel so neat, clean, with very spacious rooms and cheap.

Next four days passed boisterously. Our Indian brethren, mostly watchmen or door keepers, were constantly coming in batches. They invariably brought beautiful and good smelling wreathes of flowers. I spoke to them in each case just a few words. I was getting all the time free food from an Indian restaurant. I visited the places of Indian worship. I was also well received by the Indian merchants at their shops. On Thursday afternoon, when I went to the Vishnu Temple, a large crowd gathered to hear me. It was not a regular meeting. But since about four hundred people had come, without any notice of any meeting, I was greatly impressed by their enthusiasm. A mere whisper around that I was visiting the temple that afternoon gave shape to this gathering. I delivered a short speech. A shower of rain at the end also curtailed our program. But inside, in the temple, we could enjoy hymns for some time more.

Now let us turn to the Siamese side. I am still dealing with our first four happy days in Siam. I was very well received by the chief editor of the Nation. He showed special interest in my plan of the new organisation of our world. He kindly brought out a long article about me in his influencial daily paper. It was also through him that I was led to Prince Varavan, adviser to the premier. As a perfect gentleman, he recieved me and after hearing my program, also as a gentleman, he told me that his view of life was diametrically opposed to mine. But the prince showed sympathy with my ideas of the regeneration of Buddhism which, he also thought, needed overhauling! Another pleasant interview was at the Democratic Press. The editor and the several members of the staff were pleased to hear my story. They also kindly published an article magnifying my tale. But it was all censored and the next day my only

photograph appeared at the head of two blank columns !

Saturday, the 30th June, gave a shock to all my dreams of past and present perhaps also of the future, because henceforth I must be very cautious in interpreting the thoughts striking my mind in sleep ! I was asked to come to the C. I. D. Police headquarters. The Chief Pra Pi Chan told me plainly that I was ordered to leave the country within 48 hours. I argued. I represented my case at length. But he could only repeat the order of his government. On my enquiry about the reason of such a harsh verdict he said that the government believed that my views were liable to create trouble between Siam and her neighbours.....Mr. Monoj of the Democratic press led me to the ministry of the Interior. We appealed to Laung Pradits. He was kind enough to allow me another 7 days. But I was strictly warned by the police not to speak at the Sunday meeting.

Next day Sunday, the 1st August, I went to the Arya Samaj. The open ground before the hall was full of human life. Inside too it was all crammed up. I went in. I received their ceremonial welcome. I came out and sat before my kindly brethren surging with emotion ! I did not mean to speak. I was following the agreement. But still some police officers appeared and asked me to leave the meeting at once. Once I tried to explain that their chief had allowed me to attend the meeting. I was only prohibited from delivering a lecture. But again like a gramophone they repeated the order adding that it was the latest instruction by telephone. They however allowed a friend of mine to explain the situation to the audience and I left. I was no more harassed and returned to my hotel.

Now followed four days of anxiety. I did not know what to do and where to go ? I tried to get help from the Japanese Legation. I approached the

French Consulate to receive vise for French Indo-China. I made enquiries about the shipping facilities to proceed to Swatow in South China. But in all cases I was meeting with disappointment.....Our Indian brethren kept up their spirit at a high pitch. I was taken round. I was invited to dinners. Friends continued to visit me in large batches. At last arrived the fateful day of the 6th August when I must leave the city. I went up to a Norwegian steamer which was to sail on that date for Swatow. But to my great bewilderment the Norwegian captain told me that he had received intructions from Swatow police chief not to bring any one from Siam who might be coming from Japan ! Perhaps the story was put in his mouth by some clique but I had no alternative but to accept it as an unalterable verdict.

On the 6th August, I once again tried to get extention. This time the ministry of Interior directed me to the Director of the gendermerie. He was a very rough sort of fellow. I had to remind him that we should converse as gentlemen. He kindly gave me extention but asked me to stay at the Police training school till I could get the first available steamer for Japan. With a friendly gesture he added that my friends could visit me in any number.

On the 7th morning, I was taken to the Police training school. The chief of this school was educated in England and has an English wife. He told me that Mr. Tarzi, a brother-in-law of King Amanullah was his personal friend. But we were meeting under strange circumstances. I was angry at this curtailment of my liberty. He was following the instructions of his chief. I was given a store room to live in. Regular lock up was in full sight from my residence ! .....Indian friends began to arrive. Soon I found myself in the midst of a series of meetings. Some times attendance was not much short of full century ! And I spoke and

spoke but it was not a speach. I was only holding conversations. On occasions my explanations lengthened into decades of minutes.....But still I was not satisfied. I resented the forced detention at the police school. After a few days the stored up goods were removed from my room and it was more properly cleaned, Nothing however could reconcile me with any form of forced confinement. I was not free to go out of the compound of this school. As a protest I was living on half diet. I was not taking bath. I slept in full dress. I was not cutting my hair.....

I did not, however, wish ill of Siam. I knew she forced to take such steps on account of some secret clause in the treaties with England and France. Slave owners force their neighbours not to harbour any enemies of their socalled constituted authority. On principle I tried to serve Siam in that practical jail. I noticed that some of my Indian brethren were greatly influenced by the English view point. They criticised Siam as a matter of habit without realizing what they were doing. I organised a small society from my visitors. I persuaded them to make it a rule to take a vow of loyalty to Siam. No matter what fotm of government existed in the land the members of our society must cooperate with it. They must also help the Siamese administration in finding the spies of the enemies of the country. We believe that in the welfare of Siam and such independent countries round India is the true well being of India..... If the English imperial agents did not destroy this plant which I have planted among the Indians of Bangkok Siamese government can rely up on its full support and its fine comforting shade in any hot weather. I have prepared my friends to be ready to lay down their life in the defence of Siam, if it be ever so necessary.

It became a problem to get a ticket on the Japanese steamer. They said that all the berths were

reserved from Indo China. A lot of running about by myself, with due permission and the endeavour of the police after all succeeded in securing some accommodation. Hundreds of Indian friends came to see me off. Captain of the ship kindly allowed us to hold a meeting on the deck ! I spoke on the necessity of the unity of Asia in our World State. Captain was bold enough to speak a few words of encouragement. Audience was very much impressed by this practical cooperation of a Japanese officer of the sea. Amidst roaring shouts of "jai" meaning victory we left our friends on the wharf.

In this connection I must also mention that our friends not only loaded me with flowers and fed me with fruits and daily food, they also very kindly showered money over me. Arya Samaj members and the president of the Hindu Dharm Sabha presented purses. But scores of brethren just brought offerings of one, five or ten tickles (Ten tickles make an English pound). I do not know how to thank these friends of humanity. God alone can bless them for their good deeds. Now we again have surplus account.

THE MANGOLIAN ADVENTURES

Five Meetings. Three meetings at Tokyo and two at Kobe heard me speak. The economic club of Tokyo and the Wesley Foundation under the management of Mr. Thoburn T. Brumbaugh specially invited me to deliver my address at their gatherings. Seinan Kyodan Inc., gave me an opportunity to air my views at their grand function..It was a public meeting at the Kobe Y.M.C.A. I was one of the seven speakers. Indian Congress branch of Japan called an Indian meeting, I spoke on my trips, one just finished and the other just begun.

Dinners and Lunches. They have been a little too many. Our Indian friends at Kobe vied with

each other to oil us well for the long journey. Our going out, some how, corresponded with the coming in of Mr. Rash Behari Bose, our honourable colleague, and Mr. and Mrs. Chamanlal from India. By a happy accident we all met together at Kobe. Mr. Bose spoke of his stories of his visit to Manchukuo. I hammered on my plans of rhe reorganization of our world ! Parties were refreshing. Earlier at Tokyo we also had some ivigorating experiences. I shall not mention my private lunches at Afghanistan Legation. But to prove the solidarity of the Aryan district I must mention the fine feast that I had with H. E. The Persian Minister. With the first secretaries of Afghanistan and Persian Legations I had more than one occasion to enjoy our meals together. Yokohama, Shizuoka and Osaka also contributed their quotas of repasts.

Asiatic Army. Last but not the least it needs some mention. Our readers know that as a part of the World Army we propose to have an Asiatic section. We are glad to announce that Mr. K. Matsumoto, president of Seinen Kyodan Inc., has recently joined us as a director of the Golden Corps. Our directors meeting attended by Mr. S. Nakano, Mr. R. Miyazaki and Mr. J. Imazato heard the report and the money account as presented by myself. We all expressed concern at the deficit but we were all glad at the work accomplished. Mr. R. Miyazaki, 2630 Mejiro-machi, 3-chome, Toshima-ku, remains in charge of the Tokyo Office. Mr. S. Ohkawa, the high recruiting officer, stationed at Dairen, kindly paid us a flying visit at Tokyo. Will our readers start the like organizations in their localities ?

Just News. Our friends have followed the development of this all-world movement. It began in September 1929 at Berlin, Germany. It was atleast its public manifestation. The thoughts were written earlier in other lands. If we were to trace up, step by step, the starting point of the great ideal

we would have to proceed to India via Afghanistan. Here we are only concerned with the later progress of this program. Our circulars appeared later in the United States of America, Japan and China. Current story was always recorded in the monthly or bi-monthly letters. The last issue of our World Peace for the months of September and October brought our full news to our kind readers. It was, however, a little older news dealing with our trip to Siam. In August, infact, we left Tokio. On the lst of September we sailed from Kobe for Dairen. Travelling via Hsinking, Mukden and Chengte we entered Mongolia at Dolonor. We went up to Sunit, the capital Prince Teh. We have only just returned to Tokio, just in time to celebrate the Chrisimas in the spirit of the unity of religions. Immediately we have prepared and published these twin circulars, this World Religion and World Federation for January and February, 1935. Thus we cover full four months at one long stride. Our kind readers may pardon us for our forced step. Our trip necessitated it. In return we can offer some spicy account of our wanderings. Our story of the Mongolian tour may prove interesting as well as instructive reading. This land of Mongolia, at present, is the meeting ground of three different schools of thought, Japanese Chinese and that of Soviet Russia.

First Part of This Story. During this year of 1934 I have been mostly on the move. The lst of January found me at Peiping. Within a week of the New Year I was on the rollers, rolling towards South. Travelling via Tsinan and Nanking I came to Shanghai. Then, then, I shall not speak at length of my visit to Dairen and of my trip to Canton, suffice to say that I was swinging like a pendulum, moving North and South, from Canton back to Japan, then again on to Siam, returning once again to this land of the cherry blossom and chrysanthemum. Again I did not stay long in this country.

In less than one month I was back to the port of Kobe to take a ship for Dairen. On the lst of September our boat was gliding down the smooth waters of the Inland Sea. Very fine boats of O. S. K. ply between Japan and Manchukuo. We reached Dairen on the 4th, in less than 72 hours. Here I stayed in the official office of Pan Asia League. It is, by the way, also the home of my friend, Mr. S. Ohkawa. Mr. A. M. Nair, an Indian gentleman from Travancore, lives here as one of the four secretaries of the Asiatic association. He kindly volunteered himself to accompany me on my Mongolian trip. As the Chinese legation at Tokio did not give me vise to pass through Peiping the only way left to me to proceed to Mongolia was through Manchoukuo. We must however, receive the necessary official permission to take this route. We went to the New Capital of the New State. We represented our case to the proper authorities. To our great satisfaction we found them sympathetic to our plan. They did not only allow us, they further promised us all necessary assistance on the way. It was more than we expectted. Armed with the good will of the rulers of the land we returned to Mukden. Here Yang Lama joined us. I had sent him to Peiping to try once again personally to secure the Chinese official understanding, but hearing nothing from him I wired him to return. He immediately came and met at the former capital of Old Manchuria. We left by train to Chinshien, changing trains there, we went up to Peipiao. Next day we got into another train which was officially not yet running. The line is recently constructed. We reached Linguan late in the evening. It was going slow, going cautiously over the unbeaten path. We stayed in a Chinese hotel. Caste foreigners like to stay in more expensive Japanese establishments but we are caste breakers and the breakers of the economic standards. We were not uncomfortable. We specially enjoyed the Chinese meals. Now we got a lift in a Japanese truck.

We reached safely Chengteh, the provincial capital of Jehol. We soon became the guests of Kyovakai or the federation society of Manchukuo. We had to stay for three weeks at this centre. The heavy rain had destroyed the myuntain roads. At last on 10th of October we went up a military truck to move forward. For sometime we were riding splendidly. Up the rocks, our American made machine of the General Motors went trotting. I had never seen before a truck knocking against such a rough road and still going strong. But we could not rejoice long. Series of accidents held us up. The case of puncture was not serious, the worse was the stand still in a marshy part of the truck road. And the worst came when our truck half over turned in a desert vally. The back right wheel sank deep in a sandy place on the extreme end of the truck path. I must confess, I simply jumped out. The danger proved not so imminent. But we were stuck. We passed the night under a canvas. To prove the old proverb that misfortune never comes alone rain began to fall. Our roof became a pond. Water made us wet. Chilly wind gave the first taste of winter. Next day we had more adventurous experiences in the high table lands at this border of Mongolia. Finally our truck was burried deep in a half frozen stream. Another night under the canvas was our lot. It was much more colder now then yesterday. Next day on the 14th October we entered right royally in a primitive bullock cart, Dolonor, the Eastern entrance to Mongolia. The Japanese local officer allowed us the use of one room in his official headquarters. Here our caravan was organized. Again through the help of the Japanese friends we got five horses, a guide and the necessary equipment. The reader, little knowing of my precedents, may be enquiring now to himself the reason of the Japnese assistance to me and my two companions friends, Mr. Nair and Yang Lama. But I do not see anything extraordinary in this brotherly act of my Japanese friends. Germans spent thousands of

gold pounds in financing our mission to Afghanistan. It was war time. Afghanistan kindly gave me over three thousand gold pounds, just for my travelling expenses. I also accepted six hundred and sixty-five gold pounds from Soviet Russia and the Chinese government gave me one thousand and four hundred silver dollars to meet my expenses. My Indian friends liberally contribute to my program of wanderings and propaganda. Our national mission to Tibet got ten thousand American dollars from our Indian brethren in America. Now I have money from my Indian friends of Kobe and Siam. I believe, all the money of this earth belongs to me and I belong to humanity. The other day an anonymous person came running up to me and put one hundred yen in my pocket and said: "Do not speak." Thus a servant of mankind must be helped and thank God. I have been so far regularly given my daily bread. Our readers know that our paper receives offerings from all over the world, without any distinction of caste, class, creed or colour.

9+9+9 Mongolian Nights. No, not the Arabian nights, and yet 9+9+9 sweet nights of another desert are the burthen of our song. It was on the 22nd October, we left Dolonor. We were now riding ponies. Four men and five horses, they also make together 9 souls. Mr. Nair was for the first time on horseback. And the first day we had to ride over thirty miles. It was a pitiable sight to see him ride half dead. He was completely exhausted towards the end of this day's journey. But it was very brave of him to continue the journey in this state. After three days he became a good rider. A very good progress indeed. Yang Lama, a son of Mongolia, was happy in his own atmosphere. He proved very useful in interpreting our thoughts to the Mongolian people. The old guide, a born monarchist, served us as well as his Manchoukuo sovereign, all the time throughout our journey. At times, he

made our position very delicate. He created the impression that we agreed with him in every phase of his views. We lere obliged to make our stand clear. I said that I stand for one World government. Asia will be one province. And in this province, the Golden land will be one district. We include all Mongolia, Tibet, China, Manchoukuo, Korea and Japan in this Golden land. We want to make in Mongolia a nucleus of an Asiatic army, as a part of a World army, which will energetically try to realize our program of One Federated World State, World cooperative and World Family. "Is it not good, is it not wonderful," our audience seemed to say. It was surely a more concrete dream than a dream of some far off heaven. A people fed on dreams heartily enjoy a realistic imagination. The case of the struggling groups is entirely different. They live from day to day fighting for every bit of morsel. For them a definite plan of the future is something vague and impracticable. I had to admit to myself that it was better in any case to bring up people in a peaceful halo of a dream than to make them blood thirsty wolfhounds.

We went on from day to day. Every morning we went off to ride over the vast steppe of Mongolia. Now through a broad valley, then over a low range of mountains, our path was laid in curls. The direction was ever due west. Every afternoon we came down in some Mongolian settlement of a moving character. They are nomads, you know. Their tents are portable houses, made of a frame work of wood and felt. In the middle, open fire plays with its flames. The opening at the top takes away the undesirable smoke and admits the light of Sun. Around in the round tent people sit chatting over their daily problems. "Yesterday that beautiful calf of the neighbour was eaten up by the wolves." Such is the news published in the daily editions of mouth to mouth family gazettes. If you now take a general

view of the interior, you are astonished to find all that furniture which this tent possesses. There are almiras and piles of felts and furs. There, it is the inevitable stand for Lord Nirwana Buddha. Mongolians are devout Buddhists, the world knows. Kitchen implements are numerous. They occupy a major section. Here food is also cooked and the ever ready tea is kept hot by the fire side. I will call it a tea soup. Food consists, as a rule, of some kind of Chinese macarony with boiled meat. Preparations of milk are plenty. Milk cream cake is of such superb nature that it could command a ready sale in the most fashionable quarters of Europe or America. Dried milk, when properly softened, has its own fine taste. People are very hospitable and of kindly disposition. We were every where well received.

In those vast valleys one finds sometimes hundreds of wild deer. We came up on them in different places. We could hardly believe our eyes when we first sighted a moving flock of this wild life. Twice we also noticed wolves, wandering in the wake of their prey. Near the tents, sheep, cattle and horses could be seen in thousands. Hares can be found both in wilderness and in the neighbourhood of human habitation. This part of Mongolia is beyond the Gobi desert. Here we saw grass, growing luxuriantly, every where. Water is scarce. But wells supply the need.

We were just nine nights on the way. On the 31st October we reached Sunit, our destination. It is the capital of Prince Teh. The ruler was unfortunately not at home. He had left the place just three days earlier. The Chinese commander of the State, Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, had come to Suiyuan Fu to meet the Mongolian princes. Prince Teh was also called away. He, however, sent us a wire and asked us to come again. The second prince of Sunit, Toslakchi-Noen, and the Ministers of the state visited us in our guest house or more correctly guest

tent. They assured us that their first Prince held exactly the same views as ourselves. And they also suggested that we return to Mongolia in summer. We stayed nine nights at Sunit and left it on the 9th November.

Another nine nights on the way brought us back to Dolonor. Everyday on the move had its own nomadic interest. People living in big cities can hardly realize the flavour of this truly free life, free from every bondage of fashion or foolery. Take an example. We rode straight to a temple in a wilderness. This building is in the process of being taken to pieces to be removed to a distant site. It is temporarily occupied by a band ofMongolian soldiers to safeguard the locality. On our way to Sunit we had made their acquaintance. Now we came as old friends. There was no more militarye nquiry, with loaded rifles in hand, as we experienced last time. We walked in. We were greeted by officers. We were given the best venison possible. We slept in the best quarters. And in the morning 2 Chinese dollars were sufficient to cover all the expenses of our party of four men and five horses. We also got a big piece of venison to eat in peace at our next stage.

It was on the 18th of Nevember that we reached Dolonor. This date, curiously enough, makes 9+9. When we were reflecting on this recurrence of 9 in our Mongolian trip we were further astonished to find that it was on the 9th of the 9th month that we left Dairen to plunge into the interior. Just a chance, a little spice to make the story spicy.

Mongolian opinions. This part of Mongolia which we traversed on our trip to Sunit legally belongs to China. Modern maps show it as a part of Chahar or the district of Kalgan. But through out our way we did not see any Chinese soldiers All the country is ruled by Mongolian chieftains and their guards. Some of these men were very out

spoken. They said they would like to cooperate with Japan and Manchoukuo to fight the Chinese. I tried to explain to them our movement of peace for the Golden land, Asia and the world. But they were bitter against the "Chinese" encroachment from the South. They reiterated that the Chinese had taken away their pasture lands and made them into fields a crime from their standpoint. Would they then like to become a part of Manchoukuo ? We naturally enquired. This they will not also tolerate, atleast so long they can successfully resist. But they believe that Japan would help them to stand upon their own legs. They seemed to have great spiritual reverence for the emperor of Manckoukuo. They however, remarked that his majesty was not yet quite free to do as he likes. They would like to see him grow into an absolute monarch. This is atleast their notion. We were surprised to find no trace of Soviet propaganda. In outer Mongolia, however, there is now a Soviet government. We were told that the Outer Mongolians have about fifty thousand well trained troops, a formidable force for princes and chieftains of Inner Mongolia who have individually only one hundred to five hundred soldiers ! The Prince of Sunit is trying to organize all the forces of Inner Mongolia into one unit. He has received some support from China. A section of the Japanese military surely sympathizes with him. I wish, he could adopt our program of the Asiatic army as a part of world army. Our program can create peaceful atmosphere all round and help the Mongolian people to make progress and be happy.

Christian Mission. We had the pleasure to visit three Christain missions in proper Mongolia. Two of them belonged to Swedish Mongol Mission and the third was the Moagolian Mission of S. D. A. At the last mentioned,we were received by Rev. J.J. Maltsev. He and his wife entertained us with a warm supply

of hot chocolate. White and brown bread with plenty of butter, eggs and jam made us forgot for a moment plenty of butter, eggs and jam made us forgot for a moment that we were in the country of no-bread. We were only sorry that we couldnot stay there for the night. It was yet noon and we must finish that day's journey that day, we could not put it off till tomorrow. We passed one night, however, under the roof of Mr. Joel Eriksson of the Swedish Mongol Mission. At dinner and at breakfast we had long talks with our host and hostess. They gave us some instructive information about the country. But we cannot agree that Buddhism has in any way harmed the people. It is indeed that spiritual force which we need today throughout our world. We can remain as Christians, Muslims or Hindus but still we need that spirit of renunciation which Buddha preached and practised. Without personal renunciation we cannot possibly establish peace in our struggling society of today. I wish that the Christian missions in the Hindu, Muslim or Buddhist lands will try to create loving ties between Christianity and other religions.

Muslim Sympathy. We are highly obliged to our Muslim brethren whom we met at Chengte, Weichang and Dolonor. Without any previous introduction the Muslim visitors of the Muslim restaurant, at the provincial capital of Jehol, began to take interest in us. I spoke to them of Afghanistan, my adopted country. Is it a Muslim land? They asked. Of course, it is, the government is conducted according to Muslim laws, I assured them. "Are you yourself a Musalman?" They curtly asked me. Well, I believe, I am better than many Musalmans who label themselves as Musalmans. I believe in the unity of religions and Islam is also my religion. Now they began to believe me. Inspite of their long established narrow notions, we became good friends. The sympathy travelled along. In all the towns, we

received assistance from Islamic sources. We are thankful.

Buddist Co-operation. I am what I am. I never conceal my identity. But you know, different people have their own different way of thinking. In Tibet and Mongolia they call some religious leaders as living Buddhas.There I can also be considered as one of them. In one place when our guide asked a high priest to occupy his raised seat of honour he vacated it for me saying: "No, that is the place for the living Buddha." It is only one example to show that our Buddhist brethren, atleast some of them. have some regard for the message which I bring to the Buddhist world. I want to revolutionize their present life. I shall immediately stop little children from becoming Lamas or monks. I say, Buddha, the Sakyamuni: left his family at the age of 29 years, about that age, I think, one can give up one's family relations should one so desire. I happened to leave my wife and children at the age of 28. This doctrine of celibate life is only a part of our system of scientific breeding. We approach the subject directly and tackle it in its every phase. Again our cooperative units are in a way the "viharas" of Buddha. And our world State shall protect Dharma or the holy order. I know, I carry the Buddhist spirit in every walk of life and make it practical for all mankind. It may be considered a great advance on the order, established by Sakyamuni. But I say, I believe, Lord Nirvana Buddha as the last incarnation. And I affirm that Mohemmod, the prophet, is the last prophet in the long series of prophets. Christ, Jesus of Nazereth, occupies the unique position of the connecting link between the two great lines of incarnations and prophets. I am only a servant of mankind, trying to unite the scattered humanity. It is no special privilege for me. Any and every one can become a servant of mankind by simply resolving and working for the welfare of our common society. I may some-

time desire to mount a platform so that I may be properly heard but I stand against all human worship. It is a social crime to make little gods of men. All praise, all devotion and all sacrifice is only due to the Creator of the Universe, Evolver of human life and Producer of all guidance in the interest of humanity. Creator, as creator, wants good of all creation, it is therefore our duty to work for the progress and happiness of all life on this planet, where we are given birth and where we live.

Our Return Journey. It was a down hill walk. It went easy. We said, we arrived at Dolonor on the 18th November, the second day we got a military truck leaving for Chengte. A motor accident held us up but we did not suffer in it. Only our truck was overturned when we were not in. We had to wait a couple of days till a new truck arrived. At Lungkhua we received the special attention from Mr. Kawamoto, the local Japanese adviser to the magistrate. We were given a rich banquet in proper Chinese style. At Chengte our friend and companion, Yang Lama dropped off. He got a job. The provincial authorities approached me direct to let them have him. They offered him one hundred dollars per month as the starting pay with a promise to raise his salary as soon as he is made regular officer after three months. I agreed. He was left behind. Before leaving Chengte I could speak once in a small gathering on our trip. At Linguan and at Chaoyang, on the way, the Kyovakai-federation society organized big meetings for us. At Hsinking, the new capital, I addressed the Kyovakai meeting, spoke at Radio and met many reporters who themselves kindly invited me to tea. At Mukden, the, federation society organized a very warm tea party. At Dairen, we also had a warm reception. At Kobe Mr, Sahay, the president of the Congress Committee called a meeting of the Indian community to hear my views on Mongolia. On the 20th December at

7. 45 p m. I reached back safely Tokio railway station where I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Chamanlal.

A Word of Thanks. Without indulging in the betrayal of names which some shy people seem to resent, I must here record in black and white my sincere gratitude for all my kind friends and my hosts and hostesses, at Kobe, Dairen. Mukden, Hsinking, Chengte and other places. If I could be allowed to give vent to my feelings this paper† should consist nothing else but their account. Three names I can bring in here without any danger of opposition from them. They are : Mr, S. Ohkawa. the high recruiting officer of the Asiatic army at Dairen and Mr. Nair and Yang Lama who accompanied me on my trip. They all did their best in their spheres for our common cause.

Our Christian Meeting. On the 25th December we held a Christmas meeting, in the spirit of the unity of Religions. Mr. Maruyama conducted the Christian service. I spoke on Jesus Christ as a leader of humanity. I brought out the fact that the same spirit which we discern in the personality of Jesus can also be seen in Buddha, Krishna, Mohemmod and other leaders of mankind. The object of religion is to keep in order our spiritual health. The prescriptions differ according to time and place.

WORLD FEDERATION MOVEMENT IN PHILIPPINES

Real Success. This I call success. Our visit to Manila bore fruits, sweet fruits. To tell the truth, I went to Philippines, prepared to go to the cross. With those bitter experiences of Canton and Siam I was naturally expecting some thing still worse. I was arrested and deported from that Metropolis

† See note on last page.

of South China. I was unceremoniously driven out of that land of Buddha, Siam. In Mongolia I was spared the show of force but there too I couldnot meet the prince, to meet whom we rode ten days on horse back. It is true the ministers of that ruler paid us visits, we were asked to come again, but it was also a case of some disappointment. On the other hand, here at Manila we got more than I had ever expected. I could speak, in full twenty five meetings. Important national Newspapers introduced me to the public. I could found the director board of the Golden Aryan Corps of the Asiatic wing of the World Army. We also established one World Federation Club of Manila. And our Indian brethren refilled my pockets. Readers can find many more details of my visit to Philippines else where in this issue.† This number† is dedicated to Philippines.

Where I spoke. At the Indian Sikh Temple, I had the pleasure to address my brethren for full seven times, on seven different Sundays. I missed only one Sunday during my stay at Manila. At the Baclaran Lodge I spoke twice. On both occasions, Mr. Zapata treated the guests with tea party and music. At all other places, it was only once that I was invited to give a little talk. On some occasions my time was very short while at some other meetings I was given a free hand. In a couple of cases, I trespassed the hour mark. I give here all the names of the gatherings where I spoke. 1. Epworth League. 2. Men's club of the United Church. 3. Law College of the University of Philippines. 4. Bombay Merchants' Association. 5. Y.M.C.A, Meeting of the secretaries. 6. Commonwealth Institute. 7. Employees' dinner meeting. 8. Political science club. 9. Sindhi Sikh Gurdwara. 10. Soleman Lodge. 11. Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. 12.Rizal Memorial Academy. 13. World Federation Club. 14. Japanese Primary School.

† See note on the last page

15. Pan Asiatic dinner meeting. 16. Plaza Hotel. Now do a little arithmetic. Add up. These sixteen talks plus two at Baclaran and seven at the temple make altogether twenty five. Is it not? Yes, I spoke at 25 occasions during my two month's stay at Manila.

Dates of my trip. Chronology should not be entirely ignored. I must tell my readers some of the dates of my trip. I left Kobe on the 21st January. I came by train to Shimonoseki. I boarded "Chicago Maru" at Moji on the 22nd. On the 23rd we passed Nagasaki. On the 26th I landed at Kiilung, the northern port of Formosa. I came to Takao by train, where we got again our same boat. On the 31st of January we entered Manila. Full two months, I was in the Philippines. I left Manila on the 30th of March. I got this time too the same Chicago Maru. We are reaching Kobe on Sunday, the 7th of April 1935. These lines are written at sea. The circular will be given to the press, as soon as I can reach Tokyo, God willing.

Parting Message. Indian Sikh community gave a farewell party at the Plaza Hotel on Friday, the 29th march, just a day before my departure. It was attended by Indian Musalmans and Indian Hindus. Our Filipino brethren came in good force. Here, at this occasion I gave my parting message. First, I asked my Indian brethren to continue to keep the same spirit of unity as they had proved in that gathering, because was it not there that all the different groups of India were represented and were embracing one another in perfect harmony! Next, I requested our Filipino friends to continue to observe the same unanimity which they had evinced in the formulation of their State constitution. Let us all stand together and back the present regime, I said, so that it may successfully pass through the commonwealth period. And when independence comes, I continued, I believe that Mr. Quezon will step aside. Then,

General Ricarte may be asked to become the first president of the Philippine Republic. Our Archbishop Aglipay may become the Pope of this land and this Pope of Philippines and that Pope of Rome may enter into alliance, removing every religious confusion from this land. Then, we may, also, ask General Aguinaldo to take up the post of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, provided he renounces every interest in his property. Follwing the teachings of Buddha and Christ we cannot entrust our destiny into the hands of men who are after money. Mohemmod left his trade, Rishis left the world, Nanak became a dervish to preach the Law... ...One thing more needs our attention. Supposing a war should come within Commonwealth period and the United States get involved in it, in that case, these islands of Philippines should become immediately independent. We cannot possibly look indifferently at the complication which may arise. Why must Philppines suffer any attack for no fault of theirs? Why must these handful of American youths should be sacrificed against great odds? No, Sir, we do not want any such untoward development. We propose to have immediate independence for Philppines in case of war and complete neutrality of the land. American soldiers who may be here at that time can be sent back to their homes without their arms or may be allowed to remain in the land as citizens of Philippinese.

My Thanks. I am under a heavy burden of obligation to the American spirit of liberty, Indian liberality and Filipino hospitality.I was very well received by my Filipino brethren. I was quite at home at Filipino Y.M.C.A. I made some reliable friends among the sons and daughters of the land. I am very thankful to one and all. Indian friends replenished my poor financial resources. Our readers can see their generosity in the golden figures of our money account. And mind you, I made no appeal for any special cause.

I just wanted my travelling expenses and this they covered nearly three times over. I cannot also leave off to mention that silent spirit of liberty of the American over lords in Philippines. They did seem to exist, so far as I was concerned. I was praticially left to myself, quite free to do as I please. If any one dared to lecture thus in India, as I did not in Philippine, he might have been held tight by the English bull dogs. I am naturally thankful to all my American brethren who may have any thing to do in giving me this freedom in the islands where still American flag flies. I must also add that the Filipino officals equally deserve credit for their cooperation in the cause of liberty. I am, of course, thankful to the chief of the Immigration department, Mr. Aragon, a perfect Filipino gentleman.

Dinners. They also exact a strock of pen. We cannot omit them which gave us strength to carry on our work, both physically and spiritually. They encouraged us with the spirit of friendship and nourished our body, too. Prof. Roy, Prof. Duran, Mr. Pribhudas, Mr. Raghunath, Seth Ghansiamdas, Mr. Rattansingh, Mr. Sadhuram, Madame Sandoval Mr. Neves, Bishop Reyes. all deserve our hearty thanks. But Seth Tolaram has to be thanked separately for his frequent calls to meals. More than half a dozen times he took me to his family and kindly supplied delicious food in home like atmosphere. I need not pull in here the dinner parties which have found mention elsewhere. I thank also Mr. Tollaram of Baguio.

MEETINGS IN LAND OF SURPRISES

I must confess, had expected. In Nippon a great heartly welcome I on my return from Philippines. Had I not worked there in our mutual interest of Asia and humanity ? Should not our freinds show some appreciation for

the work of peace that I had performed in the South? I naturally argued. But a very cold sentiment seemed to prevail. Our Indian brethren at Kobe acclaimed me with more than usual warmth. It was mostly due to the youthful energy of ever helpful Mr. Sahay, his name itself, if rendered into English, is Mr. Help. But what about our Japanese brethren, I queried ? I came to Tokyo, found it difficult to find a room where to lay my head. Four hotels and the lodging houses had not one single room vacant at the time. Towards evening our printers could kindly find for me two rooms close to their press. Right in Japanses style I settled in the Japanses Apartment. I gave last touches to our last circulars and gave them to the printers. No meeting, no call, I was, as if, entirely forgotten. The ever alert press of Japan, too, seemed to boycott me. I was rather a pet child of this Japanese institution. But they seemed to resent the favour shown to me by the National press of Philippines. Was I now adopted by the Filipino Press, to be left adrift by my old associates ? Under such disappointing circumstances came an invitation of Mr. Y. K. Katsura, an America returned Japanese gentleman, to his newly created society of the International students. I went, sat modestly in the midst of some students. Then all of a sudden, I was asked to be the chief guest of the evening. In the middle at the head of the table I was put up as an idol ! To complete the trinity, one Japanese professor sat on my right and an American teacher took his seat on my left. I was asked to speak. I spoke at length. Such was this first delightful surprise. Another surprise was provided by Mr. N. Imaoka, the principal of Seisoku middle school. A large gathering of interested students heard me. Very warm feeling permeated the audience. And at the end, the principal threw me into bewilderment by slipping twenty yen into my pocket. This I had never expected from a school. Yet another surprise was the banquet given by my old friend Mr. Kanau-

chi. Some of the very important personalities of Nippon society cooperated with him to call this dinner meeting. Food was enjoyed, lectute was delivered and photo was taken in right Nippon fashion.

Pan Pacific Club. It requires special mention. It is one of the great land marks of Tokyo. Many foreigners visiting the country are attracted by its revolving powerful search light. I have been long its member. This time I was invited to speak at its regular weekly meeting. It was here that I first unfurled my newly drawn world map, printed in this number.† Count Inue, the president, graciouly rose to help me to show our large map to the audience. The whole atmosphare was pleasing.

Philippine Students. They came in a large party led by Rev. Yamanouch of Honganji at Manila. They gathered here once at the local Y.M.C.A. I was called by phone. I hurried to their meeting. I became one of the chief speakers. I was glad to find myself once again in the surroundings of loving Manila. After my talk one Mr. Antonio Santos Ocampo was fired enough by my enthusiasm to declare that he was already dreaming of the Golden Aryan ! This I call success.

Six more meetings. Since my arrival in the country I have already addressed twelve meetings. Six have been already mentioned in the preceding paragraphs. Six more need a word. They are: (1) Another meeting of the International students. (2) Another meeting at Seisoku middle school. (3) India Independence meeting held by our friend, Shriman Rash Behari Bose. (4) Pan-Rica Club social gathering. This institution strives to develope friendship between Japan and America. (5) Nippon Culture Federation. (6) Tea party of Professor Chikao Fujisawa. It was enjoyment of a treat and

† See note on last page.

service of humanity through solid talk, not empty talk.

ROUND TRIP TO AMERICA

And it proved flat, too, in some respects. Returning from Philippines, this year, I said: "This I call success". Today, coming back from U. S., I have to say: "This I cannot call success." And yet I would not take it as failure. Why, I could land easily in this hard to enter civilised country. Immigration authorities did not bother me. But there was no one to welcome me, no soul to show me the way. The port of San Pedro was new to me. I found shelter in the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. I wrote and wrote many letters. No one cared to call on me. At last answers came. It was something.

Through the dark alleys of unknown circumstances of unknown quantites I groped my way. I made new friends under certain romantic conditions. One after the other, meetings followed, no, not round the solitary corners, no, in respectable place. But as I proceeded from one chamber to the other of many opportunities, 'failure' I saw marked on the wall. It was the notion of my audience. Was it my fault ? I say no. Indeed, believe, it is the only something, that I have, which can be taken as worth something I refuse to be a flatterer when I believe some bitter lotion has to be poured down the swollen throat.

I shall give you, here, one example of my set back. The meeting was in full swing. Eevery word as it fell from my lips was creating fine impression. A flowery picture was being created. I was arousing hundred per cent Americanism. But now when I added that in the hundred per cent American there was also twelve and a half per cent Negro, it proved a shock to my 'white' listners. The whole atmosphere changed in a moment.

In another place my mere thought of Japan and things Japanese brought forth verdict that I was too much of an oriental.

I must be a savage, some people seemed to think, because I did not visit cinema shows, no, no even cared to attend ragularly church services. I was given every opportunity to mend my ways, I must admit. I was taken to a show, as guest. I was conducted to a church to discern spirituality in an exhibition of religion. But I failed from their stand point, measured by their standard.

I am thankful to all my friends who kindly took some interest in me. I am thankful for all what they graciously offered to me. They surely meant to please me by putting up artistic performances for my benefit, as I had the pleasure to witness at Oakland and Berkeley. But it was not their fault if I happened to be of different make.

Our Indian brethren, I mean people from Aryan of the Province of Buddha, did not disappoint me entirely. In two different meetings, at two different places they flocked to hear me. In the second gathering, presence denoted the figure of about two hundred and seventy persons. But the amount received, an offering for my travelling expenses, was discouraging. The oft repeated British phrase that we are not yet fit for independence momentarily crossed my mind as I saw also opposition in a section of the Indian people to my views and my program of universal liberation. We shall speak about them in a separate paragraph. They say that a peasant movement alone can free India but they have narrowed down their activity to a few families in two districts of Punjab. It was, however, a great consolation that several prominent Indian friends stood by me all the time.

Friends Who actitvely helped. Name of Mrs. E. B. Hogan comes first in this category. She was

the lady of our North American capital city who took me round in her car, introduced me to numerous friends of hers and finally brought me back to the port. In the same breath I must thank Mr. Nag who introduced me to her. Mr. Dayananda of Oakland proved very useful im making contacts with numerous groups of the bay region. I am only afraid that my opinion that Mr. Young husband, the man partially responsible for the destruction of Tibet, should not be included among the workers of peace might have displeased him a bit. I saw that he was changed a little and I never received the promised "something" for my lectures. Mr. Dayananda ! Do not take it ill, I do not blame you, but I request you as a friend to always keep it in mind that so long as the British empire continues, every one connected with the English imperial service has to be held responsible for the ravages of this monster. I like Mr. Dayananda's Christian spirit of peace and I wish him good luck in saving young-husbands and old-husbands from the role of pages to the huge slave owner. There is no excuse and there can be none for any one to have a hand in the up keep of the British empire and Mr. Young husband is still a knight of this order of oppression. I shall heartily shake hands with Mr. Young husband as soon as he washes his hands clean of the empire and proclaims himself as a Christian worker of humanity or a citizen of the world. Moulana Rahmat Ali Khan Ph. D., was very kind to help me in every possible way. It was chiefly through his exertions that I could meet my Indian brethren at Sacramento. At Marysville, Pandit Karam Chand boldly stood for me and called the Indian meeting there. Men, like these help the United States, as well. Without the assistance of these two Indian friends my minus account of the trip would have been too heavy to bear and naturally I would have put the blame on U. S. too. I need not mention all the names of my kind supporters. I can, however, assure them that their memory is

finely engraved on the silver plate of my mind.

Brief diary said. Before leaving Japan, World Feberation club and International Students Society of Mr. Katsura gave me farewell parties. Thanks. Golden Corps meeting held, office transferred to Dr. Ohkawa Shumei's home. 1st of July, our boat left Japan. 13th arrived San Pedro. 15th first short talk at the home of Mrs. Sanders, Pasadena. 18th lecture at a society of Mr. Efren Ornelas, 21st spoke at Harbour CityChurch, lunch with Mr.Cleaves dinner with Mrs. Hogan. 26th short talk at the Lion's Club, Pasadena. 4th August, very small meeting at the Sikh Temple. 6th spoke, Coperative society, Oakland. 7th Afghan Dinner with Afghan students, table talk. 8th Lunch Mrs. Emerson, evening very fine meeting, lecture at Cosmos Club of Sanfrancisco. 9th Three speeches at Barkeley and Oakland. 10th, Tea and speech at Mrs. Dobbing, Dinner and talk Mrs. Emerson. 11th again Berkeley and Oakland three talks at the Memorial Library, Mrs. Havens and Mrs. Nera Larska. 13th Indian meeting at Mrs. Hogan, Hollywood. 28th meeting at India House, 7284 Sunset Blvd. It is the only Indian restaurant at Los Angels. Do not miss an Indian meal here. 10th Nippon Club, Japanese meeting. 31st spoke just five minutes at Discussion Club. 1st September spoke at length at Mr. Harry Baker's studio. 6th Conversation at Miss McCarthy. 14th Left San Pedro for Japan. Boat due at Yokohama on the 29th September 1935.

Our four Meetings. Weekly regular World Federation Club meetings and the meetings of the unity of religions on every Sunday were disappointing. Only a couple of our co-workers came together to partake of simple tea or light refreshments. But we could hold fairly large meetings for our tiny office on four different occasions. Our opening meeting was convened on the 3rd of November 1935. Mr. K. Nakamura M.P. and Mr. J. Imazato former

member of Japanese parliament were among the visitors. On the 15th of the month we gathered to rejoice the establishment of the Commonwealth in Philippines. On the 1st of December we celebrated the 50th year of the Indian National Congress and the 20th year of the Provisional government of India founded at Cabul on this date in 1915. It was also my birth day. Our Indian merchants of Yokohama gave a bright colour to the meeting. Local Indian friends enlarged the audience. Some of our Japanese and Chinese friends were also present. On the 25th of the same month we celebrated Christmas of the Christians and 1d of Musalmans in the Indian Congress Jubilee week. Mr Sharma recited the Vedas. Mr. Katsura, in the absence of a Budhist monk, repeated a Budhist sutra. Mr. Lagaska held the Catholic prayer. Mr. Peter Chen read the Bible. Mr. Chughai, in his sonorus voice, quoted some verses from the Koran. Mr. Sohan Singh narrated a piece from the Granth. I, in the end, made a well pounded mixture of all the religions. Our Indian and Japanese brethren enhanced the importance of the occasion by their presence and by their interest.

Raising of National Flag.—I was not scheduled to do that. I happened to reach Kobe on the morning of the 26th Januaay, the proclaimed independence day of India. I heard that that morning there was a meeting to salute the National Flag at the Indian Club, Uninvited I proceeded thither. All of a sudden, quite unexpectedly, Mr. A.M. Sahay, the president of the Congress committee of Japan, called up on me to perform the ceremony of raising the National Flag. I did it willingly, with pleasure and with pride, I mean, I took it as an honour conferred upon me. Speaking on this occasion these words came to my lips: This day some flag of a certain country has been lowered on account of the death of their King our flag is going up, it is indeed a good omen ..... I ask you to remember this year

when the Ramzan Id of the Muslims, Christmas of the Christians and the golden jubilee of the Indian Congress happened to come together....."

New King, New Viceroy and New Reforms.— Speaking at Kobe, among some of my friends, these words also passed by mouth. I said that during this year when there are going to be new King, new viceroy and new reforms I may perhaps be allowed to return to India. I am surely one of those who want to see India, Asia and the world free from all kinds of slavery but it does not prevent me to seek advantage of the changing circumstances. I heard that King Edward VIII pardoned some criminal as soon as he came to the throne, how much more numerous friends of our cause will rejoice and take it as a royal act of Grace, quite royally extended, if I, a servant of mankind, am allowed, to enlighten our people in India and bring them round our World Federation which is the only way of salvation for India, England and the world! May it please your majesty to read these lines, to consider the question and move direcly for which you have already made yourself famous through out the world! It is not an open letter, it is an appeal and I shall wait to hear an echo from the dome of London!

World Federation Club. We held three public meetings during this period. One was to hear Mr, Mohan V. Raj, a gradunte from U.S., on way back to India. Hr spoke on the Asiatic student life in America. He spoke eloquently of the American kindness but deplored the colour prejudice in the people. Our second meeting was disappointing when only five of us came together. We were, as if, mourning at the lack of interest of the public in our world vision and world program. Our third meeting was a little lively. According to the plan of the "good will" workers of New York, suite 3014, 11 west 42 street, we opened that day, Saturday, good will month of May. We

read their prayer "Let the Spirit of Peace be spread abroad. May men of goodwill everywhere meet in a spirit of cooperation. May forgiveness on the part of all men be the keynote of this time." I spoke on the subject: How can we bridge the gulf of classes, creeds and colours.

CHINA DISAPPOINTS ME

Proletariat and prince. My lot has been strange. In the land of workers, in Soviet Russia, I lived as a prince. I was a guest of the government on two or three occasions. I had a fine lodging and got rich food. In Japan, for about six months, when I had our office at Tokyo, I swept my house, cooked my food and attended on my guests single handed. I lived as a proletariat.

I believe that if I must serve some interest to earn my living I should enter U. S. S. R., and try to get any job that comes to me. But in Japan or Afghanistan, where the royal or imperial traditions pervail, I expect an idle pension. It is yet to be seen where my fate leads me? I shall equally enjoy a cross or quiet living.

My Trip To China. I was glad that I got easily this time the Chinese visa. I landed at Shanghai on the 5th of June. Soon after I was cordially received by General Wu Techen, the Lord Mayor of Greater Shanghai. Our Indian friends in the port city gave me rich Indian meals. On the 12th June, I reached Nanking, the capital of China. Mr. Shih Yin, our old friend, the former Mayor of Naking and now the Chief secretary of the Examination Yuan, kindly called at my residence, the Y, M. C.A. H. E. Mr. Sun Fo, president of the Legislatvie Yuan and the only son of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, received me as a friend, as ever before. He introduced me to the minister of Education and to a secretary at the military office. H. E. Mr. Wang Shih-chieh.

Minister of Education, attentively heard my plan of the Golden Land. A counsellor at the Military office expressed sympathy with my program. My old friend, General L. Liachun, assured me that he still held the "same" opinions! On my return to Shanghai, Mr. Chang, a secretary at the Chinese Municipal office called on me, on behalf of General Wu Teh-chen. All this looks very fine, a march of triumph but I did not succeed in my main object, in establishing our office at Nanking or Shanghai. My expectation was very modest. I simply wanted three hundrer Chinese dollars per month to run an English monthly, a Chinese edition and an Indian circular, including the expenses of an office and covering the daily necessities of the workers, writer, translator and an attendant, I meant to work to bring about harmony in the Golden Land, extending from Tibet to Japan and from Mongolia to Canton, with a centre at Tsingtao. This Golden Land was to be, then, inter-woven in the Province of Asia and Asia to be linked to World State.

It is not the fault of our friends that they did not help me to found our office in China, it is the prevailing wrong beliefs and misbeliefs in our world. They can see the destruction of millions worth of their property in bloody uprisings and wars but they cannot spare one tenth, one hundredth amount of money for the right education. They all seem to build to destroy, they breed to kill and be killed, they wish for happiness and yet devote themselves to bring about misery. A man like me, with all pity, can only continue to work for humanity.

WORLD FEDERATION CENTRE IN JAPAN

The Chand, Allahabad, India, kindly published my story of a trip to a distant planet by a plane propelled by the gravity of stars. I am thankful.

The Sainik, Agra, India, has been kind enough to publish a number of my articles. I feel grateful.

Lecture Meeting at Kobe. Mr. A. M. Sahay, the president of the Indian National Committee, kindly called a meeting of the Indian community to hear my lecture on future of India. Meeting was well attended, the hall was full. I was impressed by the interest shown by the audience in my hopes and aspirations for humanity.

My Three Talks During The Period. Once as the Sikh service finished at the home temple of Messrs. W. Assomull at Kobe, I took the opportunity to address a few words to the friends present. I hammered on the fact that long ago, a few hundred years back, Guru Nanak, Kabir Saheb and Emperor Akbar, also, tried to bring complete unity between Hindus and Musalmans. I take up the cause where they left. 2. In a Sindhi meeting, held as a farewell dinner for Mr. Heera-nand, I was kindly requested to explain my program. I said, well look here my friends, I propose to have Karachi, under the name of Dwarka, to be made the capital of our Aryan. Our Sindhi friends should especially take it up. This was, in short, the kernel of my harangue. 3. In the temple of Honganji at Tokyo, where the "Pacific Club" of the Hawaii and U. S. born young men, was holding meeting, I spoke on my plan of the world capital at Honolulu in Hawaii islands. I said among other things: "We call Hawaii, the Heaven, take the spades in hand now, and let us build the Kingdom of Heaven on earth both in name and spirit."

Our News. It is a great pleasure for me to announce that I am writing these lines from the first hut built on the ground of the World Federation Centre for Japan. It is a tiny little thing of two rooms, a kitchen, a bath, W.C. and the entrance porch, cost Y500. But it is quite sufficient for me and my office of World Federation. Another cottage of three rooms is being built at a cost of Y600. It

will be our teachers quarters when boarding house is erected. We have no funds yet to take up the main job. A contract is made today to build a small meeting room and symbols of a church, a mosque and temples. In this quiet place, far from the humdrum of busy life roofs are rising, promising to shelter peace soldiers of the world to come! Two canals are flowing not far from our place. A forest is flanking us. Hills rise at a distance. And the Mount Fuji itself can be seen from our window on a clear day!

Opening Ceremony. We shall have our opening ceremony on the 1st of December 1937. On that day exactly at noon we shall have our Centre for Japan quietly declared as formally opened! Friends will be welcome from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Vegetable sandwiches will be served by way of a light lunch. Here, far from any shop, we can hardly provide a better meal. Before and after the opening ceremony we shall have different prayer meetings. On Sunday the 28th of November, we shall pray according to Hindu, Sikh and Christian religions from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. On the 1st of December we shall pray according to Shinto and Buddhism, from 11 a.m. to 12 noon, when the opening ceremony will take place. On Friday the 3rd of December we shall pray according to Islam at 1 p.m. On Sunday the 5th of December there will be a prayer meeting according to all the religions from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. On this day our opening festivities will finally terminate. Later on, on every Sunday and holidays we shall hold prayer and social meetings.

A Place of Picnic. Whenever our friends in Japan have a holiday and want to enjoy a quiet place our Centre for Japan offers a good opportunity to bring them in contact with Nature. You need not announce your arrival if you bring your own provisions. Pure delicious water of our well, our greatest treasure, and the shelter of our hut will always be

at the service of our friends. At least try once and see for yourself our plan of life.

How to come to our place ? Take any electric train from Tokyo Station, platform 1 or 2, going beyond Kokubunji. All these trains pass Shinjuku, platform 7. Get down at Kokubunji. There take the bus up to "Eigaku Juku" or the English school for girls. Coming down there from the bus walk a few steps back, in the direction of Kokubunji, pass the bridge, walking up along the big canal you will see our huts on your left. They stand all alone in the open fields. You cannot miss them. It takes about half an hour from Shinjuku to Kokubunji, then five minutes by bus and five minutes on foot will bring you right here. One can also take a garage car for 70 or 50 sen from Kokubunji to our Centre. Train fare from Shinjuku to Kokubunji is 34 sen.

Our News Here. Two cottages are completed. Three more are under construction. Symbols of a mosque, a church, a Gurdwara and temples should soon be ready. Fruit trees are planted on a part of our plot. Things are moving fast but it is something like a storm in a tea cup ! Everything here is a miniature and the worst is that it is also done with borrowed money. The World Federation Circular account has advanced the necessary amount to carry on the building plan of the Center for Japan. But we cannot yet take up the main job. We can not yet build the boarding house. We are waiting for more donations to complete the program. We need immediately four thousand yen. Will some generous hand hand over the required sum at an early date ?

Tokyo English Speaking Society. Office: 80, Shiro kane Sanko-cho. Shiba-ku, Tokyo. Honorary President, Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, Secretary, Mr. Iwao Tamama and other office holders. In their

278th meeting they also kindly asked me to speak on World Federation. In just twenty minutes I tried to explain my program of Universal harmony among all the nations, races, political parties, religions and other groups. I also touched on the method of peaceful transformation from the present gambling system to a just world order, wherein struggle and competition for porfit will cease and happiness will prevail in our human family.

Our Center For Japan Is Opened. On the lst of December, 1937, our World Federation Center for Japan was formally opened. Considering the distance of Kokubunji from Tokyo, our meeting was not disappointing. Dr. Baty, Mr. Fuse, Rev. Kozaki, Mr. Nand Kavi, Miss Marsoff were among the visitors. At the Directors and Workers meeting, Mr. Maruyama and Mr. Sohan Singh joined us. The Hindu-Sikh combined prayer was performed by Seth Naraindas of Yokohama when Seth Parsram and Mr. Gupta also took part. The Muslim prayer was led by a Muslim Doctor, who prefers to have his name unknown. I, in the end, read the prayer of the unity of religions, on the 5th of December. They say, a good beginning is a good omen.

Our Meeting Here. "I sent round to friends the following invitation: World Federation Center for Japan, Kodaira-Mura, Koku-bunji, Tokyo Fu. You and your friends are cordially invited to attend the World Federation discussion meeting on Sunday the 26th June 1938 from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m., at our center for Japan. On this day at Orebro, Sweden, Dr. Nilsson has called an international meeting to discuss my plan of one Federated World State. We are holding our meeting to cooperate with our friends in Europe. M. Pratap, Founder World Federation." Inspite of the fact that our place is far out from the city of Tokyo, many friends took the trouble to join the meeting. Among friends

present were :Rev. T. Iguchi, Mr. Kaju Nakamura, president of the Oriental Summer College, Professor and Mrs, Berlas, Mr. A. M. Sahay, editor of the "Voice of India," Seth-Pundit Narain Das, Mr, and Mrs. Mujumdar, Dr. Watanabe, Mr. T. Fuse, Mr. Nishimura, Mr. Sohan Singh, Mr. H. N. Khoob, Mr. R. Lal, Mr. S. S. Gupta, Mr. P. Lagasca Ruiz of Philippines, Mr. S. Nakashima, president of International Friendship society, and ladies, children and some Japanese students. I explained at length the object of our meeting. Every one present introduced one's self. Mr. Nakamura, who is also the president of our World Federation Club spoke on his recent visit to the United States. In the end some cakes, coffee and cool syrup were offered to the guests. In this connection, Mr. Iwabuchi, my companion, deserves a word of thanks. He gave most of the manual labour.

Friends Who Could Not Come. Many more friends, who couldnot attend the meeting sent letter of regret, at the same time wished our success. We may mention some names: Dr. Th. Baty of England, advisor to the Japanese Imperial Foreign Office, Rev, S. Tanaka of Shizuoka. H. E. The Minister of Finland, Dr. Y. Sakamoto of the Swiss Legation, Mr. H. Ismail of the New Asiatic Trading Co., Mr. Y. Tanabe, Mrs. M. Marsoff, Miss M. Allan, Mr. I. Tamama of the English Speaking Society, Pasha Towfiq Sharief, Mr. A. Sakai, Mr. K. L. Nanjappa, Secretary Indian Students' Association..... Mr, Henry Topping of the Kagawa Fellowship in Japan kindly wrote: "I regret my inability to attend, as I am spending the summer at Karuizawa. But I wish you much success. At this critical time in world affairs we rejoice over your movement, as we do over every movement to promote world brotherhood...."

Grand Old Gentleman. Sheikh Abdul Rashid Ibrahim is over ninety years old. His eldest son is

over sixty years. He, however, keeps very good health. He is working at present as the highest Imam of all the Musalmans in the Japanese Empire. He, accompanied by Mr. Nasratulla Bagdan, kindly came in response of the invitation a day earlier. On Sunday he had another engagement. I felt and feel very thankful for this special consideration of the grand old gentleman.

Three Days' Mourning. I feel sorry for all the dead who died during this struggle of one full year. And as I write, there is still no knowing how many more may yet be sacrificed at the altar of the war god! My voice may carry no weight. But I can surely observe mourning for the dead and wounded. 7th, 8th and 9th of July are for me the days of lamentation. I do not want to force my views on any one else but I believe that as humans we must share the sufferings of humanity. And we must work to remove those sufferings. Sages have said that you should intervene to stop injustice and if you cannot stop at least express yourself against it. I do not speak of Japanese or Chinese injustice. I abhor that injustice to the individual which sends him to death or to be crippled for life, without the least regard of permanent peace in our society!

Lunches, Dinner & Tea. I did not want to speak of them. Some people thought it too trivial to speak in the Circular of such things, But the news from H. E. The minister of Afghanistan reminded me so strongly of the fine lunch at the Afghanistan legation that I unintentionally began to write about it. Then, I couldnot leave out to mention the home-like lunch at Iran legation. Prof. Berlas also gave me one elaborate midday meal. Afghanistan student. Mr. Abdullah Khan had a dainty morsel to offer when I went to his sick bed to enquire about his health. Seth P. Parsram of Yokohama, our friend and supporter, before his departure to foreign countries on a business trip.

treated me with a banquet at the New Grand hotel. several more guests were present. I also had a tea at the lecture meeting of the International Buddhist Society, in the beautiful atmosphere of the beautiful Honganji Temple, Tokyo.

Our Meetings. It is no longer the story of 1927. I take a leap and arrive in the present year. Recently we held here at our World Federation Center for Japan two meetings. One was held on the 21st of March to celebrate the Aryan New Year. And the other was held on the 8th of April, the Japanese Buddha Day, when our Aryan Holidays also came to end. In the first meeting the attendance was only nine, including one European lady. But it was made lively by the Gramophone brought by Mr. Choolaram of Yokohama. Indian records played music practically all the night. At midnight we burned fire, the solar Holi, the bonfire to bid goodbye to the retiring year and to welcome the New Year. In the early morning we prayed according to the different religions. The Shinto religion was represented by Mr. K. Matsumoto of the Temperance Society. After taking the morning tea we dispersed. The Buddha Day meeting was better attended. Mr. Kaju Nakamura, Prof. and Mrs. Berlas, Rev. and Mrs. Nakamura (two Nakamuras but not relations), Mr. Maruyama, Imam Ala Shaikh Abdur Rashid Ibraheem, head of the Muslim Church in Japan, over ninety years old, internationally known, then our coworkers and a couple of Indian Students were among those present.

World Federation Club. At the occasion of Buddha Day we also held new election of the office bearers of the World Federation Club. Mr. Kaju Nakamura was reelected the president of the club for another term of one year. Mrs. Berlas became vice-president. Mr. Ch. Nishimura was chosen as the chief secretary. Mr. Sohan Singh and Mr. Panniker were elected joint secretaries. Mr. D.

Maruyama agreed to continue to act as the treasurer, though unfortunately treasury of the club remains always empty. Later, Mr. Nakamura, president of the club, appointed Mr. S. S. Gupta as the propaganda secretary.

My Trip to Kobe. For over fifteen months I had not visited the port city. The place is so near yet became so far. I took a circuitious route over the mountains and through the valleys. I passed night at Negoya. Next day at noon I reached Kobe. I went straight to our India Lodge, my second residence in Japan. I found there good company, good room and good food. But practically every day, noon and evening, I was guest of my friends, now this gentleman and now that insisted that I must eat together. Invitations were so many that I had to decline some of them with genuine regret. I was quite satisfied with these rich dinners and lengthy conversations at the table but the ever helper Mr. A. M. Sahay, the unofficial representative of some high Congress leaders in India, I gave me another treat. He kindly arranged a meeting for me. I spoke for one full hour on our duty in case of war. I cited my spiritual connection with Mahatma Gandhi, I related how I gave one thousand rupees and offered my services for his cause through Mr. Gokhle in 1912-13, and how Mahatma Gandhi unveiled my photo in 1929. But I said that the present technique of non-violence and fasting was unsuited to a war situation. I recommended cooperation with Iran, Afghanistan and Nepal and understanding with Japan, Italy and Germany in case of war. But we would not do anything to harm the great leadership of Mahatma Ghandhi. Let him march forward and try to get what he can from the British. His victory is our victory. From outside we will do what we can to bring complete independence to India....The hall was completely full. Over one hundred and fifty persons had gathered. And I take this opportunity to thank

all our friends at Kobe. I am proud of them and India and humanity can have satisfaction to see them working in the interest of society.

DEATH OF MY BROTHER

Introduction. I did not think of mentioning him here thus, once again. I did not hold for him any meeting. But Mr. Mohemmod Abdul Rauf Khan, who was then the Charge de Affaires at Afghanistan Legation, Tokyo, insisted, that he would like to visit me at our Center to present his condolence at the death of my brother. A day was fixed. He kindly came with one Afghanistan student. Up to late at night we sat and ate our dinner, self-cooked. He prayed for the soul of my brother and handed me forty yen to be spent in charity. The result is this column.*

With Afghanistan Troops. I remembered that scene. In 1914, when I was going down to Bombay to catch a boat for Europe, my brother accompanied me a few stations in the mail train. Beyond Agra, when he finally got down and took my leave, he asked me: "When will you come back ?" Suddenly I replied: "With Afghanistan troops!"

In 1915-16, when I was at Cabul, I was often thinking of that sudden answer: with Afghanistan troops. The words had come so undesignedly to my lips that I felt a kind of superstition about them. Was it that I was really to return to India with Afghanistan troops ? "Will I go as a conqueror, with a conquering army, fighting, driving out the British from India." I thought, "or, will I be just handed over to the British by some Afghan soldiers?"

Interest in Afghanistan. Our family has been always pro-Islam inspite of our orthodox Vaishnav religion. The title of "Raja Bahadur" in Mursan

† See note on last page.

family was given originally by the Mughal Emperors. Our father Raja Ghanshiam Singh Bahadur of Mursan was enough versed in Persian language to translate Bhartari Shatak, from original Sanscrit, into Persian verse. The book was printed and published. When young, a Muslim teacher taught my brothers Persian language. Muslim cooking, though cooked by Brahmins, was in vogue. Afghanistan horses were specially appreciated, side with Arabs. Stories of Afghan valour were current. My brothers and myself put on Afghan baggy trousers and played Afghans.

My Brother And I. Our eldest brother became Raja Bahadur of Mursan. Kunwar Baldeo Singh built his own castle, after his name, Baldeogarh. He was married to the only daughter of the then reigning H. H. Raja Sahib of Faridkote. I was adopted by Raja Harnarain Singh of Hathres and was put to school of M. A. O. College, Aligarh. I was thus separated from the Mursan family but I remained with my brothers on best possible loving terms. With Kunwar Baldeo Singh I felt quite a comrade. I often visited him during my holidays and went out together on excursions. After the college life we still held together drinking parties. It was only in 1910 that I gave up drinking and since then I have never taken alcohol. In 1914, when I left India, I appointed some trustees to look after my private estate but made my brother the chief executive.

1922 Met Him Last. The big storm came and went. War was over. My brother, Kunwar Baldeo Singh came to Europe to meet me and persuaded me to return home. He said, H. H. Maharaja Ranbir Singh of Jind, my brother-in-law, could previal on H. E. The Viceroy and I would be pardoned. I was not prepared then to trace back my steps to India. One thing I may mention today. My brother brought gold to the value of eight thous-

and rupees hidden in his clothes. He said it was not from his estate. The amount could not be found on any account book. It was all he could bring entirely unnoticed and absolutely undetected by any body. He said it was his poor present to me. But he was afraid, he said, whether I would accept something brought secretly ? And he added that if I was to take it I must promise that I would not mention it to any body. I said, I would take it with pleasure and I would not speak about it to any one for his sake. Yes, I stand for open work but I could not harm my friends. This story I never wrote nor mentioned up to this day. This was the money which I used for Indian and Afghanistan propaganda in Japan and China in 1922 and 1923. Now that he has passed away, I think. it is to his credit to herald his generous act and good hearted cooperation.

His Suspicious Death, Our friend and coworker Mr. Chisema Nishimura. 244, Harajuku, Tokyo, reading the news of the death of my brother in our Circular wrote me: "Dear Raja, Too bad. I was much surprised to know that your brother suddenly died ! What is the matter ? I feel, I find the cunning policy of the British authority in his sudden death. I think his death is the valuable sacrifice for the sake of God's voice. May he rest in peace !" Be as it may, one thing is very curious. The letter of the Government of India, refusing me permit to enter India, is dated 25th of March, and just two days later, on the 27th of March my brother passed away.

According to the confirmed news, he was not sick. He died of heart failure, they say ! Death can be brought about in many ways. Government is certainly responsible for the shock which he got. He was to leave in March to meet me in Japan. Passport was refused to him. Then he hoped to see me back in India. This hope was also shattered by the government's decision !

A few Condolences. Not by hundreds, nor by tens, just a few kind letters of sympathy I have received at the death of my brother. It is true, several more friends personally expressed condolences. But it appears, my friends even a cousin of mine do not consider that the demise of my brother is of any importance to me, because we differed in our political outlook. He was not an anti-government and I am a pronounced rebel! They forget that I have also a palpitating heart. I have love, I have regard for my personal friends and relatives. I heartily thank all my friends who have kindly cared to write me in this connection. Our honourable friend and supporter, Seth Yusufali Jivanjee Sahib wrote from Germany, where he went for a holiday : "My dear friend Mehandra Pratap Raja Sahib. It was with deep regret to note the sad death of your beloved brother, who passed away in India. May God give you strength to bear this loss and peace to the departed soul. I offer you my sincerest sympathy and condolence." Prem Maha Vidyalaya was closed for a day in mourning. The editor of Braj Sandesh, Goswami Adwait Kumar Ji, wrote in Hindi a touching letter and sent cuttings from his paper, giving news of local meetings, held to express sympathy. Further, letters came from Mr. Choolaram Chandiram Mr. Ismail Kader, Mr. Avtar Singh and a joint letter signed by Mr. Debnath Das, Mr' Abdul Waheed Sheik, Mr. R. N. Sharma, Mr. M.S, Parkhe Mr, H. P, Singh and Mr. S. R. Nakhre, I am grateful to all these friends. Feeling of sympathy makes one's sorrow light.

BRIJ — THE LAND OF LORD KRISHNA

Introduction. Prem Maha Vidyalaya of Brindaban is responsible for this speciality. The institution authorities kindly sent me £22.5.3, exchanged

at Yokohama Specie Bank, Marunouchi Branch, for Y379.94. This amount, they said, I could use for myself and send them my views on cottage industries in Japan. A part of the money I may have to use in going here and there, investigating the Japanese industries, they thought. I hit upon a different plan. I asked the Aryan students to write for me essays and I promised to give them some prizes. And I asked Mr. Ch. Nishimura to write an article on the subject in return of a little present. And further I am writing this Braj Special, giving for it full credit to Prem Maha Vidyalaya, my first born child, as I called it.

Braj. It is not a man. It is not a principle. It is just a piece of land. They think, it extends to 84 kose. (A "kose" is often considered as equivalent to two miles.) This is the general prevailing conception. It has a history centering round Shri Krishna, supposed to have lived five thousand years before. He was born at Muttra or Mathura. He was carried to Gokul, which village is also known as Braj. He later lived at Brindaban, and wandered through out the Braj Bhumi. (Bhumi means land.) He took all his friends, relatives and followers with him and built Dwarka and colonized that country. He took active part in the "Great War" of those days. Finally he died in a forest where he was shot down by a hunter. This is the story. But it is the story which is held dear and sacred by two hundred and fifty millions of Hindus. But I thank, these Hindus, monopolizing Shri Krishna. do great injustice to him. Krishna, Christ, Buddha and Mohemmod are the assets of all our human race. I believe Brindaban, Budhgaya, Mecca and Jerusalem are our sacred places.

New Braj. Yes, Braj is a piece of land, it is considered to be very narrow, comprising chiefly of Mathura, Brindaban, Gokul, Mahaban, Nandgaon,

Barsana and Girraj. But I hope that our New Braj will take in all the province of Agra, "Braj and Audhia" will be the name given to all U.P or the United Porvinces of Agra and Oudh.

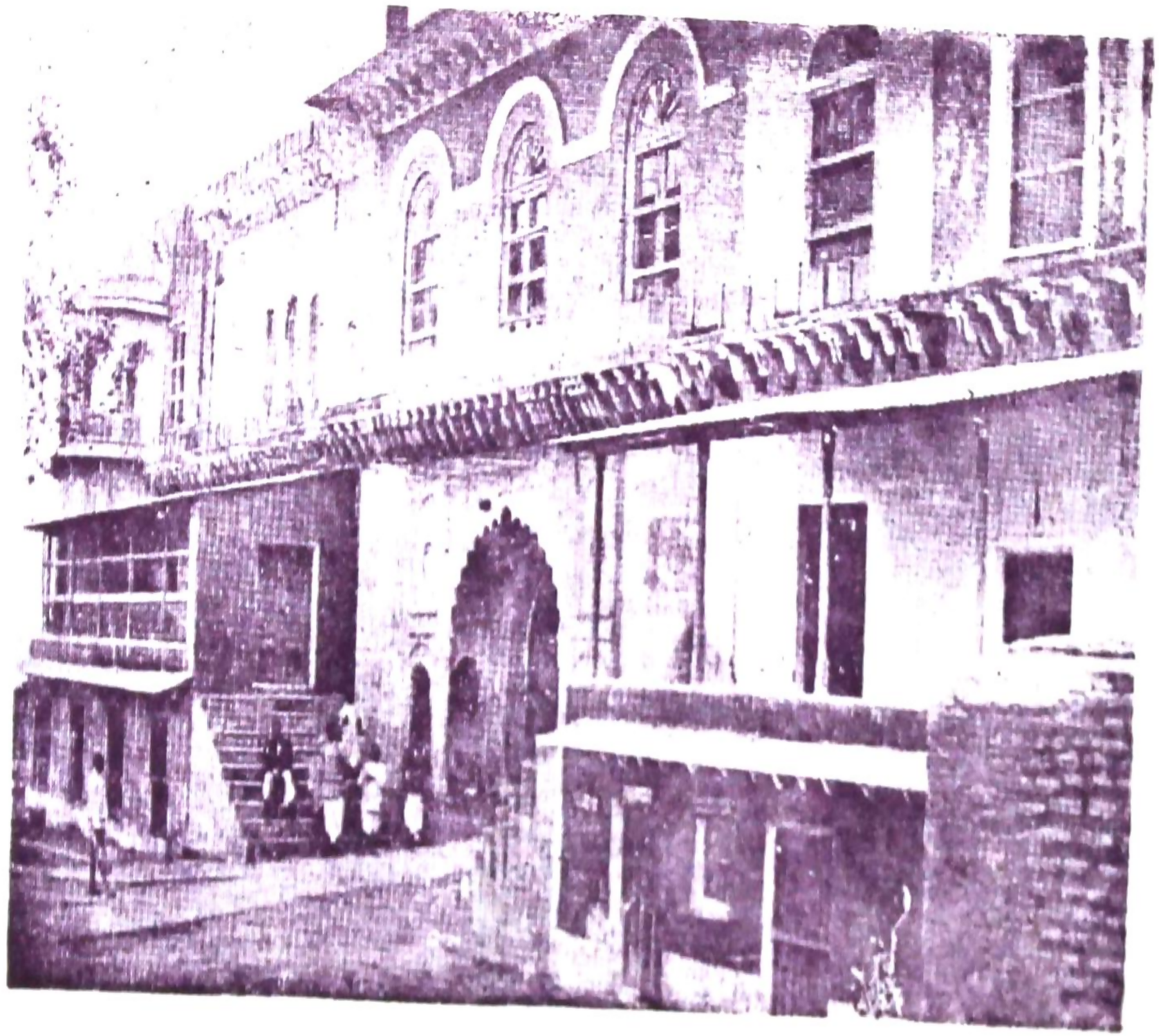
Interpretation Of 84. Yes, the general conception is merely that it is a very narrow area of land. But when we see that this figure is made up of 12 x 7, it may mean all the months and all the days of the week, in other words unlimited time. And there is a tradition that all the species are only 84, which may mean it includes all life. Further it can be explained thus 4 x 7 x 3. The figure 4 means the four corners of the earth. 7 means all the seven oceans. 3 means the three Lokas or Heaven, hell and earth. In other words 84 also means unlimited space. So that, spiritual conception of Braj is universal.

Teachings Of Krishna. They are also universal. Here is one great infinite Life, living eternally. All are from Him, all go to Him..... Krishna said: "Whenever evil predominates in this world I appear to reestablish goodness." According to him one should see Krishna in all the great teachers of the past, present and furure....I personally believe: Buddha is the last incarnation. Mohemmod is the last prophet. Christ stands in the middle joining the two lines of the incarnations and the prophets. Nanak, Bahaullah and Raja Ram Mohan Roy are great teachers of humanity.

Photo. I give on the opposite page the photo of the the entrance of Prem Maha Vidyalaya, the source of this Braj Special. This building was my private residence. When I founded Maha Vidyalaya I gave my buildings at Brindaban to the institution.

OUR TIT-BIT NEWS.

May and June brought a stream of kind visit-



ors. Besides the visitors mentioned elsewhere in these two Circulars,† Mr. Charandas Haridas, managing director Vijaya and Gopal Mills. Ahmedabad, Seth Ramanlal Damdordas Shah,proprietors theVinod Silk Mills. Bombay 14, Mr. Vaikunthrai R. Thakore, proprietors of the Arun Trading Co & Vaikunthrai & Sons,Ahmedabad, Dr. S.N. Kapur, Forest Research Institute, Dehradun, Mr. Krishna Prasad Ghosh, director the Prabartak Trust Ltd., Bowbazar, Calcutta, Mr. P. D. Sharma, B. A., LL.B. of United Press of India accompanied by Mr. Takeshi Ishikawa of the Japan Foreign Trade Federation kindly visited our Center. Then our local friends, Prof. N. H. Berlas, Mr. B. N. Gandhi and Mr. Sohan Singh kindly came. From among students Mr. S. S. Gupta, Mr. S. R. Lal, Mr. S. C. Raha, Mr. Singal, Mr. Krishan Lal, Mr. Lewis, Mr. R. S. Sandilyayana, Mr. Das and Mr. Pandey were here, some of them more than once.

*** I was also invited out for lunch and dinner, several times. I attended the farewell party given to Prof. & Madame Berlas by Messrs. Ismail, Mujumdar & Gandhi. I went to the dinner party given to the big businessmen and visiting students by the Indian Students Association. I had the honour of being honoured, as one of the three guests of honour, Mr. Rash Behari Bose, Mr. A.M. Sahay and myself, at the dinner party given by the same association of the Indian Students. Here I made it plain that Mr Sahay is my colleague in the Congress Camp, Mr. Bose is my personal friend but I have my own plan for immediate action to free India. I honestly believe that with the cooperation of Iran, Afghanistan and Nepal, some of the Indian princes and the Congress volunteers India can be liberated at once, and our Aryan realized. And I believe, Afghans should set the ball rolling as soon as a general war comes!*** When I heard that H. H. Maharaja of Kapurthala was in Tokyo I went to see him at the

† See note on the last page.

Imperial Hotel. He kindly saw me but for just a couple of minutes. He was going out. I reminded him, how he invited me to dinner at Mussoorie. He of course remembered, very good brain, I should say. He said that now I could go to India I informed him of the latest flat refusal of the Indian government. He was astonished. He introduced me to his son. I took out two of his companions to lunch. At the boat I went too to see off the Maharaja and the prince who came to the boat as she was to leave, I greeted them on the stair case and wished them Bon Voyage.*** I went to the station to see off Prof. and Mrs. Berlas. They expressed sincere regret that I could not return home together with them. Now they or Maharaja Sahib are not anti-British government. But they can see that I, an open worker, believing in truth, cannot possibly do any mischief in India. And my principle of Hindu-Muslim unity and my sympathetic attitude towards princes will bring unity and create a peaceful atmosphere. And all what I say about things, which may happen in case of general war, are possibilities which cannot be avoided by holding silence.** For essays Mr. Nishmura got special present, first prize was divided between Mr. S. L. Mittal and Mr. S. C. Raha, second prize was divided between Mr. Krishan Lal and Mr. S. S. Gupta and the third prize went to Mr. S. R. Lal.*** For three days I fasted as I wrote to Mahatma-Gandhi.

WAR II & MY CONVICTIONS

Anti-British meeting. It was a grand affair, Hibiya Hall was crammed up with over three thousand people. I spoke in English. Mr. S. Murata interpreted my talk into Japanese. I give here the main part of my speech : "Friends, I am very thankful for the invitation to speak today at your meeting .....Having been ill for two days of fish poisoning I

was hesitating to accept the kind invitation. But the names of the old associates, may I say comrades, Mr. Nakano Seigo and Mr. Miyazaki Riuske, brushed aside every "if" and every "but"..... I saw my friends, that anti-British out burst of Soviet Russia. Why, I was there. But as soon as the Soviets and the British empire patched up their differences they began to act as two States having some common interests..... You have to see to it that your government does not accept the post of a watchman of the East from the rulers of England..... when I see that some great minds of this dynamic people of Japan think and act in terms of Asia, above race, religion and State it is a great satisfaction to me, I—the founder and editor of World Federation. If in Asia we can have perfect peace, complete freedom and happiness as in one's home, we shall not be far from a just world....." I was glad to see that applause was immense.

Aryan Federation. My appeal to found Aryan Federation within our Congress, as the Congress Socialist Party exists, was published by the Aj in its issue of the 6th June. I am told that the Sainik of Agra also brought it out. May be, some other newspapers in India also reproduced it. I am very thankful for the cooperation which our friends are freely giving to our common cause. As I am not a blind follower of something I am also not a blind worker of humanity, I know what I must do under the different circumstances. My true friends perfectly understand that if I can return to India, when the present conditions prevail there, I shall honestly act as a law abiding citizen. And if I am forced to remain abroad, and if circumstances help me, I shall surely try to batter the walls of the British fortress and enter the land of my birth with flags blowing !! But we all know that a war is a big gamble, anything can happen, and therefore my friends in India are paying my way for my early quiet return and

quiet work in the interest of the unity of our people.

Aj, Deepak, Fiji Samachar. The last paragraph was left over from our last number.† "Aj" of Benares dated the 6th of August has brought out my another article. This deals chiefly with my views on one all India language. I suggest that the Roman characters should be adopted universally. And I propose to use only short and easy to pronounce words, no matter whether they come from Sanscrit, Persian or Arabic. The magazine Deepak of Abohar, India, for August has published my article: "The troops from Mars land". It is a dream which Premier Chamberlian dreams as London is bombed. Wars and more wars are waged till finally an All World State is formed! Fiji Samachar of Suva, Fiji, in its weekly edition, dated the 14th of July, kindly refers to me and expresses regret that I am not allowed to return to India. It further shows that such is the freedom which the English rulers herald that they have given India. Still a man like me with the full backing of our Congress cannot enter the land of my birth! I feel thankful to these contemporaries and to all those publications which are taking interest in my case.

My visit to Kobe. Now when war is on, now when anything can happen, now when daily, world map is changing, I thought I should go to Kobe and see and hear waht our Indian brethren have to say? I must add in the same breath that as this number† was also uncertain due to lack of funds it was also one object of my trip to Kobe to realize some money, if possible, and continue this Circular.† I am glad to say, with the kind cooperation of Mr. A. M Sahay and with the financial aid of our Indian merchants the life of our paper is assured, insured, for another eight months, unless extraordinary developments carry me away to some other field of ac-

† Hee note on last page.

tivity. It is also possible that our friends can guarantee the circulation of our World Federation for a full year or more but the question is, can we not do at this juncture something more important?

War Fund. Mr. Sahay and myself, we two have started a war fund with the object to have some young men at our Center here to assist in our propaganda work and to send some emissaries abroad, the object, of course, is to supplement the movement of freedom in India. We mean to move cautiously but resolutely, so that, we may remain in touch with the forward march of our Congress at home and at the same time leave nothing undone, what is possible, to bring about the political salvation of India from abroad. We hope and wish that all the Indians in the Far East, Germany, U.S.S.R., Afghanistan and the U.S. will evolve a common plan of action. But there is no time to be lost, we must act quickly.

First big Dinner. Mr. M. V. Dani, the president of the Students' Association of Kansai, kindly arranged a dinner party in my "honour," or to give me thus an opportunity to meet the elect of Kobe society and to present them my views. I opened my heart. Big businessmen quietly heard. Rev. G. Kobayashi kindly supported me. The Indian Goverment's Trade Commissioner Mr. R.R. Saksena, who was also there as one of the guests, stated that such was the change in the attitude of his government that though the meeting was against them yet their representative could attend it. As Mr. A. M. Sahay was unavoidably absent his message of good will was read by Mr. D. N. Das, the Secretary of the National Committe for Japan. I thank here once again the organizers of the meeting and Mr. Shroff, the proprietor of the Eastern Lodge, where the dinner was held.

Indian Public Meeting. It was still bigger affair. At the Indian Club a large meeting of the

Indian community was called by the National Committee to hear my views on the present situation. I said as I always say that our Congress at home is fighting our war of freedom. From abroad we want to hasten the process. In the first place we wish that the British Government would realize the danger and come to terms with our Congress but in case she should prove adamant we would go to any length to uproot in entirety. I reiterated my twenty five years old plan of freeing India with the cooperation of Afghanistan and help of Germany. Mr. A. M. Sahay, who was in the chair, proposed a resolution of complete independence for India which was duly passed.

The Hon. Mr. Saksena. It was really astounding. I received an invitation to dinner from the Trade Commissioner; Mr. Saksena. I had heard that he was visiting Mr. Rash Behari Bose, I knew that he was on intimate terms with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Sahay, but I was so far, as if out side of his honourable circle. With Mr. Sahay I went to his home. A couple of businessmen with their families were also present. I was made the guest of honour. Dinner was delicious, talks were pleasant. I said, the honourable host was very kind but what about the Government which he represents, would they still allow me to return home and carry on freely my work of World Federation? I thanked the host and the hostess and I thank them here too. But I must add that unless the Government of India kindly give me at once free access to the land of my birth, with complete freedom to preach around my plan of universal salvation, every kindness of their representatives would be interpreted in a suspicious light, as if, it is only to misrepresent me! Surely, I cannot be a party in the destruction of Germany. Germany is far too valuable for humanity. German mind, German brain and German culture we need for our human society. But I also do not want destruction

of London, Oxford and Cambridge. I want to free England and India from the grip of war lords, they are responsible for the present bloodshed and for the social slavery in England and for the political slavery in India. I hope and wish that still our plan would get a chance to hasten World Peace!

Many More Dinners. Every evening practically I was feasting. On one Sunday when I went with Mr. Sahay to the Bangkok Society's lunch we got a chance to hammer on our subject: Do not lose this opportunity, do something to make India free now!

Bharat Mandir. I was also invited there. I went. Why not? I believe in the Unity of Religions. And I was glad that I was also asked to speak. I said, we can have as many clubs or societies as we like but we should work with one object: Welfare of humanity. This is the object of all the religions. Freedom of every country and federation of the world are also needed in the interest of our human race.

India Lodge. It is my home at Kobe. The Directors of the Lodge have given me the right to go and stay there, free of every charge. Mr. D. N. Das kindly vacated his own room to make me feel more at home. His fully equipped room was very comfortable, Food of the Lodge was very rich. Service was good. The company of the Indian students created Indian atmosphere.

Id & Id Dinner. On Id I prayed at the Muslim Mosque with Muslim congregation. With Mr. J. Rahman, I visited the Afghanistan and Iran Legations. Next day Mr. H. Ismail gave big dinner at the school of the Mosque. Here I also spoke, asking our Tatar brethren to look back at their great past to secure their future in one World State.

I Patiently wait. I am waiting to hear some favourable news from Germany. I hope and wish

that they will summon me there to finish our common job which we took up 25 years ago? Am I looking both ways, wishing to go to Germany and still expecting a permit to enter India? I am looking all ways! I want to serve humanity.

My old Turkish passport. "Le Prince Mahendra Pratap devant se rendre a Constantinople, les Autorites civiles et militaires des Pays amis et allies sont priees de considerer le present acte comme passport et d' accorder au porteur toutes les facilites necessaires ....." When Governments decide to act no rule or law hinders them. I got this passport in 1918, to travel to the Turkish Capital, from the Turkish Embassy at Berlin, at the instructions of the Turkish Foreign Office. I can wait to see whether any such document I can secure today to travel to Moscow, Berlin or Cabul?

Second Visit To Kobe. Having collected eight months' expenses the natural course for me would have been to wait for seven months, carry on the work, and then go out begging with a Buddha's bowl to gather our daily bread, because I believe in having a morsel and doing my duty. But it was not the greed of money but the greed of work which took me once again to our treasure house, as well as the center of the Indian activity in Japan. I revisited Kobe. Travelling by third class sleeper I reached that port city in the early morning of the 21st December. I drove straight to our India Lodge. I found my room intact, Mr. Deb Nath Das has kindly resolved to sacrifice his convenience for my sake and to give me always his own living room. I found it as I left it three weeks before. Again, the same home-like atmosphere, the same good service and very fine food, I remained there for full eight days.

Two Big Meetings. They were not for me. But I was invited and given opportunity to speak

at length. The first was a big dinner in honour of Mr. Amritlal Seth, a capitalist against capital, a journalist and a congress-man. His Gujrati friends had put up the function. About one hundred and fifty persons sat around tables. Rich Indian dishes were served, Then came speech making. The chief host and Mr, Seth spoke in Gujrati. I hammered in Hindustani on our duty in the war. Free India today ! is my ever recurring topic. The second meeting was a gathering of the Indo-Japanese students. It was held in the basement of the Chamber of Commerce, Kobe. A couple of Japanese professors were also present. Mr. A. M. Sahay presided and as he left after a short speech due to his indisposition Mr. D. N. Das took the chair. After the dinner I spoke and spoke long enough touching my different subjects, from cooperative life to scientific breeding, from World Federation to war. Now is the time, I said, Japan, U.S.S.R. and Germany cooperating, together can free Asia !

Our Christmas Meeting. It was not a grand affair, only a few of us gathered together in the dining hall of the India Lodge. But these few represented extreme diversity. East and West, as if, had met together here. I spoke on the unity of Religions, avoiding all reference to war. I say that all the religions, according to time and place, were evolved in the interest of humanity, just as all the different systems of medicine were developed to keep us healthy. Let us work together to make us all happy !

My Statue and my city. Mr. A. K. Pandey writes me from India and sends me a newspaper cutting, announcing that the Provincial Congress of U. P., is building its annual Congress city near Muttra in my name. And my large Statue is being built in front of the Congress meeting hall. I am very glad and feel honoured by this expression of solid goodwill of our Congress and our countrymen

but as regards the Statue, I must confess, I feel embarrassed. For the Sin implied in their building my Statue I shall fast for three days. Best for their goodwill I thank from the bottom of my heart; and I thank the correspendent, too. It is the only letter which I got from India during this month.

Another Trip to Kobe. After a couple of months I again visited Kobe. In a general meeting of our Indian brethren called by Mr. D.N. Das, Mr. A. M. Sahay and I spoke. I reminded my friends that just after the beginning of the War I hammered on the necessity of some quick action. Now War has progressed in favour of our friends, the Germans, are we not going to do something to bring freedom to India immediately ! I gave the good news that some of my friends now wanted to act... I also take this opportunity to thank my numerous friends at Kobe who fed me and filled my pocket. I stayed as usual at the India Lodge and enjoyed its hospitality.

My trip to Kobe. For a week from July 24th to 31st I was at Kobe. Two companions went with me. There was a big meeting but I spoke to my friends in three small social gatherings. It turned out to be a bigger affair when I could meet many Muslim brethren in the sea club at Suma. I was glad that incidently Mr. Feerozudin, the founder of the Muslim Mosque of Kobe, was also there. I poured and poured out my views. There were also a couple of more occasions to meet a few more friends, when I was invited to dinner or I went to Gurdwara. I stayed at our India Lodge and enjoyed as usual the hospitality of the institution and the company of the lodgers.

Executive Board Of India. Following the spirit of World Federation. I have t aken up on myself this job to sweep clean one corner of our World,

We have formed the Executive Board of India. I am the president. Mr. Rash-Behari Bose is the vice-President and Mr. Anand Mohan Sahay is the chief secretary. The object of the board is to free India immediately. But I must take it very clear that this circular* has no connection with the board. Herein I express my views entirely in my individual capacity. My colleagues are not responsible for anything that I say here. It is also possible that I may have to suspend temperarily, the publication of this circular if the work of the Board developes sufficiently to absorb all my energy. In such a case, however, I hope to inform you by sending a short circular letter.

What do I assert ? Yes, I assert something. I also have a conviction. I have faith. And without apology I continue to herald. At the risk of appearing foolish I assert my assertions. I say, we shall realise Aryan, from Iran to Assam. Our Aryan will be a self-governing part of self-governing Asia on Federated World State. I have no treasure to defend, no empire to guard, I work straight. I want to take full advantage of the developments as they come, without any prejudice of any kind. I say, the empire conscious English and their slaves and their friends might have reasons to condemn Leader Hitler and Premier Mussolini but why should we ? They may frown, they may try to misrepresent the latest developments in Japan, but I rejoice. In co-operation of Japan, Germany and Itlay I see an early end to the conflicts going on in our World. And then it will be easier to federate Europe and federate Asia and federate our World in cooperation with America.

No Gruge, no complaint. To tell the truth, in the beginning of the war I felt a bit aggrieved. I said that I have suffered all these long years only on account of my cooperation with Germany during

* See note on last page.

the last world war. Why, now there is a chance for me to retrieve the past by actively cooperating with Nazi Germany and winning the war which began for me in 1915, when I went over to the German side. But I waited and waited in vain. I still remain in Japan. I was not called. Now, however, the plan of Leader Hitler has become quite plain to me. The Leader wants to corner the lion in his den and kill him there in his own lair! My plan was diffe-rent, I must confess. I wanted to have the British empire destroyed in India and thus pull out the teeth and nails of the lion and making him thus quite harmless to let him live on bread and milk diet! But noting succeeds like success. While I have been only writing a monthly epistle Leader Hitler has marched forward with long strides. He is the master of the situation. English lion seems to be dying with scores of wounds all over his body. I can say, therefore, that I am winning the war with-out shooting a shot. I thank Leader Hitler. I have no complaint, no grudge. It was my destiny.

Our Meeting. This was the crowning success of our two weeks' activities at Tokyo, the Eastern capital of the Eastern Empire in the East! Our Board helped me to take a room at Marunouchi Hotel! I stayed there. I started to visit friends, invite some of them to lunch or dinner and just make a bit of healthy propaganda. But the crowning success was yet to come. It was on the 31st of August. We gave a banquet, though not rich, at Marunouchi Hotel. Forty three of us sat down to have our evening meal. Chief guest of Honour was H. E. Mr. Shiratori, former ambassador at Rome and now an adviser to the Imperial Foreign Office in Tokyo. I announced at this occasion the regular establishment of our Executive Board of India. H. E. Mr. Shiratori spoke at length. My colleagues Mr. Bose and Mr. Sahay presented their views in fine Japanese. Our old friends Dr. Ohkawa and Mr.

Nakatani responded with enthusiasm. Mr. Y. Sato spoke on behalf of the former Tohokai, which is dissolved to make room for the New Structure. Among other friends persent were Viscount Ando, brother of Count Arima, General Kyokuni of Canton Prof. Dr. T Matsumoto, President of Nippon-German Society, Mr. Crome, Dr, Lissner, Rev, Iguchi, Mr, Miyazaki, H. E. Mr. Miyake, former Consul General in India and Minister to Chile, Mr. Lahiri, well known Indian journalist and author, Mr. Mouhsin, a Turkish gentleman, Mr. D. Takaoka M. P. who also gave a table talk... Representatives of "Hochi", "Nichinichi", "Japan Times", "Yomiuri" and "Asahi" were also there. Our friends and coworkers Japanese and Indian not only kindly came but helped us to have this successful meeting. We are very thankful to one and all.

H. E. Mr. Oshima, former ambassador to Germany, kindly wrote "Dear Mr. Pratap, I should like to express my heartiest thanks for your kind invitation to the dinner on Saturday the 31st August. It was my earnest desire to attend the party which, including the speech of H. E. Mr. Shiratori, is indeed of great importance, in view of the present international situation. Therefore, it is with my sincerest regret to tell you that urgent business compels me to leave Tokyo just on the above mentioned date and make it impossible for me to have the honour of accepting your kind invitation." I am heartily thankfull and feel honoured by this most friendly message. This good will is precious.

Mr. C. F. Menne. Writing from the German Embassy, Tokyo, he kindly wrote: "Dear Rajah! I am much obliged for your kind invitation to a dinner party on the 31st of this month and am awfully sorry to tell you that, owing to a previous engagement, I will not be able to attend. Wishing the best success," I thank you very much. Wishing

success is moral cooperation.

I Thank all others. Many more of my friends kindly answered on the accompanying card in Japanese. Among them are a couple of his excellencies and several prominent persons. H. E. Mr. Matsushima and Captain Ozawa sent telegrams. I thank them all for kindly caring to sent an answer and in some cases a word of sympathy and good will.

I Remain the same. My readers, do not be misled, please. If our board helped me to spend in two weeks our ordinary expenses of two months, do not believe that I am a bit changed. I remain the same poor Peter, Peer, Pratap, with the begging bowl! This is our Aryan culture. A certain God fearing man, who become once the emperor of India, continued to maintain himself by copying Koran and selling his manuscripts at holy Mecca. Traditions teach us, not to be dazzled with the temporary show of the showy world.

Our meeting was held. From the review of the past I pass on to the present. The meeting which we announced in our last issue† was duly held. A dinner was given in the beginning to the speakers and to the Indian students. We were only twenty who sat round the table. Our chief guests were two Italian friends and Count Ando and Mr. Miyazaki. This meeting was to hear the Italian views on India andwe heard. Italy expressed the hope that when our Indian students were to return to their homes they would find the free, independent Indian flag flying in the land! Next came our lecture meeting. Here about two hundred and fifty persons gathered to hear us. The main speakers were a representative of Italy and myself. But Mr. Miyazaki, Mr. Bose, Mr. Sahay and Mr. Sohan Singh also said a few words. Count Ando kindly acted as the manager of the

† See note on the last page

meeting. Mr. Shimoi was kind enough, to translate the Italian speech into beautiful Japanese, and I should add that he was also one chief guest at our dinner.

My speech. Unusually this time, I did not deliver my extempore speech, as I usually do. The reason was I had to read my speech in Japanese, and as this was the translation of my English speech I had to read the original as well. I gave here the salient points of my talk.

Friends,..... Now this moment has come,... Tell me when there was such a time in our life time? Yes, there was an opportunity during the last world war. But that time Japan and Italy thought it fit to take an opposite course..... Now another and yet greater opportunity has come. Leader Hitler and Premier Mussolini joined hands. Comrade Stalin could not be persuaded to play the game of the British empire. And now Japan under the benevolent rule of the present Tenno Heika found the right captain of the ship of the State in Premier Prince Konoe. Japan has just concluded a treaty of friendship, a treaty of comradeship with Germany and Italy. And Japan has sent General Tatekawa to shake hands with Moscow!..... I believe with all those who are telling us that Europe for Europeans, America for Americans and Asia for Asiatics. And seeing the situation of today, I do not mind if Africa is included in the sphere of Europe and if Australia and New Zealand go under American protection. But down up to New Guinea and our Fiji islands surely belong to our Asia. And as things have developed, inspite of our liberal and humanitarian view point, we can only say that today, as in Europe there are three deciding factors, Germany, Italy and Spain, in our Asia too there are three cultural groups: 1. The Far East..... 2. Our Aryan, extending from Iran to Assam, 3. Turco-Arabian-Egyptian

group. Soviet Russia or U. S. S. R. is continent by itself, not dividing but uniting East and West. My friends, if you agree to this plan, we can free India immediately and build our Asia from now on.... I as a man born in the land of Buddha, having given up my little property, and having taken up the begging bowl in the interest of humanity, cannot but advise you in the way of Buddha. I see in all that the hand of God. Why must I have been marooned on the isle of Nippon when to tell the truth I had no such plan? And I wonder, why I have been able to build that temple if the unity of religions at Kokubunji, Tokyo-fu, where I live at present? And now why I am able to come out and preach before you to build our Asia and our world on a plan?.....God wants me to thus act. And now, if the news is correct, our Mahatma Gandhi after the painful silence of over one year has stirred up. They say, he has started the campaign of civil disobedience .... This is the time to act. Let us act concertedly from Japan to Turkey, in cooperation of Germany and Italy and with a silent consent of U.S.S.R. Working thus that historic State of Iran, which had historic relations with ancient China, and Afghanistan, which was once the centre of Buddhism and which is today equally devoted to Islam, will cooperate with us. Nepal will surely work with us when Nepal is assured of our good intentions. All our troubles come due to wrong and long British propaganda.....You start cleaning up the Far East of all the British influence. Occupy Hong Kong and Singapore. And phone or send a radio message to Iran, Afghanistan and Nepal to move from their sides against the British in India. From inside our Congress under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi will disrupt the British administration.....But I say, we should not wait for any body, now when brave and brainy Germans are hammering the head of the British empire in London, now when the youths of

ancient Italy, modern Italy, are cutting open the arteries of the Biritish empire in the Mediterranean, we cannot wait, we must go forward carrying every thing before us as a flood rushing down a valley does.... ....

Not in September but in June 1939, three months before the outbreak of the present war I published our War Number.....I saw that war was coming and I declared my war on the British three months earlier. Since May and June of 1939 I am taking my war moves. Some how, unfortunately neither Germany nor Italy could kindly call me to their side. Some how our Japan too could not adopt my plan and could not utilize my services. But I continued to think loud, talk loud, through my monthly circular letter. Now I am very happy that for the first time one Italian gentleman, an Italian official, our friend Mr. Mirko Ardemagni, Press Attache of the Indian embassy, gave me this chance to fraternize publicly with the Italian empire and speak from this platform, heralding that we seek active cooperation of Germany and Japan and that we are not anti-Soviet. We are not anti any people. We are not anti English or anti Americans. But the British empire must end. India must be made free. Our Aryan must be realized, from Iran to Assam. And then, the Far East, Aryan and West Asia will evolve selfgoverning Asia, which will cooperate with U.S.S.R., Europe and Americas to create new order in the world, may be, one Federated World State. But we must mot fall in dreams. The first step to that end is to drive out the British empire from Asia. Your great army, the Imperial Army of Japan can clean the Far East. And we with your cooperation and with the cooperation of Italy and Germany want to free India immediately. To work for this immediate goal we have formed the Executive Board of India, here at Tokyo. I am its president, Mr. Rash Behari

Bose, whom you know so well, is the vice-president and Mr. A.M. Sahay is the chief secretary. We mean to work with you and with Japanese and Indian volunteers to realize our aim of life. And God willing we will, we must succeed,

Deevali Id Meiji Day. On Deevali we lighted our lamps. On Id I went to Tokyo Muslim mosque at Uehara, Yoyogi, and prayed in congregation of our Muslim brethren. Namaz was led by 95 years old Imam Ala Abdur Rashid Ibrahim. After the prayer the Mosque committee gave refreshments. On the Meiji Day I observed the day quietly at our centre, where we have a tablet dedicated to Meiji Tenno.

My Trip to Kobe. In December 1940, accompanied by my friends: Mr. Lahiri, the famous author and journalist, Mr. Sohan Singh, a worker of our Center and a constant supporter, and Mr. A. K. Pandey, our volunteer, I went to Kobe. In a well attended meeting of our Indian brethren Mr. Lahiri and I spoke. Unanimously it was agreed that we form a volunteer corps. Unfortunately, a serious operation for appendicitis made Mr, Lahiri disabled for the last two months. I hope, soon something will be done in the line. World Federation Campaign will assist every locality to have a local volunteer corps, as a part of one world organization.

Preparations. They took some time. The problem of the pass-port was most difficult. Several times I had to visit the police, now at the Metropolitan Police Board and now at Tanashi Station. Finally I got the police travelling certificate, destination : Shanghai and China (interior), object of travel : to lecture and propagate World Federation occupation : Editor and Preacher. Then was the question of money. The police informed me I could take with me up to five hundred yen. But what about a cheque in English pounds and some U.S.

dollars which I had received from abroad ? I was told, I could carry the foreign currency within five hundred Yen limit. The total value should not exceed the fixed amount. This done, the arrangement had to be made to look after World Federation Center for Japan during my adsence. Mr. Abe Ratan from Ceylon kindly promised to do this job. I left the Center in his charge. Sufficient money was left with him to cover the expenses.

Departure. On the night of the 7th April of this year (1941), I left Tokyo by train. Only a few friends, who knew the time of the train, kindly cared to see me off. Mr. Sohan Singh, Mr. Dhanna Singh, Mr. Abe Ratan and Mr. Pitale spent together with me most of that day and remained with me till the departure of the train. Mr. Hirao, as a representative of a Buddhist priest, came to the platform. Mr. Miyajima, Indian language student, a guest of our Center, was there, Mr. Lahiri, the famous Indian journalist, arrived, and so arrived, too Mr. Jaipal Mehta, President of the Indian Students Association, Mr. Kishore missed me by a minute, as he informed me later. Mr. Lahiri became a bit dramatic, under some sudden impulse, and shouted the Indian send off and made the friends join him.

A Day At Kobe. Morning saw me in the port city. India Lodge, as usual, opened her hospitable door for me. The same friends, the same atmosphere, greeted me. In the afternoon, at 4 p.m., I attended the function of the Bharat Mandir, held at the India Club. They were celebrating the Buddha Day. I was also asked to speak a bit. I spoke. All I wanted was to infuse the spirit of Buddha. Today many people say "Lord, Lord," but do not do what the Lord did and ordered ! Mr. D. N. Kapur, who presided at the function requires a word of thanks for kindly inviting me. Just after this meeting, at the same place, Mr. D. N. Das, chairman at Kobe of the Indian National Association, had kindly arranged for my

benefit, a meeting in the memory of the Jilianwala Bag, and had especially announced that I was to speak on the occasion. I spoke, therefore, at length. I was also very glad that I could thus meet many friends and hammer on my views once again.

Arrive At Shanghai. Mr. D. N. Kapur and D. N. Das kindly saw me off at Kobe on the morning of the 9th of April. The train went along, running, rushing now in hills and dales and now by the calm and peaceful inland sea. And Sakura, the beautiful cherry blossom, lured the eyes away. In the evening I reached Moji, and in the morning of the 10th of April Nagasaki was reached. Formalities of the examination of passport and the changing of the money took sometime at about noon our steamer left. Next day, in the afternoon we arrived at Shanghai. Mr. Waryam Singh, Mr. Chamel Singh and one more their friend came to the wharf to receive me. They took me straight to the Sikh Temple at 330 Pao Hsing Road.

Four Weeks In The Port. Full four weeks I stayed at Shanghai. Only four days I stayed at the Sikh Temple. Then, I moved to the Savoy Hotel, Broadway, now rechristened and Japanized as Tama Hotel. On four consecutive Sundays I spoke at the Sikh Temple. To the Indian friends I said that without our endeavour the British empire was dying Germany was destroying it in the west. Japan was forcing it out of the East. Even supposing England was a father to modern India, who can keep for ever the corpse of a dead father. Corpse must be burnt or buried and then the home must be looked after by the sons and daughters. I simply ask you to manage your own home. Any quarrel among ourselves at this juncture will prove disastrous. We have only two difficulties in our way, recently developed struggle between the rich and poor and the chronic animosity between the Hindus and the

Muslims. My plan of Aryan, Iran to Assam, based on cooperative system and the unity of religions, solves the both. Brethren, be prepared to join our Indian army if we must have one, to bring peace to our land as the British step out. We shall come to terms with the victors of the British and save our land from disruption. If by some miracle the British could survive and peace would be restored in the world in that case our Indian Congress should still be able to win our war. We do not lose in any case. Just have faith and work with faith move forward in every case !!

On that day that the Indian Association arranged a meeting for me, just a couple of hours before the appointed time, two time bombs exploded in two Japanese cinemas. Consequently all the streets were closed by the Japanese military and our meeting could not be held that day. Later, one day, we met at the Astor House and I spoke to a small gathering of friends.

One Mr. Kafka, a spiritual doctor, saw a vision about me. He saw that I was the person to bring peace to the world. His friends traced me to the hotel, took me to their homes and made me express my views on World Federation. I enjoyed their company. I rejoiced to see in them those germs of Faith, which growing do move mountains. Would they cultivate with care their own planted seeds ? I, as if, simply gave a bit of water and said : Your faith will help you !

I invited to a tea party the newspaper world of Shanghai. China, Japan and Russia were well represented. German friends were there, Indians of course, but the English boycotted me ! Mr. Griffin, the editor of the North China Daily News gave a clue to this attitude. They would not like to give me any publicity. The English opposition, however, could not stop the socalled English friendly

Jews from coming to our meeting and that inspite of the open fact that I support Leader Hitler in his war against the British empire ! Jewish press gave the evidence of its independent stand. I asked the friends present to take up our movement of World Federation. I showed that all what the different nations wanted, even what the socialists and the communists desired, what all the religions dreamed about all that is contained in our program. And the Jews will receive new home, modern Palestine, in Tanganyika, East Africa, according to our plan. Brethren, join hands, I said, work for World Federation, with local liberty, all unity, cooperative system and the unity of religions.

My old friends Mr. Rahman, Mr. W.S. Hans and Mr. Ganda Singh, and my new friends Mr. Kafka, Mr. Nylander, Mr. Goldapp and Mr. Sujan Singh pledged themselves to establish a World Federation Center at Shanghai on the same lines as we have one at Kodaira Mura, Kokubunji.

Mr. Imazato, once the leader of Pan Asiatic movement, kindly gave me a dinner party, where several of his friends came, and I spoke on my plan of the Golden Land in the province of Asia of World Federation. I showed, how the golden patriotism of the Golden Land, could best federate the golden people of Japan, Chosen, Manchu, Mongo, Tibet and all China!

I sent a radiogram to Marshal Fengyushiang, Excellency Sun Kho and General Wutehchen at Chungking, asking them whether they could kindly arrange my trip to Chungking and Yenan. To my great regret I received no reply.

I feel very thankful to Mr. George Leon of City Editor of the China Press for the kind cooperation which he extended in giving publicity to our cause.

To tell the truth I felt and feel that our

Japanese brethren in China, especially at Shanghi, should always keep in their mind that the eyes of the world are watching them. the East in particular is examining the behaviour of every Japanese towards the Chinese. People should be made to silently say that Oh! these Japanese are angels. They should not get disgusted and say: God save us from this new order. I do not want to take up trifling matters here, because today we have more important problems to solve!

Six days at Nanking. A few friends saw me off. In a comfortable train, running fast to the schedule. I arrived at Nanking and took a room at Yangtze Hotel, not far from the station. I sent immediately two express registered letters, one to H .E. President Wang Ching Wei and the other to General Itagaki. The first mentioned gentleman, I met once at Nanking in 1932, when he was a leading light of the old regime. The General I saw at Hsinking in 1934. He was then the Chief of the General Staff of the Japanese Army in Manchukuo. I did not receive any answer. I went round the city. War conditions still prevailed. Chinese passengers were searched. Houses were in ruins. It is hard to believe but I saw a dead soldier lying on a street. I met a few Indian brethren and paid a visit to Mr. Kentwell, the editor of the Voice of New China.

Arrive at Peking. Quietly, all alone, I left for the Northern Capital. I was glad however to find as my companion in the coupe one young Chinese student on his way to U. S. via North China and Japan. The soldiers were in evidence all along the line. Barbed wires here and there spoke silently of the struggle which is not yet settled. Train ran merrily and the dining car supplied food. On the stations one could also buy well fried chickens. Next day, on Friday, the 16th of May, at about 7 p. m. I arrived at Peking. To my great astonishment many

of my old friends had kindly come to receive me. Prof. Liu, on whose invitation I especially went to Peking, was there with his wife. Seth Verhoomal who had just returned from India, as if timed to my visit, came with his young wife and old mother. Yang Lama, my old companion and friend, came with his whole family. Prof. Ch'en and Mrs. Chen, Mr. Sabarwal and Mr. Hwang Kung Su, also took the trouble to come. In Hwa An Hotel, close to the station, I got a room.

Twelve days at Peking. My old friends tried to make me at home in every way. Eight years before, 1931-33, for a year and a half, I stayed at Peking and had my office of World Federation. I felt, as if, I was once again in the same surroundings. Friends gave me dinners. They arranged and I could speak at six different middle schools. My topic, as a rule, always was cooperation of the East for the welfare of the world but of course I approached the subject in different ways. I tried to drive home to the audience that they should learn to differentiate between good and bad types of people. There are surely robber type of people every where in every land. The good Chinese cooperating with good type of Japanese can better easily the conditions in the Far East. On another occasion I said that it was time for Chungking and Nanking to come together, today China and Japan cooperating can march South and colonize the vacant islands, and create a new civilization. The southward march of the Golden people will make India automatically free and then the whole continent of Asia could be free and prosperous, contributing its share in the new order of the world which was being evolved by Germany and Italy. Shin Min Khue or the New People's Party invited me to speak. There I spoke on two points, cooperation of Japan, China and India and the other countries of Asia, and to help the masses of these countries. I said, the peasants are the feet

of nations. The growth of the upper body does not help if the feet are weak. At the end of my talk a Japanese gentleman stood up and remarked that I could not say that there was scarcity of sugar in Japan and that rice was not plenty. I had said something of the kind by the way, showing the difficulties under which we were living, but this man, and two more joined him, these three made a mountain of the ant hill. I told them that I also said that the present government of Japan, following the social system of Germany, was trying its best to improve things. And I said, what I said was nothing but truth. Following the principles of Buddha, let us learn to speak quietly and consider things calmly. I thought this little flurry ended then and there. H. E. Mr. Chang and Mr. Liao, a former Chinese ambassador to Moscow, kindly came to the waiting motor car and saw me off, but those three men as I learned later, phoned to the military police and complained against my talk. The head of the military police for all North China, called me, I went, he kindly received me, his assistant talked through an interpreter. I was told that before giving any other lecture I should come to them and consult them and they would tell me what to say and what not, and if I followed their advice they would help me in my cause. I said that if I were to speak thus, my talk would lose all its influence. I would be taken just as an agent of the military police. Besides I believe in religion. Christ said, do not prepare, words will be given to you. I actually do this. I speak as words come to my mind at the time. The meeting ended in a cordial atmosphere and I thought the incident was closed. I visited a five religion temple. H. E. General Kiang, a former premier of China, showed me round. I came back to hotel. Now was time to go to another meeting. Some members of the North China Development Co., had asked me to a tea party and to speak on the National movement in India. But suddenly the military police stopped

that meeting and they also stopped another meeting that evening, called by the Japan returned Chinese students to hear my views. I did not get angry. I felt, however, more convinced that my preaching had a divine plan, because my views alone can best bring harmony to the struggling rich and poor and to the fighting nations. I reflected with satisfaction on the interview I had with the Chairman of North China, Mr. Wang-li-Tang, and said to myself, never mind, I could sow seeds in some minds, in time they must grow and flourish, unless the ground proves barren or some storm destroys the cultivation. On the morning of the 28th of May I left Peking. My kind friends saw me off. Yang Lama accompanied me up to Tangku. For a time I could not find a seat to sit, the train was so crowded. But later I settled comfortably to muse on the past and future and to see and enjoy the last moving natural panorama.

Back to Tokyo. It took me exactly three days and three nights to travel straight from Peking to Tokyo, via Mukden, Chosen and the Fusan ferry. I was pleased to see the factories and some big towns here and there but I was very sorry to see the tiny miserably looking Korean houses by the railway side. And I said to myself was there not yet enough to do to raise the standard of life in Chosen, in China and in Japan itself, for the teeming millions At Shimonoseki I met with another incident. First I was easily passed, and I took seat in the train but some second thought of some one higher up in the pass-port department fetched me from the train and made me pay twenty Yen because I had failed to take Japanese visa on my police certificate! I was under the impression, from what I heard from the police, that my certificate was good for going and coming, I had paid for it twenty Yen, but no it was irregularity, I was made to sign an application to allow me to enter Japan and pay another twenty

Yen. As I was approaching Kyoto in the night of the 30th May, these lines came to my mind: "In this land of Nippon, there lived once Nichiren, Who suffered at the hand of the then government but Nichiren lives, and sits enthroned, in temples, and that government died, long ago, forgotten, burried, in the rubbish of history." And I prayed that these petty officers would have better judgement to carry on the great mission of Nippon through World Federation! At Tokyo station "Asahi" reporter with his camera man found me out and got out of me a hurried interview. I was pleased to see that there are surely some friends interested in me and my work. Asahi published the news of my arrival and some news of my trip. A kindly Japanese student who was my fellow passenger in the train took leave. I came to Kokubunji, where I found Mr. Abe Ratan and Mr. Ramiah with whom I arrived at World Federation Center for Japan, in exactly 54 days, returning in the morning of the 31st of May, 1941.

Mr. Ramiah. During my absence, he kindly came to stay at our Center for Japan. As his name card shows he represents quite a few Indian Newspapers, including such famous papers as The National Herald and Bombay Chronicle. He manages his own food. He only gets from the Center a free room. I am very glad to have him here as a member of our community.

Our Meetings. As announced in our campaign No. I,* we had our meetings on Aryan New Year and on Buddha Day. Both were well attended but the first being all night meeting we could not be many to keep watch for the whole night. Buddha Day meeting was simply crowded. H. E. Mr. T. Miyake and Mme. Miyake, Mme. Stramigioli and Mr. Melkay of the Italian Embassy, many of our

See note on last page.

personal friends, Muslims and Hindus, some of our Indian students, Japanese friends, all kinds of people kindly joined our function and enjoyed themselves by cooking and eating and drinking tea.

My Story. On the 12th of June 1941, I handed my manuscript of the Campaign No. 2† to the press. I was wondering what should come next? The lack of funds, difference of opinions with some of my colleagues and uncertainty in the international situation all harassed me. But was I not fulfilling the godly mission, why should I worry, did I lack in faith? If I myself lacked in faith how could I create faith in others? Doubts and more doubts, till I got the light: Man is surely human, prophets too fled for fear incarnations got beaten in wars, doubts are natural, worry is in life, hunger and thirst we all have and the saints had them too in the past, we can, only do what we can, we can only try and try hard.... It was about then that a certain German gentleman invited me. I went, planning all kinds of castles in the air. Perhaps I was to rush to Berlin, after all, the call? But it transpired that a certain kindly gentleman at Berlin had kindly sent me five hundred yen through a friend of his at Tokyo. To confess the turth, I felt a bit disappointed. But it was not the fault of my German friends, it was my own fault, I had built my expectations too high. Some how I can not take out that thought from my mind, that all my sufferings, financial poverty, during all these years of well-nigh three decades, are mainly due to my cooperation with Germany and some day Germany would repay me thousand times, inspite of all the intrigues of the British agents. But I did not reveal my mind to my German friends. I thanked them profusely and obediently signed the receipt for the amount in triplicate. It was on the 17th of June. On the 19th, two days later, arrived from the

† See note on last page.

press the Campaign No. 2, and I plunged myself into the mailing job. But to my regret, I could not receive the usual concession from the Imperial post office to send out my circular at the half rate in Japan, China and Manchukuo. For the foreign mail there is no concession in any case, I calculated, my loss would be only about twelve yen. Never mind, let it be as a present to the Imperial post office! I continued my mailing. The news of the Russian war, which was confirmed on the 23rd of June upset my mailing program. No more letters could go to Europe vis Siberia. U. S., were still free, I mean, the route was not yet blocked, good, I curtailed there, increased here, and I was on the job.

My trip To Kobe. Accompanied by Mr. Sohan Singh, I set out for Kobe on the 9th of July, of course, this year. We were very glad to find on our arrival, some of our good friends at the platform. We were informed that two rooms were waiting us at the India Lodge. Our misgivings were dispelled. And I found the same hospitable atmosphere in my Kobe home. Now was the time of trial. The question was, how would our Indian friends respond to my request for funds for the World Federation Circular, which I was to restart? It is begging, of course begging, and begging for my daily bread too, because my food is also included in the budget of our Circular. But I, who side with Germany and dare to oppose the British empire, should or should not be helped by the Indian merchant engaged in pure business? And then, Mr. Sahay was not with me now. He had gone to Shanghai. Doubts, and doubts, but soon they disappeared like a fog under a strong sun. Brethren, Hindus, Muslims,Sikhs,Sindhies, Punjaibies, Gujraties and Parsees too, came forward to throw their mites in my begging bowl. Visiting just fifty firms out of more than 150 I could collect Y1,911 in hard cash. I was naturally satisfied with this drive for funds. Last year I had to visit Kobe three times and then only

got a bit over eighteen hundred yen from fifty five firms. I did not wait for more collection, though I could not reach some of our regular supporters. I said, I could come again. Money with friends is surely not less safe than in a bank, I wanted to say safer, but then I did not want to offend our bankers. Our expenses now run up to two hundred fifty yen per month, including the up keep of our Center. Is it much? Surely not! Our Indian firms pay more sometime to a clerk. I economize for every bit of cent. I lead very simple life, I can not beg and enjoy life. I must follow the precepts of those who begged for their daily bread and served society, such as Lord Nirvana Buddha!

I must also thank them who kindly gave me rich breakfasts, lunches and dinners. No amount of thanks are sufficient for Mr. Sohan Singh for all the trouble he took in going with me on this campaign. He accompained me not only to Kobe but to every firm that I visited. A couple of more friends also took trouble to take me to certain firms, I am of course grateful to them, too.

My "Reception" And Lecture. It is a bit old story, I mean some weeks old. Mr. Riuske Miyzaki, assisted by Mr. Sohan Singh and some other friends put up a meeting for me to "welcome" me, so I was told by Mr. Singh, and to hear my story of my trip to China. It was in the form of a tea party, room was full, mostly Tohokai members had come. I was asked to speak and I spoke. My talk was nothing different from what I have already published in our Campaign No. 2, under the heading: My trip to China.† Here I only want to thank once again the organizers of the meeting, who took this trouble for me.

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† See note on the last page.

AS A SUBJECT OF NO LAND

My Story. This whole month, as if, revolved round one single pivot and it was the freezing law ! On the 30th of July, I was informed by the Kokubunji Post Office that I could not draw my money from the postal saving account without a proper permit from the Finance office ! I was thunder struck by this news. Why, for Heaven's sake must I come under this law, I am not a British subject, I am a citizen of the world. Next day I ran up to my bank in the city. But there too I met with the same rebuff. I tried the Finance office, they kindly advised me to go back to the bank, but it was of no avail, I brought no written paper, no, not even a name card. Next day, I went round, the same merry-go-round, I should say, sorry go round ! On the 2nd of August I went to the Metropolitan Police Board and begged for a certificate that I was not a subject of any country. To my great annoyance one departmental chief asked me to go to the British Consulate and bring a letter that I was not a British subject. Feeling myself disgusted with these experiences, I took to Buddha way, I went round begging. The first big man, that I visited, had not sufficient hard cash at hand, and it was Saturday, banks were closed at noon. Not disappointed by this piece of "bad luck," as the men of the world say, I went all the way to Yokohama. I knocked at five different doors of three different nationalities. One was out, another went swimming, a friend was still sleep, but I got much more than what I wanted and returned home to our Center fully satisfied. Next full week I spent in mailing our Circular. That job finished, I took to money hunting once again. But now I did not go out begging, I still had money in my pocket, It was not now a case of desperation as before when I had very little left and starvation must follow if I did not approach my friends. Now I went to H. E. General Hayashi former premier, one director of our

Center and the president of the Islamic cultural Association. He was kind. He asked me to come again next day. Next day His Excellency kindly sent with me Mr. Rinzo Matsuoka. We tried once again the Capital police station. The same chief we met. This time I showed him also the British Consul's letter which I had received during the last winter, saying that he could not give me any travel document. That letter was published in our Campaign No: 1. But it also had no effect. We tried Foreign office and then we went to the Finance Ministry. In both these places we found sympathetic response. And finally it was promised that I should receive the necessary document. Only for certain technical reasons it took some time but I did get it by registered post on the 25th of August and on the 26th, next day, I could draw money both from Kokubunji Post office and Yokohama Specie Bank Marunouchi branch. I feel very thankful to all these kind friends and officials who kindly helped me in this respect. Now I have a document establishing the fact that I am not a subject of any country and therefore the freezing law does not apply to me. Thank God !!

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NOTE: This is what I wrote in our circular. Please look up in the file of World Federation if you feel interested in certain details. This is the collection of paragraphs as they once appeared. M.P.

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